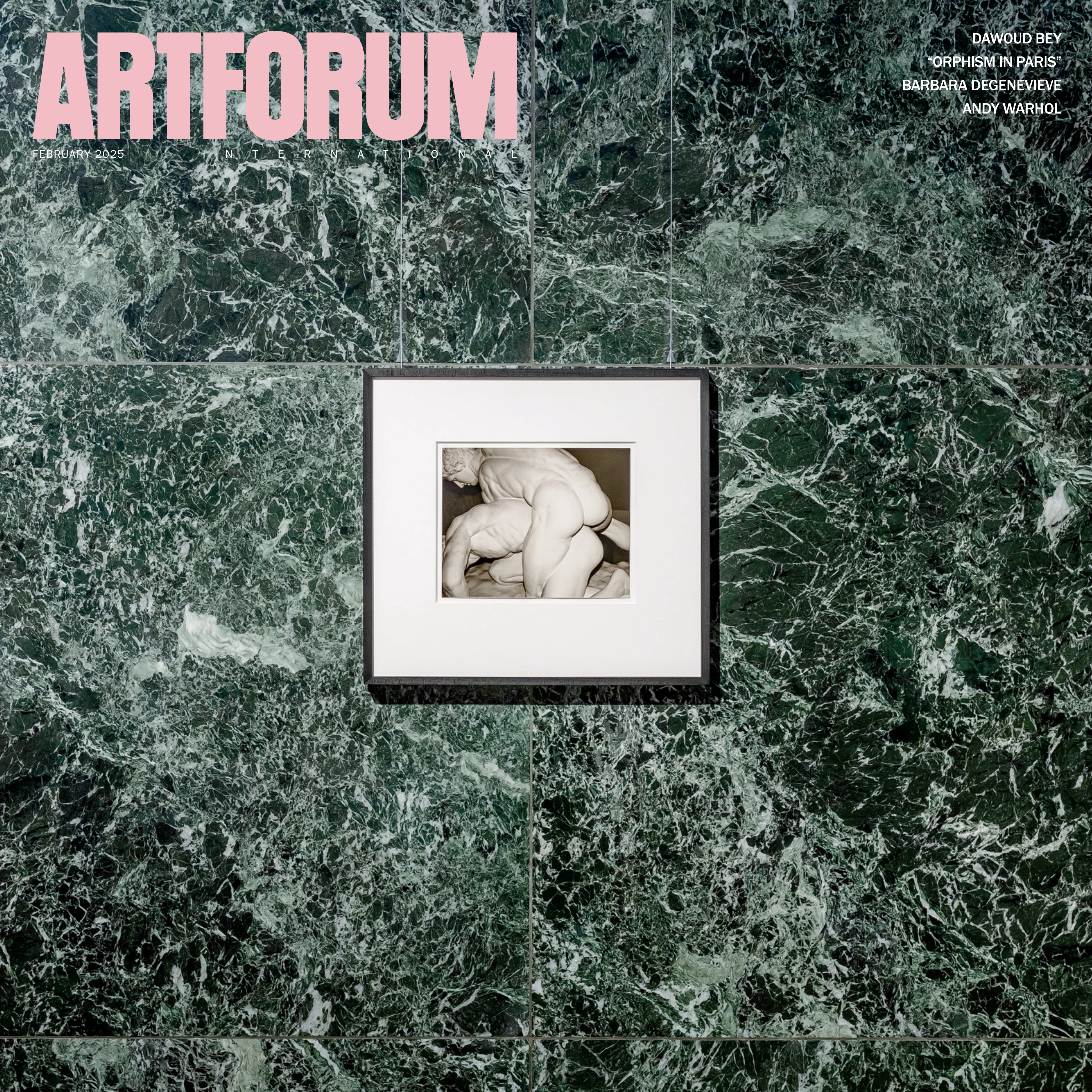
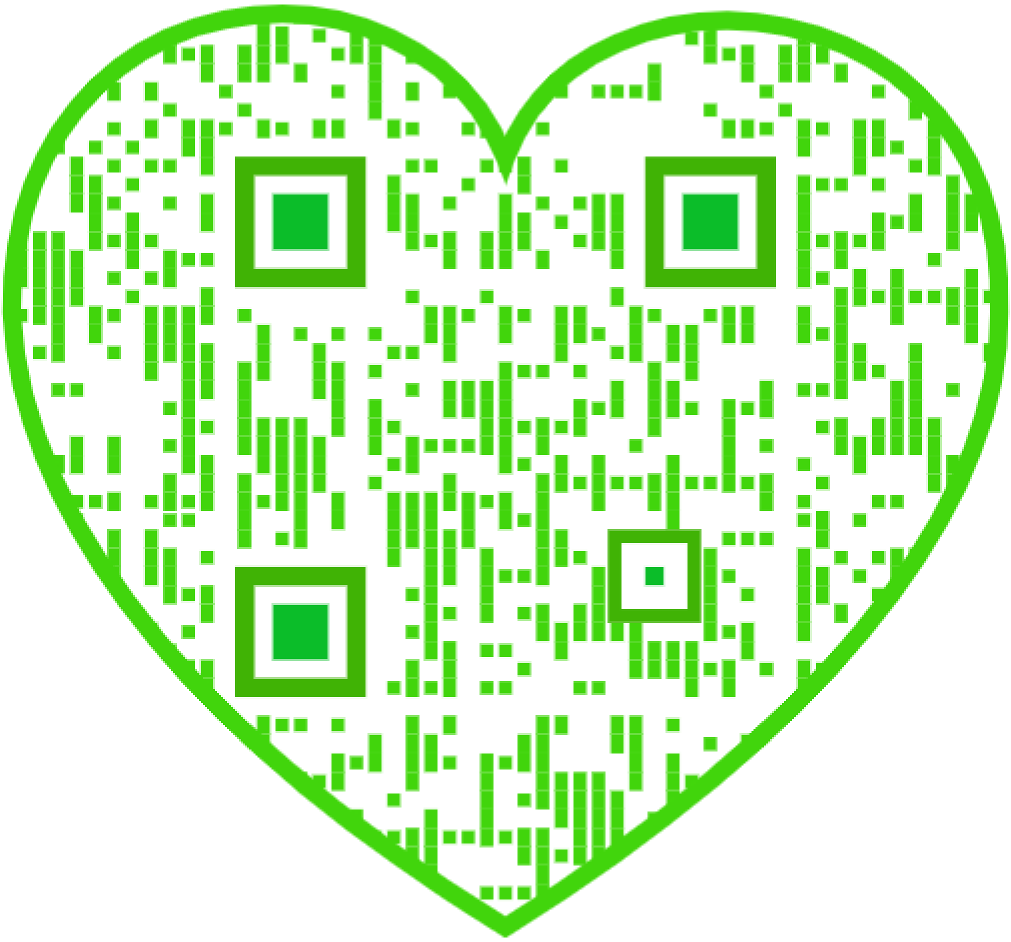
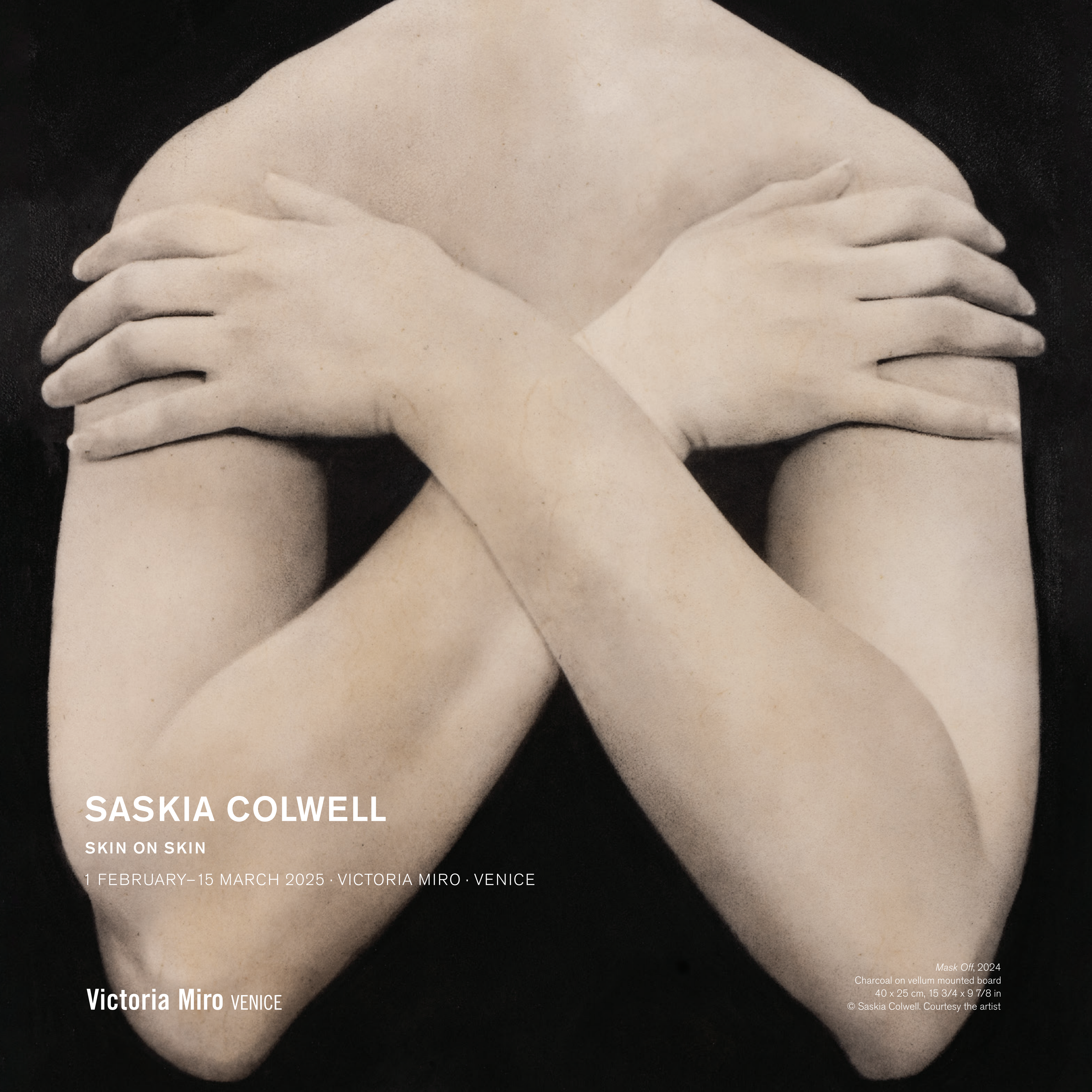
ARTFORUM
INTERNATIONAL
FEBRUARY 2025

DAWOUD BEY
“ORPHISM IN PARIS”
BARBARA DEGENEVIEVE
ANDY WARHOL







SASKIA COLWELL

SKIN ON SKIN

1 FEBRUARY–15 MARCH 2025 · VICTORIA MIRO · VENICE

Victoria Miro VENICE

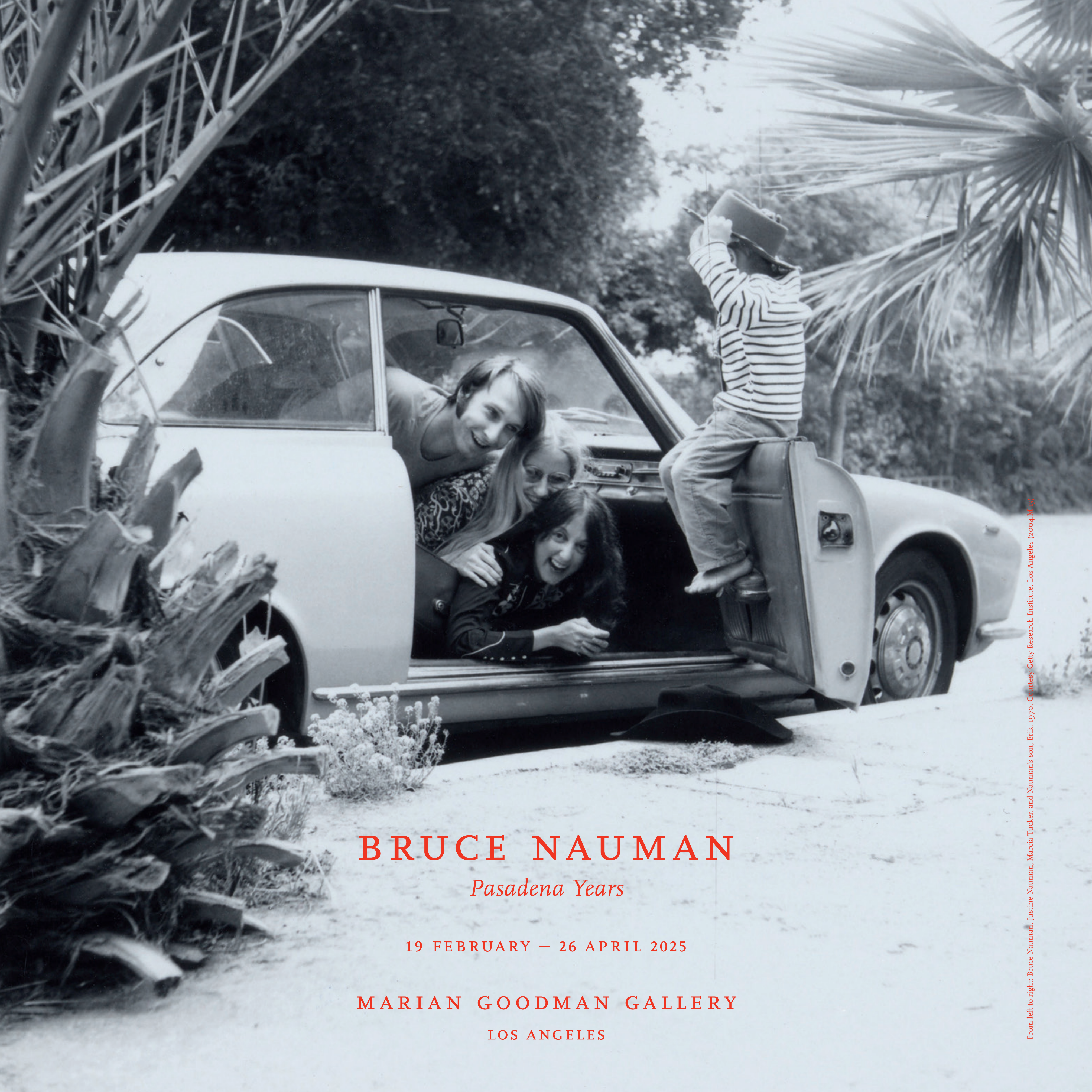
Mask Off, 2024
Charcoal on vellum mounted board
40 x 25 cm, 15 3/4 x 9 7/8 in
© Saskia Colwell. Courtesy the artist

PACE

The Monster
Curated by Robert Nava

Los Angeles
pacegallery.com

Huma Bhabha, *Untitled*, 2024, ink, pastel, acrylic, charcoal, and collage on paper, 53½ × 52"
© Huma Bhabha, courtesy the artist and David Kordansky Gallery



BRUCE NAUMAN

Pasadena Years

19 FEBRUARY – 26 APRIL 2025

MARIAN GOODMAN GALLERY
LOS ANGELES

From left to right: Bruce Nauman, Justine Nauman, Marcia Tucker, and Nauman's son, Erik, 1970. Courtesy Getty Research Institute, Los Angeles (2004.M.13)

ARTFORUM

FEBRUARY 2025

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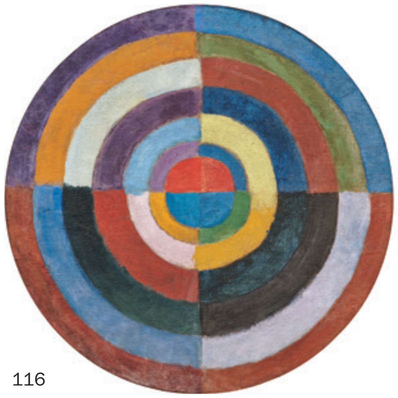
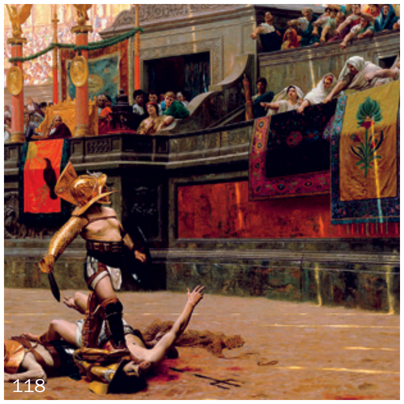
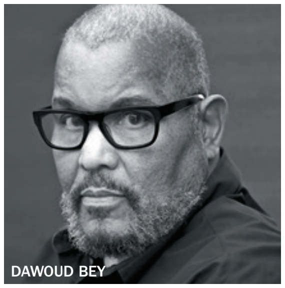




Cover: **Andy Warhol, *The Wrestlers*, 1982,** gelatin silver print. Installation view, Neue Nationalgalerie, Berlin, 2024. Photo: David von Becker. (See page 86.)

From top: **Barbara DeGenevieve, *True Life Novelette #2* (detail), 1979–82**, ink-jet print, 35 × 30". **Torkwase Dyson, *Liquid Shadows, Solid Dreams (A Monastic Playground)*, 2024**, wood, stone, acrylic, graphite. Installation view, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Photo: Ron Amstutz. **Robert Delaunay, *Premier disque* (First Disk), 1913,** oil on canvas, 53⅛ × 53⅛". **Jean-Léon Gérôme, *Pollice Verso* (With a Turned Thumb) (detail), 1872,** oil on canvas, 38¼ × 57⅝".



DAWOUD BEY

JEREMY LYBARGER

MARA HOBERMAN

RICHARD MEYER

MAYA JAGGI

MITCHELL F. CHAN

American artist and MacArthur Fellow **DAWOUD BEY** examines the Black past and present. His photographs and film installations have been exhibited widely in museums and galleries throughout the United States and Europe. Bey's work has been the subject of numerous major solo museum exhibitions and retrospectives, including "Dawoud Bey: An American Project," organized by the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney Museum of American Art (2020–22); "Dawoud Bey: Elegy," commissioned by and exhibited at the Virginia Museum of Fine Arts (2023–24) and the New Orleans Museum of Art, where it is set to open September 2025; and "Dawoud Bey: Street Portraits," on view at the Denver Art Museum through May 2025. His work has also been the subject of several monographs, including *Seeing Deeply* (University of Texas Press, 2017) and the recent *Street Portraits* (MACK Books, 2021). His own critical writings on contemporary art and photography have appeared in a range of publications. Bey lives and works in Chicago and New York. He is a critic and alumnus of Yale University and professor emeritus at Columbia College, Chicago. This month, Bey shares his Top Ten. PHOTO: FRANK ISHMAN

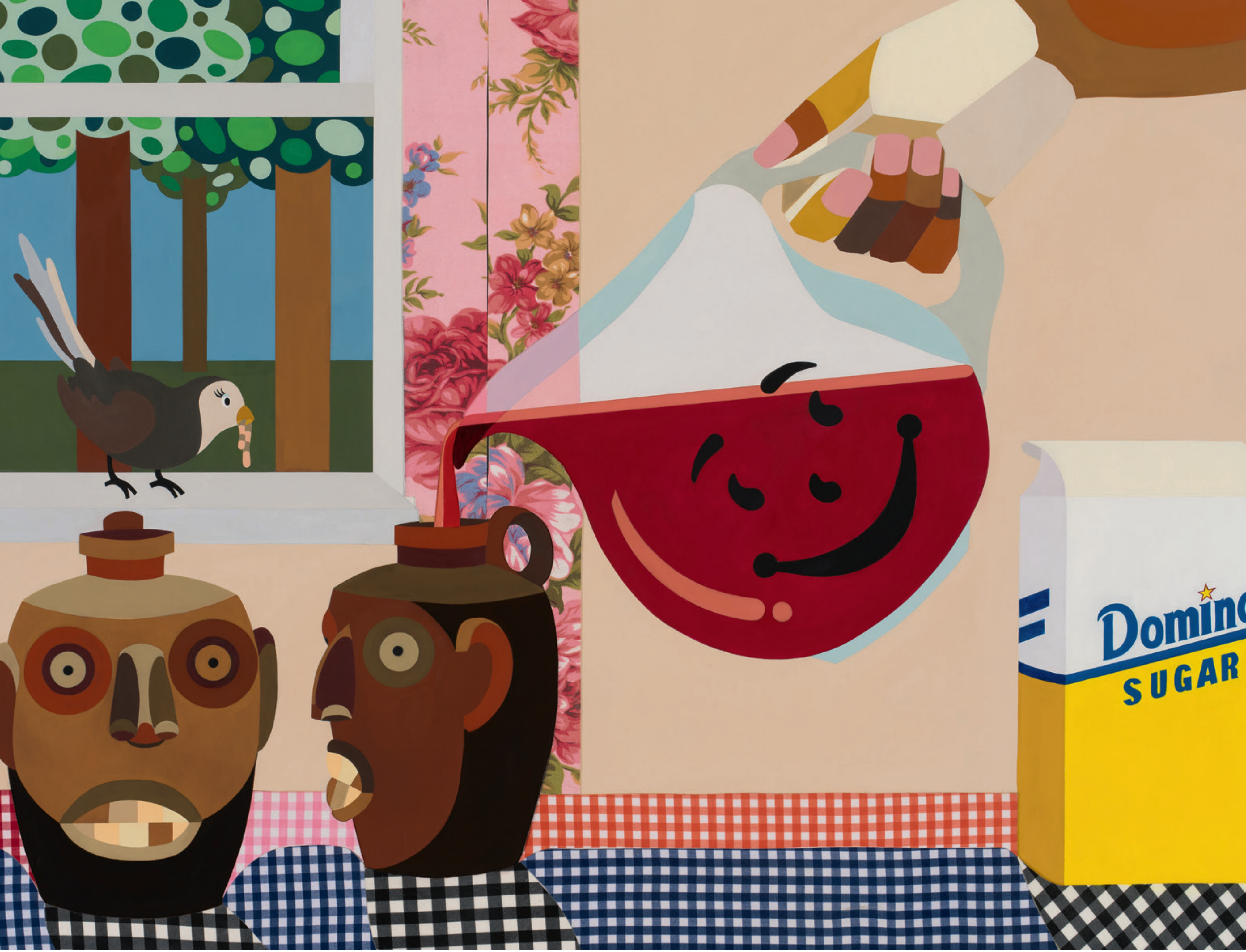
JEREMY LYBARGER is a writer and art critic in Chicago. His work has appeared in *Artforum*, *Art in America*, *Frieze*, the *New Republic*, the *New York Times*, and many other publications. In 2024 he received grants from the Graham Foundation and the Robert B. Silvers Foundation for *Midnight Tremor*, his book-in-progress about the Chicago artist Roger Brown. In these pages, Lybarger analyzes the work of the late interdisciplinary artist, educator, and provocateur Barbara DeGenevieve, on the occasion of the recent retrospective of her work at the galleries of the School of the Art Institute of Chicago.

MARA HOBERMAN is an art historian and critic based in Paris, where she is currently conducting research for the Joan Mitchell catalogue raisonné. A regular contributor to *Artforum*, she has also written for the e-flux's *Art Agenda*, *Le Quotidien de l'Art*, the *New York Times*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and *Whitewall*. Her essays on contemporary art and artists have been published by institutions including the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art; Institute of Contemporary Art, Miami; the Essl Museum, Klosterneuburg, Austria; the Middelheim Museum, Antwerp; Carriage Works, Sydney; and the Jeu de Paume, the Palais de Tokyo, and the Centre Pompidou, all in Paris. Hoberman is the author of *461. Dix ans d'art contemporain* (Dilecta Editions, 2022), which discusses trends and themes in contemporary art in France. She is currently working on a book about contemporary ceramics titled *Extra-Terrestre*. This month, Hoberman examines the cartographic artworks of Larissa Fassler and the artist's recent exhibition, "Building Worlds," at Germany's Kunsthalle Lingen.

RICHARD MEYER is the Robert and Ruth Halperin Professor in Art History at Stanford University, where he teaches courses on modern and contemporary art, censorship, and gender and sexuality. His most recent book, *Master of the Two Left Feet: Morris Hirshfield Rediscovered* (MIT Press, 2022), is a study of a Brooklyn tailor and slipper-maker who, against all odds, achieved international recognition as a self-taught painter in the 1940s. To accompany the book, Meyer curated a Hirshfield retrospective at the American Folk Art Museum, New York, that traveled to the Cantor Arts Center at Stanford. In 2023, he submitted an amicus brief to the Supreme Court for a case concerning Andy Warhol, fair use, and copyright infringement and published a related op-ed in the *New York Times*. Most recently, he contributed the introduction to Svetlana Alpers's *Is Art History?* (Hunter's Point Press, 2024), a volume spanning six decades of her writings. Meyer is currently writing *Andy Warhol's Guide to Everyday Life*, a book that channels the artist's unlikely wisdom to address a range of problems in daily life. This month, Meyer traces the queer histories underpinning last fall's "Andy Warhol: Velvet Rage and Beauty," curated by Klaus Biesenbach at Berlin's Neue Nationalgalerie.

MAYA JAGGI is a writer, critic, and artistic director based in London. She is a contributing art critic to the *Financial Times* and was previously an arts writer and fiction critic for *The Guardian*, where her work included long-form profiles of Frank Bowling, Paula Rego, Edward Said, and a dozen Nobel laureates in literature. She was elected a fellow of the UK's Royal Society of Literature in 2023 for her independent critical writing on global art and books, which has also appeared in publications including the *Art Newspaper*, *The Economist*, *Le Monde Diplomatique*, *Newsweek*, the *New York Review of Books*, and the *New York Times*. She has given cultural journalism master classes in Ukraine, Georgia, and other post-Soviet countries as an EU Senior Expert and been a DAAD Arts and Media Fellow in Berlin, as well as a finalist for the Orwell Prize for Journalism. She holds degrees from Oxford University and the London School of Economics. In these pages, Jaggi reviews "Seeing Is Believing: The Art and Influence of Gérôme," on view through February 22 at Mathaf: Arab Museum of Modern Art, Doha, Qatar. PHOTO: ALE DI PADOVA/EBRD

MITCHELL F. CHAN is a conceptual artist based in Toronto. His recent projects include *The Boys of Summer*, 2023, an interactive piece about quantification and data collection disguised as a sports management simulation; and *Winslow Homer's Croquet Challenge*, 2022, an allegorical arcade game about Reconstruction-era America. His pioneering blockchain artwork *Digital Zones of Immaterial Pictorial Sensibility*, 2017, was exhibited in "*Monte de Pietà*" at the Fondazione Prada concurrent with last year's Venice Biennale. In this issue, Chan details the paradoxical underpinnings of Art Blocks Marfa Weekend 2024 and the ongoing transformation of the generative art community.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Lago (detail), 2024, oil on linen, 180 × 210 × 4 cm / 70 ⅞ × 82 ⅝ × 1 ⅝ in, © Catherine Goodman. Photo: Eva Herzog

EDITOR'S LETTER

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE

AS AN AMERICAN born in the early 1980s, I feel lucky to have grown up in Miami, where our national homophobia and transphobia seemingly were buried under the sandy shores of South Beach. The Miami of my adolescence was the Miami of *The Birdcage*, Versace, and Madonna, and at the time, the city felt like ground zero of a post-AIDS renaissance of unabashedly—though conspicuously white—queer culture. But Miami also has a shameful history as the origin of the national campaign against gay rights that emerged thanks to Anita Bryant in the late '70s, and now Florida has become ground zero for a renaissance of American bigotry. In March 2022, the state's Republican governor, Ron DeSantis, signed into law the Parental Rights in Education Act, more commonly known as the "Don't Say Gay" bill, which putatively enshrines "the fundamental rights of parents to make decisions regarding the upbringing and control of their children," but which effectively opens the door to the censorship of conversations about LGBTQ+ identities in classrooms. (For example, the law directs that "classroom instruction by school personnel or third parties on sexual orientation or gender identity may not occur in kindergarten through grade 3"—later expanded through grade 12, though a 2024 lawsuit carved out the right to discuss LGBTQ+ identities outside of "instruction.") Perhaps most damagingly, the act allows parents to sue school districts that they feel have violated its policies, creating a threat of litigation that forces schools to err on the side of caution, beyond even the letter of the law.

In March 2023, a school principal in Tallahassee—Florida's capital—was forced to resign by her school's board after her administration failed to send the annual email notice that sixth-grade students would be shown photos of Michelangelo's *David* and complaints were brought forward by parents, including one who called the work "pornographic." The fact that the spokesperson for Florida's Department of Education subsequently affirmed the historical and artistic merit of "classical art"—which is once again being mobilized by white-supremacist rhetoric in both the US and Europe—only proves that the law has created an oppressive system in which there is confusion over what is permissible, and consequences can be meted out without cause, or over the most minor of bureaucratic mistakes: a fascist's dream.

In May 2023, DeSantis signed another education bill into law, HB 1069, which legislates that schools teach that "reproductive roles are binary, stable and unchangeable," and allows anyone in a school district to request the removal of any books or other materials that contain any mention or depiction of "sexual conduct," even if not pornographic. According to the law, the offensive materials must be pulled from classrooms and libraries "for review" within five days of a complaint being lodged, though the review period itself is indefinite. By the end of the year, Florida's Escambia school district (to cite a much-publicized example) had a list of over 1,600 books that had been "pulled for further review to ensure compliance with the new legislation," according to the district's spokesperson—in other words, banned. Among these were Jane Bingham's *Classical Myth: A Treasury of Greek and Roman Legends, Art, and History*; Liselotte Andersen's *Baroque and Rococo Art*; Louise E. Jefferson's *The Decorative Arts of Africa*; Ta-Nehisi Coates's *Black Panther* comics; and even *Merriam-Webster's Elementary Dictionary*.

DeSantis's weaponization of "freedom" to undermine education and curtail rights (which includes the racist 2022 Individual Freedom Act, also known as the "Stop Wrongs Against Our Kids and Employees Act," or the "Stop WOKE Act") is obviously chilling. But with Donald Trump returned to the presidency, liberals and leftists are now once again debating the political costs of a focus on "identity politics," which is being critiqued for emphasizing cultural over economic concerns, or symbolic over material gains. These debates are reflected in recent contemporary art discourse that reductively pits a concern with identity against a concern with aesthetics (as if these were mutually exclusive)—an inherently conservative framing that has intensified in the wake of a weakened art market and Trump's re-election.

So that we are not doomed to repeat history, we should remember that this framing is not new. In fact, it eerily echoes the rhetoric that surfaced during a similar turn to identity in the early '90s. In one of *Artforum*'s reviews of the landmark 1993 Whitney Biennial, Bruce W. Ferguson described a polarization that is all too familiar: "If you dis the show, you're a racist or a woman-hater; while if you're for the vision it champions, you're a pluralist liberal pussy."

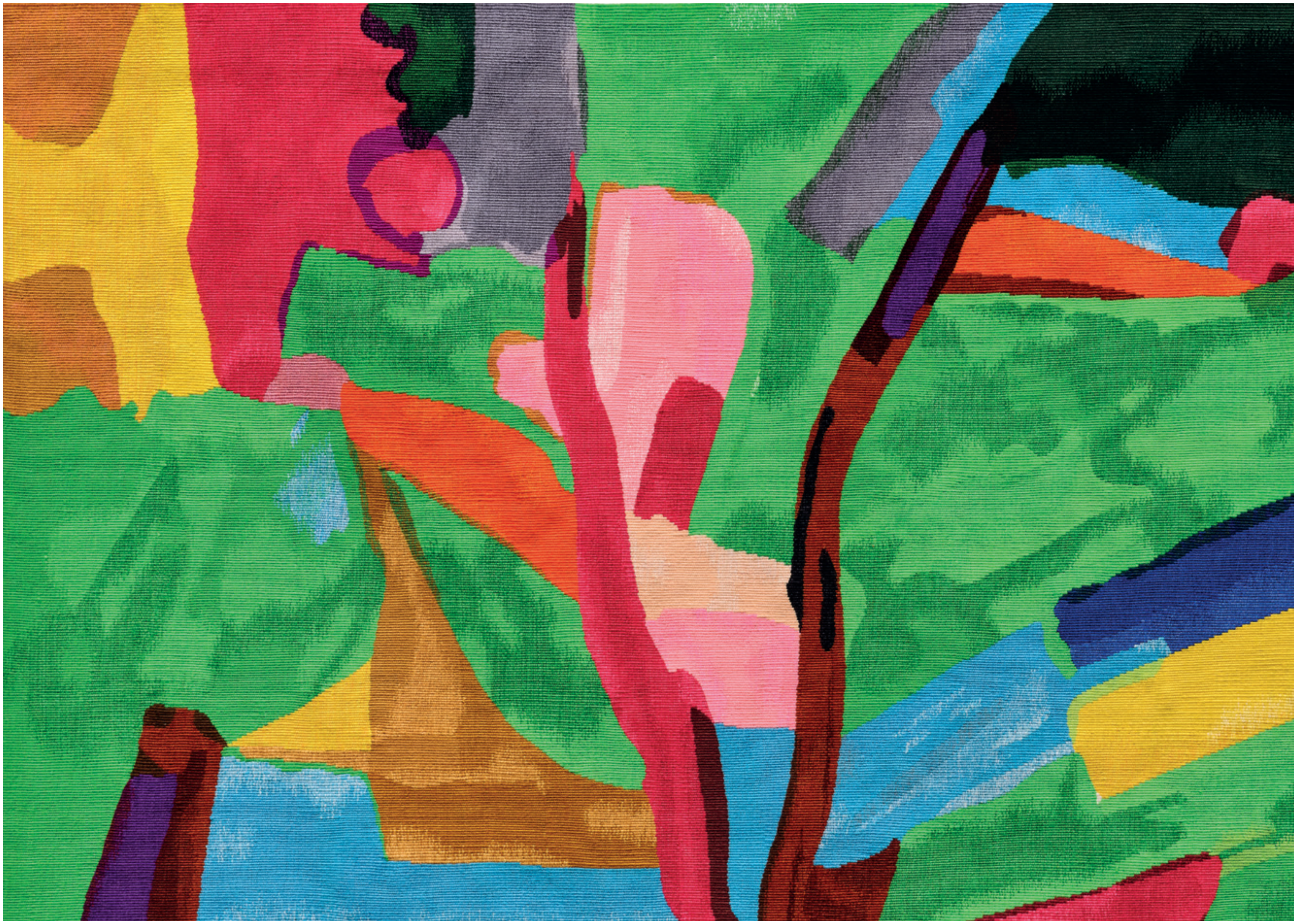
Admittedly, centering identity in art is not unproblematic; consider, for example, the dangers of tokenization and the "soft bigotry of low expectations" (a phrase with its own problematic history, as it was first deployed by President George W. Bush to signal the purported compassion of conservatives in a 2000 speech). But the same skepticism being aimed at performative diversity initiatives in the arts should also be aimed at revanchist attempts to set identity aside, which only renders privileged markers such as whiteness and maleness the "default" subject position, as if they were not also racialized and gendered. Given the prevailing tendency to oversimplify (especially on social media), we must remain committed to thinking critically about both "identity" and "aesthetics" as multidimensional, shifting, and mutually constitutive terms. After all, there is no model of "aesthetics" that exists outside of a specific cultural formation.

Continuing the work we have been doing this season to provide some historical perspective and nuance to this debate (as in our September coverage of the Venice Biennale), in this issue, we present several texts that not only foreground queer identities but, more specifically, contend with attempts to limit the forms or expressions of queerness, whether through outright censorship or more subtle methods of policing. On our cover, we highlight the recent installation of Andy Warhol's homoerotic photo of *The Wrestlers* in the exhibition "Andy Warhol: Velvet Rage and Beauty" at Berlin's Neue Nationalgalerie; in his feature essay, Richard Meyer cites the show's curator, Klaus Biesenbach, as hypothesizing that the US would not be "open" to an exhibition "like this." (Certainly, it is not hard to imagine this photo—and by extension, this issue of *Artforum*—being targeted by the private citizens who now hold the power to censor classroom materials in Florida.) Jeremy Lybarger's feature on the beloved and controversial artist and teacher Barbara DeGenevieve, who was the subject of a recent retrospective at the SAIC Galleries in Chicago, also tackles her queerness, which we can understand not only through her sexual orientation, but also through her relationship to censorious moralizing from across the political spectrum, epitomized by her rebellious embrace of pornography. The issue also includes two remembrances of the superlative writer Gary Indiana, who in his very body refused to conform to both the heteronormative and gay cis-male aesthetics of his time, as David Rimanelli observes.

Together, these articles paint a picture of a conservatism and puritanism that threatens our freedom to produce, experience, and think about art. Predictably, in June 2024, DeSantis eliminated Florida's entire state funding for the arts—$32 million—from this year's annual budget. As we continue to debate the relationship between identity and aesthetics, we would do well to remember that *both* marginalized communities and art are under coordinated attack by larger forces at play beyond the borders of the art world, led by those in power who are actively trying to settle the debate for us, on their terms. ☐

—*Tina Rivers Ryan*

WHITE CUBE



Etel Adnan, *Parc en Été* (detail), 2021. © ADAGP, Paris and DACS, London 2023. Photo © White Cube (Thomas Lannes)

ETEL ADNAN

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PASSAGES

GARY INDIANA ▪ 1950–2024

MAX BLAGG

GARY INDIANA PASSED on October 23, 2024, triggering an outpouring of grief from some of his peers and a certain rancid glee among others—those “grinning simian farts” (per Frank O’Hara) in the art and lit worlds too jealous of his prodigious literary gifts to acknowledge how far above them he sailed with pretty much every line he wrote. His erudition was equally intimidating, but if you wanted to find a subject about which you knew nothing, a writer you’d never read, or a film you’d never heard of, Gary’s brilliant essays were always illuminating and enlightening, and frequently laced with sudden shards of animus that gave a reader the sense of biting into a fragment of glass in an otherwise delicious strawberry tart.

We knew each other for almost fifty years, our friendship born out of mutual admiration and a hundred readings and rent parties in various bars and performance spaces across New York City, bohemian outposts that sprang up like night-blooming flowers and just as quickly disappeared. I remember explosive rehearsals of Gary’s 1981 play *The Roman Polanski Story* held at my loft, with a wonderful cast including Cookie Mueller and her lover Sharon Niesp, fistfighting between takes; Diana Vreeland look-alike John Heys; and petite blonde Vicki Pedersen, who told me recently that she first recognized Gary’s genius when she realized he had given her parts (those of the Gypsy Queen and Nastassja Kinski) primarily to utilize her pronounced stutter.

Gary was a sharp-tongued Shakespearean imp, perverse and hilarious, capable of great mischief and tremendous wisdom. In one of his final interviews, he mentioned that he perceived himself sexually as a kind of human rag doll, which was why he occasionally allowed certain well-built studs to toss him around apartments and hotel rooms. I cannot condone such behavior, but I understand the desire, owing to his doll-like—or, rather, childlike—qualities. I occasionally felt the urge to pick him up and carry him about myself, though I did so only once, sweeping him up as we flaneured north along West Broadway one spring afternoon. He seemed as comfortable in my arms as my daughter used to feel when she was small. I let him down gently at Prince Street, and we promptly cracked up—Alex Katz was observing us warily from his doorstep.

Years ago, I reread Gary’s novel *Do Everything in the Dark* (2001) and wrote to tell him how its inherent sadness had moved me. He replied with a fierce and elegant four-thousand-word evaluation of the book and its critics, especially those who claimed to find its tone “less cynical” and “less angry” than his usual astringent sensibility. His response to their opinions is worth quoting at length here:

> It’s the angriest thing I ever wrote in my life. I was angry at the way my life and my friends’ lives have been written off as worthless in this shitty system, angry at people being cowed into thinking that they’ve failed in life because they haven’t gotten rich or had the golden

Gary was a sharp-tongued Shakespearean imp, perverse and hilarious, capable of great mischief and tremendous wisdom.

Gary Indiana as Truman Capote for Max Blagg’s 2012 film *Return of the Tiny Terror*, Crooked Pond, NY, 2012. Photos: Barney Kulok.

> shower of celebrity fairy dust poured over them, angry at sneering journalists and reviewers who churn out nothing but boilerplate so that even a positive notice is as stupid as a negative one. And I guess mainly angry that all this is normal, and all the resilience we develop over decades is paid for by the incremental loss of human feeling.

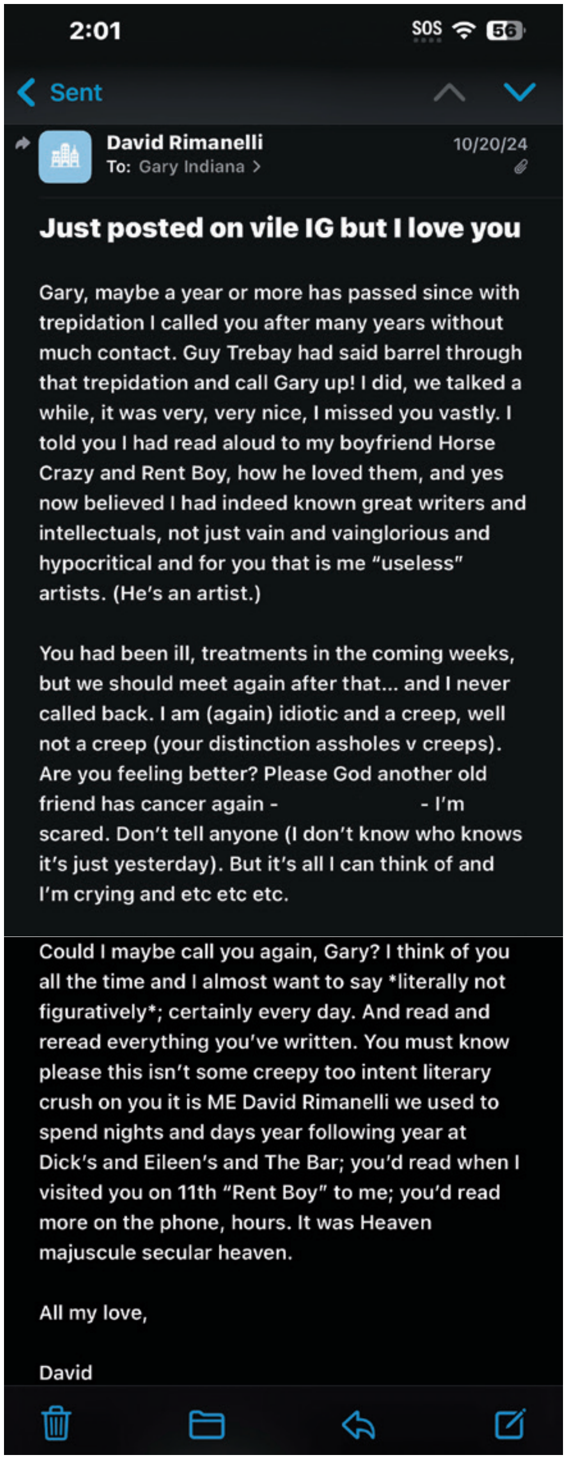
One of the final texts Gary published—the last piece I heard him read, in a joyful performance he gave at Saint Mark's Church in November 2023—was a brief treatise on aging, "Five O'Clock Somewhere" (it appears in issue 166 of *Granta*), a clear, unwavering examination of how the body and mind begin to almost imperceptibly (if you're lucky) disintegrate as we grow older and more frail. Gary was beginning to experience this corporeal breakdown, but there is not a speck of self-pity in his words, only the limpid observations of a highly refined witness describing how it feels to be awake on the precipice.

We had talked on the phone several times in early October 2024. On the Saturday I was scheduled to visit, he was teetering on the edge of incoherence from pain and pain meds as he serenaded me with sea shanties and show tunes, so I promised to arrive instead on Sunday morning, with tasty pastries from Veniero's bakery, down the street from his apartment. The following morning, I biked over to the East Village, dropped forty dollars for a sizable cheesecake and two napoleons, then proceeded to Gary's building, just across from Saint Mark's Church, in whose peaceful yard we had often sat and savaged so many of our mutual friends and frenemies. No answer to buzzer number twenty-three. A kindly neighbor let me in, and I began my trek up those hideous stairs. How he could even make it to the sixth floor post-chemo I couldn't imagine. I decided to make a video on my way up, but the thirty-second film ends abruptly at the fourth floor with a quick product shot of the Veniero's cake box accompanied by the cameraman's labored breathing. I made it up two more flights and knocked on his door, but there was no answer. Knocked again. Silence. I kissed the doorframe, left the napoleons, and sheepishly took the cheesecake, before descending that appalling stairway for the last time.

May these words from Marguerite Yourcenar's sublime *Memoirs of Hadrian* (1951) accompany him on his voyage:

> He will recognize the way,
> and the guardians at the gate will let him pass
> and he will come and go among those who love him
> for millions of days. ☐

MAX BLAGG IS A NEW YORK–BASED WRITER. HIS LATEST BOOK, *LATE START FOR MARDI GRAS* (SHALLOW BOOKS, 2024), IS A COLLABORATION WITH TWENTY-ONE ARTISTS. AN EXHIBITION OF THE ORIGINAL ARTWORKS FROM *LATE START* IS FORTHCOMING THIS SPRING.



David Rimanelli 10/20/24
To: Gary Indiana

Just posted on vile IG but I love you

Gary, maybe a year or more has passed since with trepidation I called you after many years without much contact. Guy Trebay had said barrel through that trepidation and call Gary up! I did, we talked a while, it was very, very nice, I missed you vastly. I told you I had read aloud to my boyfriend Horse Crazy and Rent Boy, how he loved them, and yes now believed I had indeed known great writers and intellectuals, not just vain and vainglorious and hypocritical and for you that is me "useless" artists. (He's an artist.)

You had been ill, treatments in the coming weeks, but we should meet again after that... and I never called back. I am (again) idiotic and a creep, well not a creep (your distinction assholes v creeps). Are you feeling better? Please God another old friend has cancer again - [redacted] - I'm scared. Don't tell anyone (I don't know who knows it's just yesterday). But it's all I can think of and I'm crying and etc etc etc.

Could I maybe call you again, Gary? I think of you all the time and I almost want to say *literally not figuratively*; certainly every day. And read and reread everything you've written. You must know please this isn't some creepy too intent literary crush on you it is ME David Rimanelli we used to spend nights and days year following year at Dick's and Eileen's and The Bar; you'd read when I visited you on 11th "Rent Boy" to me; you'd read more on the phone, hours. It was Heaven majuscule secular heaven.

All my love,

David

DAVID RIMANELLI

SUCH A DAZZLING PROSE STYLIST. Such a daring and scary performer in readings, as an actor, or simply as a figure in the world moving through various overlapping cultures and subcultures. Gary to me represented the most radical way of being an intellectual, an aesthete, a satirist, a polemically mean gossip and score-settler. As many have said, Gary appeared waifish, even "gamine," especially in his youth; but he could, however, also look wrecked, like twenty miles of bad road but *in a good way*. (We all can sometimes. Even Linda Evangelista.) Which reminds me: Gary once asked me to accompany him to the New York runway shows, around the time Marc Jacobs and Anna Sui unleashed their "grunge" collections. He was covering them for the *Village Voice* but felt clueless about fashion. The superest of the supermodels would *défilé* to "Rape Me" and "Smells Like Teen Spirit"; Soundgarden, Jane's Addiction, and Hole—*not* dance music.

Gary wasn't typologically part of the gay male sexual packaging at all; he eschewed hot guy–ism, clonism, body fascism, etc. His looks may have played well at New York's Mudd Club or the Pyramid, but not so much at places like Boy Bar and Uncle Charlie's. I don't think this is irrelevant in the slightest: Gary didn't care or decided not to care about oppressive homosexual aesthetics. He rejected the silent mandate that those Marys outside the normative faggy affects and modes ("hot," "cute," "butch," "straight-acting," and so on) should adopt a Quentin Crisp–y amusing/bitter manner, with no obvious libido or expressions of desire because "Ew, you're ridiculous, who would fuck you?" Gary refused to suppress his sexuality out of politeness; he exaggerated it, exacerbated it, made it into an unrepentantly theatrical, in-your-face performance.

And his books certainly—such as *Scar Tissue and Other Stories* (1987), *White Trash Boulevard* (1988), *Horse Crazy: A Novel* (1989), *Gone Tomorrow* (1993), *Resentment: A Comedy* (1997), and *Three Month Fever: The Andrew Cunanan Story* (1999)—are ALL ABOUT THAT. Gary never self-marginalized: He was utterly homosexual; a queer and a cocksucker in the most radical stylistic expressions and ideational effusions. He was sine qua non. A useful counterpoint would be someone like Rene Ricard, a very interesting mind and personality but, ultimately, a much more familiar type of fag, à la "that old queen."

I think Gary influenced me more than any other contemporary (maybe American) writer. I was lucky enough to be a recipient of his impeccable generosity and kindness. But I was also aware that at any moment he might explode into another character, a sort of one-homo Eumenides, a Man-Medusa, a cunt-bitch-meanie who'd say the most horrible things to you, offering assessments about your taste, intellect, or personality that, ultimately, were much more right than wrong. His eviscerations were often lethally accurate.

Gary went for all the most impolitic, "bad gayzzz" topics—the REAL subjects for so many. He was never good at keeping quiet. Of course, neither am I. Perhaps we are "failed" fags. That's OK. The world needs us. Desperately. ☐

DAVID RIMANELLI IS A WRITER, CURATOR, AND CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF *ARTFORUM*.

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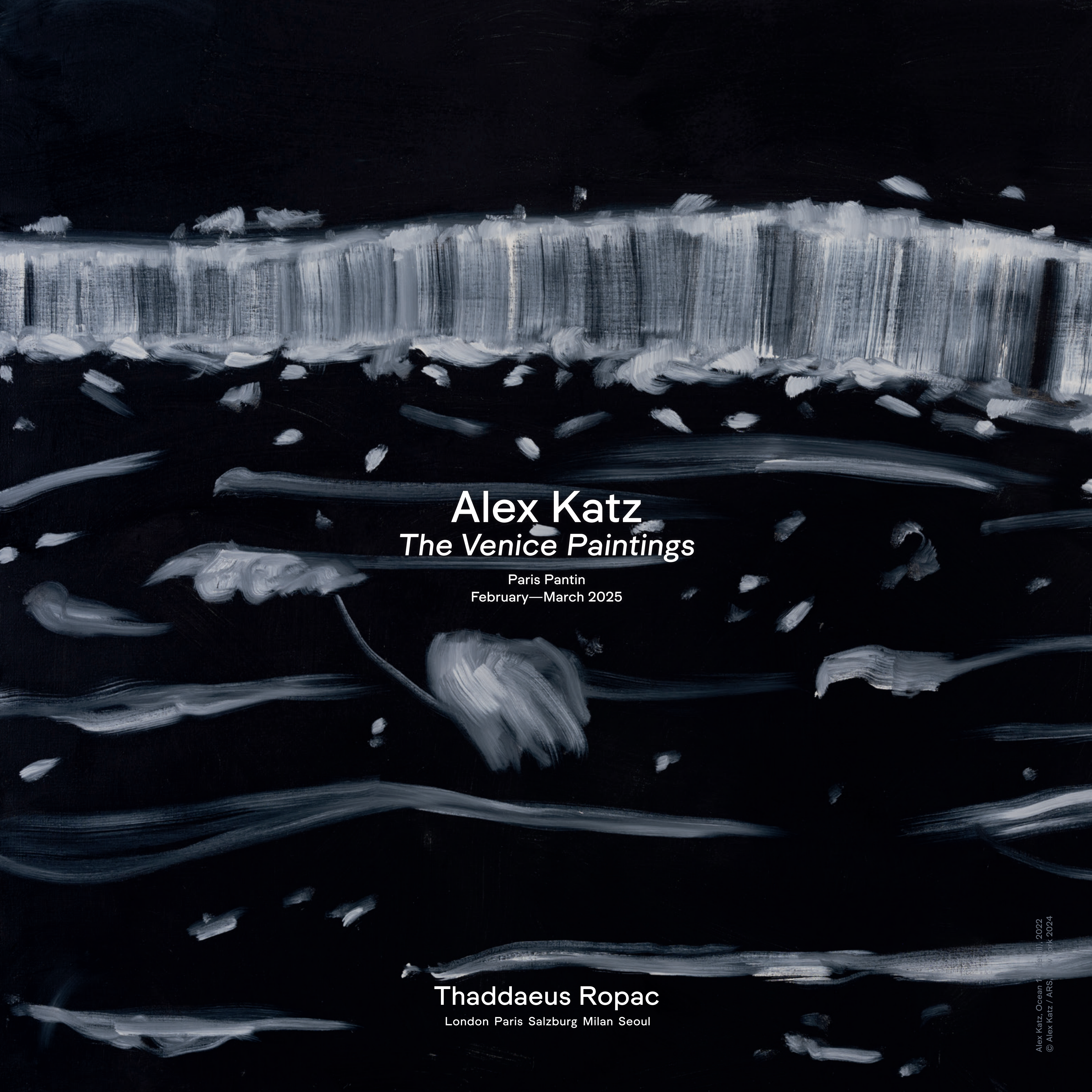


Alex Katz

The Venice Paintings

Paris Pantin
February—March 2025

Thaddaeus Ropac

London Paris Salzburg Milan Seoul

Alex Katz, *Ocean 14* (detail), 2022

© Alex Katz / ARS, New York 2024

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY ▪ Travis Jeppesen on Jindřich Heisler and Jindřich Štyrský's *On the Needles of These Days*

***On the Needles of These Days*, by Jindřich Heisler and Jindřich Štyrský;** translated by Jed Slast. Prague: Twisted Spoon Press, 2024. 62 pages.

ORIGINALLY ISSUED as an illicit samizdat publication in Nazi-occupied Prague in 1941, *On the Needles of These Days* combines photographs by Jindřich Štyrský, taken in his home city on the Vltava in the more carefree years of the mid-1930s, with an extended prose poem by Jindřich Heisler, a Jewish poet and visual artist who would spend most of the Second World War hiding out in the bathroom of the apartment Štyrský shared with the artist Toyen. A collaboration between two central protagonists of the Czechoslovak Surrealist Group, *Needles* appears in a new translation by Jed Slast courtesy of Twisted Spoon Press, a Prague-based publisher that puts out translations of the storied avant-gardes of Central and Eastern Europe in exquisite, highly collectible editions.

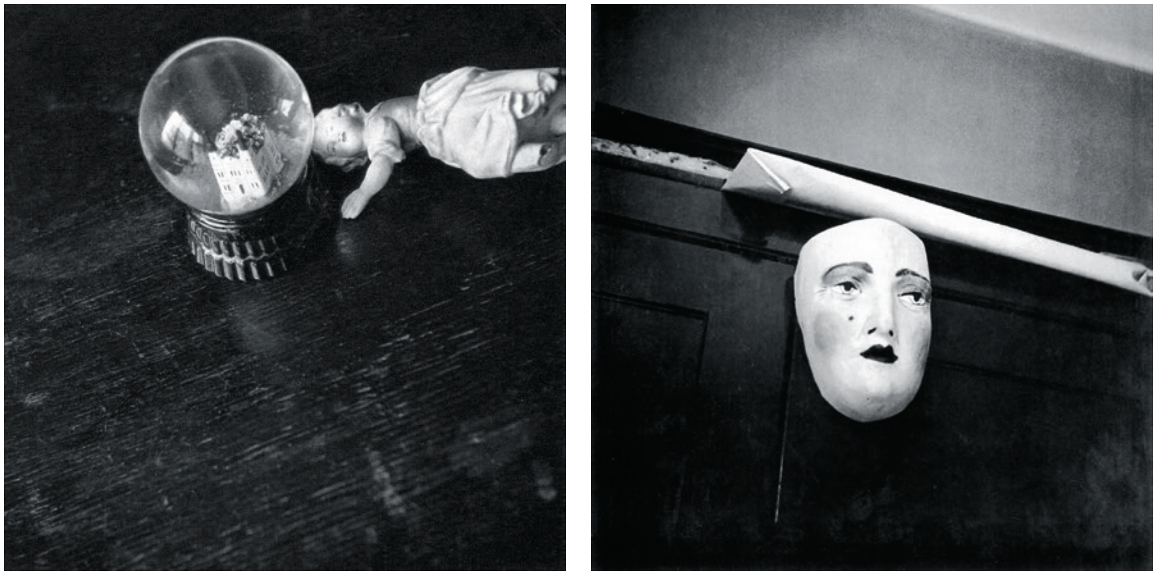
Alongside Vítězslav Nezval and Toyen, Štyrský was one of the original founders of the Czechoslovak Surrealist Group in the 1930s. His rabid interdisciplinarity quickly helped establish the course for Surrealism in Prague, with his prolific outpouring of paintings, poetry, criticism, and graphic art, and his editorship of several key reviews, including the notorious erotica publication *Edition 69*. Heisler, younger and less established, was only twenty-four when he joined the group in 1938 at a time of encroaching political turmoil for the country, but was already following in the elder artist's vein. Though he was better known at the time as a poet, he similarly pursued visual art, much of which was first discovered in Toyen's archives after her death in 1980.

In *On the Needles of These Days*, Štyrský's black-and-white photographs showcase unintended collages of scenery and objects captured as he wandered the streets of Prague in Surrealism's pre-repression heyday. Fragmentary details of the city's famed Art Nouveau architecture, window displays, religious icons, and even an occasional graffito evoke a kaleidoscopic portrait of this magical and mysterious city that will still ring true to contemporary visitors.

Presented opposite Štyrský's photos, Heisler's prose sings in Slast's elegant translation:

> Maybe these tumescent subterranean veins have already begun to create a disturbance and the trembling Earth slowly wipes away the thick dust with thousands of manure nests. Maybe it's the fingers of these days unraveling monstrous snarls, homespun skeins tousled by worsted waves and matted with seaweed, freely displaying their vast expanse of hope.

In collaborative works like *Needles*, the point is not to assert the autonomy of a given medium (though the works of each of the contributors might naturally stand on their own); rather, it becomes an exercise in mutual illumination.



Jindřich Štyrský, untitled works, 1934–35, gelatin silver prints, dimensions variable.

Surrealism of course claimed both visual art—in all its manifestations—and literature as vehicles of expression. In collaborative works like *Needles*, the point is not to assert the autonomy of a given medium (though the works of each of the contributors might naturally stand on their own); rather, it becomes an exercise in mutual illumination. At times, the juxtapositions are rooted not in complementariness, but in a fruitful and sublime dissonance. The two bodies of work were created just a few years apart, but in drastically different circumstances: Štyrský's photos in the still-freewheeling and decadent years of the mid-1930s, Heisler's poem in 1941 in the midst of the Second World War, while he was under the threat of his very life being taken away.

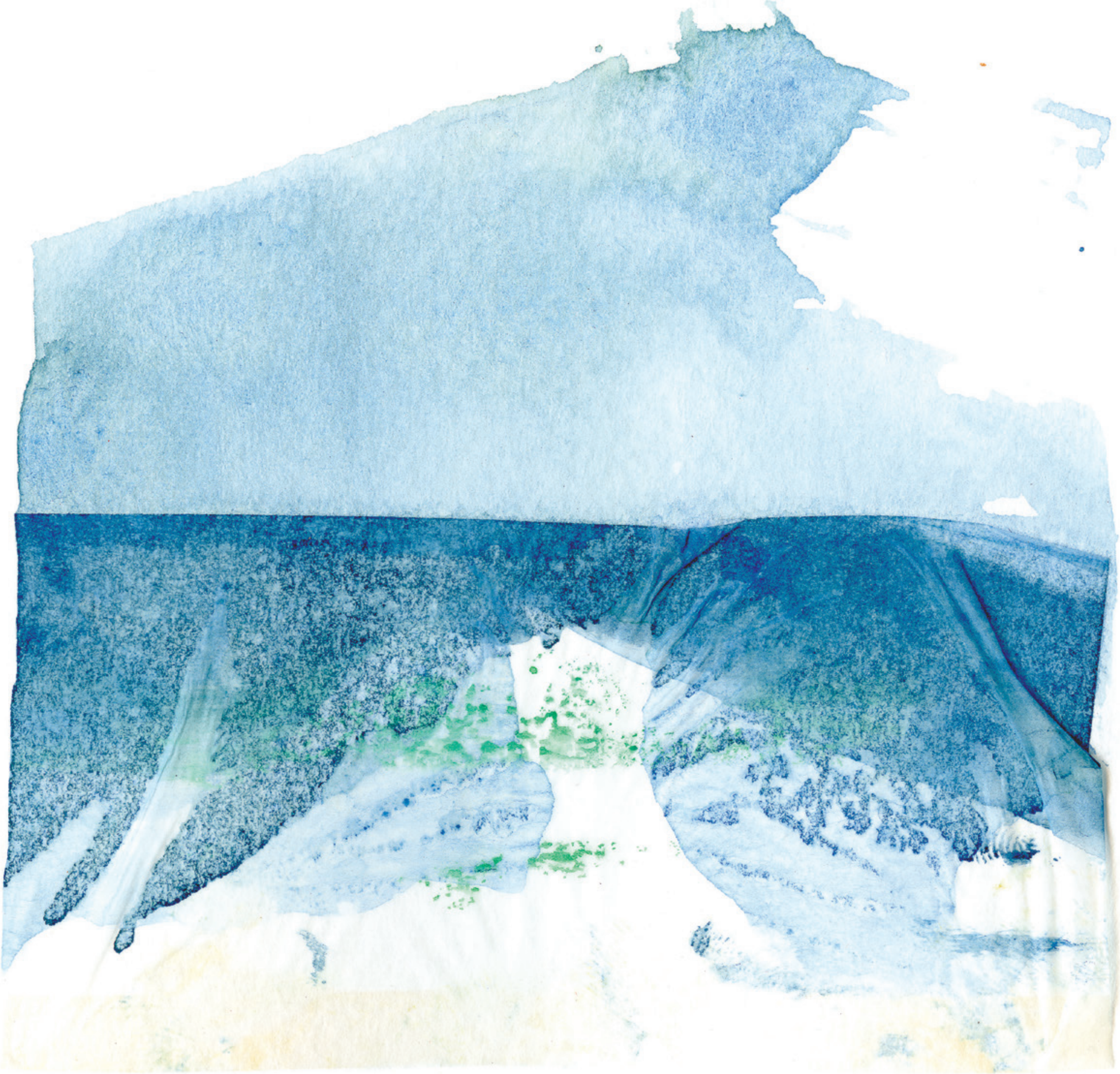
It is up to Heisler, then, to summon the war in words, and he doesn't shrink from the task. No mere exercise in escapism, *Needles*, in Heisler's ultimate imagining, illuminates the *völkisch* conceits animating a photograph of cheap knickknacks captured by Štyrský, endowing them with the morbidity that, his prose seems to imply, had always been their animating force:

> One day, when these towns and villages, alive today only through the big eyes of cows, can no longer be expanded, then the entire feline band will go and merrily play over the coffins of that gilded rabble, and from our eyes that have been targeted by the phantoms of this war, and from all eyes that escape with their health intact and chance to observe this carnivalesque spectacle, not a single tear will be shed.

Surrealism, as suggested by the very name of its famous game, the "Exquisite Corpse," was and has always been preoccupied with death. The same is true of the photographic medium itself, as some have argued. "Death is a photograph," Susan Sontag famously wrote in her early novel *The Benefactor*, 1968, arresting the very life force that it captures in situ. Sadly, *Needles* would unwittingly serve as one of its collaborators' swan songs. Štyrský did not outlive the war: He died of pneumonia in Prague in 1942 at the age of forty-two, just a year after *On the Needles of These Days* was published. Heisler managed to survive until the end, but didn't last much longer. In 1947, just a year before the Soviet takeover of Czechoslovakia, he and Toyen moved to Paris, where he died of sudden heart failure in 1953, at just thirty-eight years old; we can only speculate as to what extent the stress of those wartime years contributed to his early demise.

Death, of course, embraces all of us; cities live much longer; and art is eternal. *Needles* manifests as a paean to Prague at its darkest hour, and as a defiant and harmonious assertion of life by two of its most distinctive voices. ☐

TRAVIS JEPPESEN IS SENIOR EDITOR OF ARTFORUM.COM.



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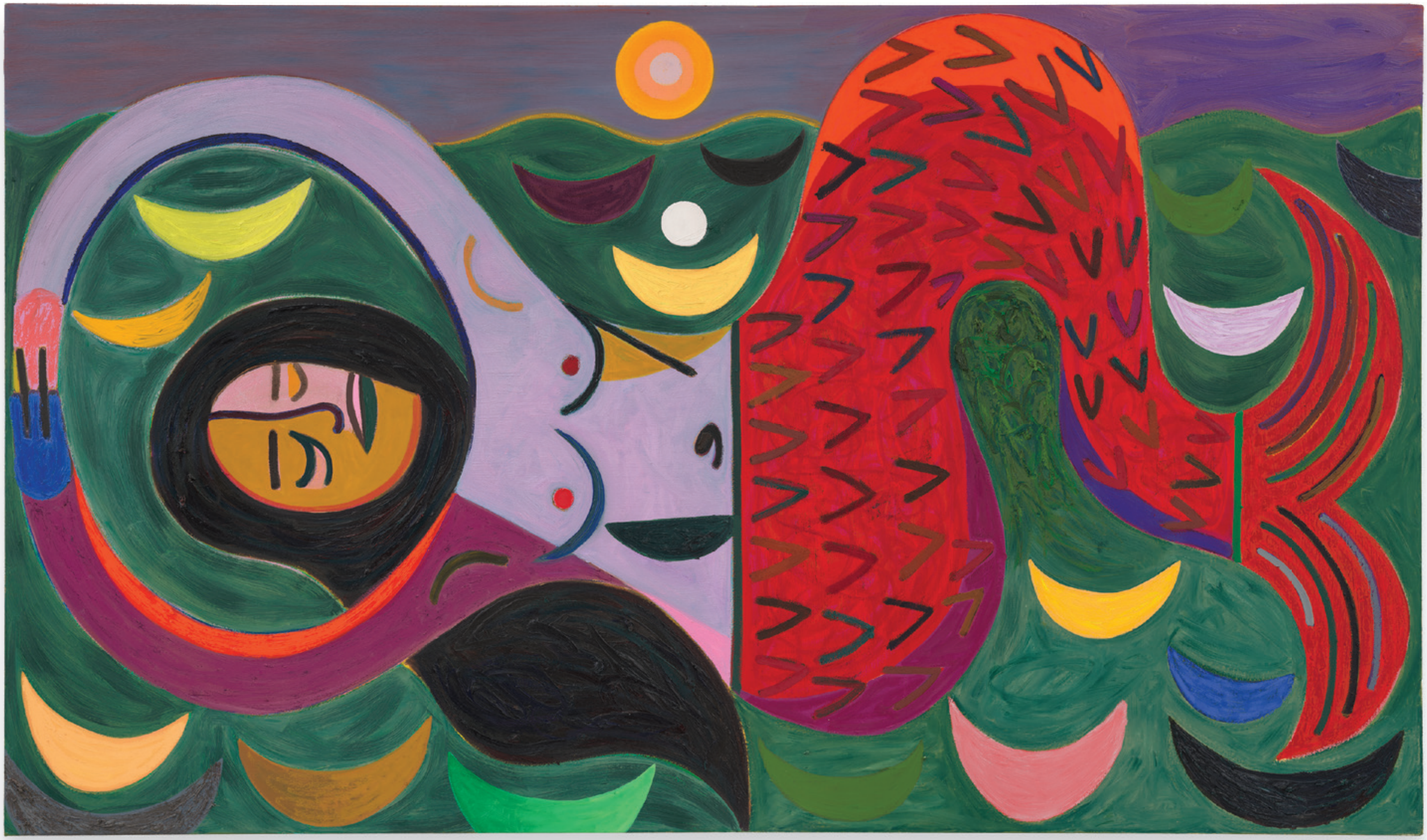

The Mermaid, 2024. Oil and flashe on canvas, 40 × 68 inches

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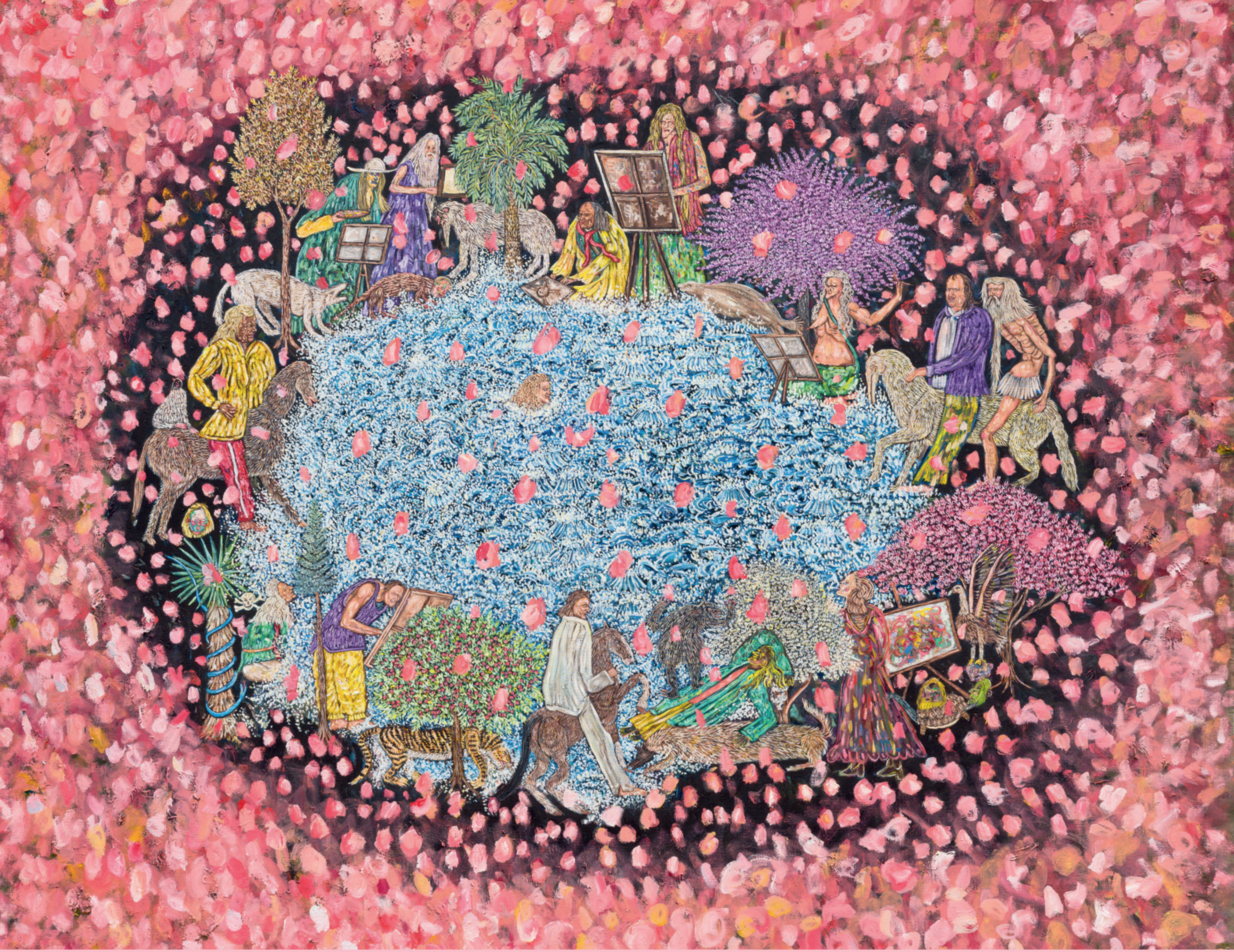

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FANGS FOR THE MEMORIES ▪ Tyler Dean on *What We Do in the Shadows*

Stills from *What We Do in the Shadows*, 2019–24, a TV show on FX. Left: Season 6, episode 11, “The Finale.” Guillermo de la Cruz (Harvey Guillén), Nandor the Relentless (Kayvan Novak). Right: Season 6, episode 3, “Sleep Hypnosis.” From left: Guillermo de la Cruz (Harvey Guillén), Colin Robinson (Mark Proksch), Nadja of Antipaxos (Natasia Demetriou), Laszlo Cravensworth (Matt Berry), Nandor the Relentless (Kayvan Novak). Photos: Russ Martin/FX.

LAST DECEMBER, the final episode of *What We Do in the Shadows* (2019–24) aired on FX, ending a lauded six-season run. Spun off from Taika Waititi’s 2014 film of the same name, the show—presented as a mockumentary, à la *The Office*—focused on a group of bickering, incompetent vampires living together as roommates on Staten Island. During that time, the characters were pitted against werewolves, a siren, and the Jersey Devil, alongside far more mundane but no less challenging threats like spam emails, city council meetings, and a weekend trip to Atlantic City. Through it all, the program was invested in the idea that vampire stories are, at their core, immigrant stories.

English author Bram Stoker’s 1897 novel *Dracula*, which provided the template for the modern vampire, opens with the hapless Jonathan Harker saying of his trek from Germany to Transylvania to visit the count, “The impression I had was that we were leaving the West and entering the East.” The historical figure upon whom Stoker’s character is very loosely based, Vlad Țepes, was a border prince on the Western side of the late-medieval divide between Christendom and the Muslim world, and is now a Romanian national hero credited with keeping the Ottoman Empire from conquering his native region of Wallachia. By the time Harker visits in the late nineteenth century, the boundary has shifted, putting Romania firmly on the other side of the aforementioned divide. The fundamental foreign otherness of the count serves as a launch pad for the story’s anxieties regarding “reverse colonization.” The British Empire, built on centuries of invasion and occupation, was plagued by the fear that one of those “lesser peoples” from a far-flung corner of the world might infiltrate their ranks and do to them what they had done to others for so long. Thus, Dracula is an amalgam of otherness—the enemy without—whose journey to Great Britain and embrace of Britishness mark him as a singular and palpable threat.

WWDitS, in its comedic (and far less xenophobic) way, is a similar sort of immigrant tale. Two of its four vampire roommates are notably foreign: Nadja (Natasia Demetriou) is a Romani woman from the Greek isle of Antipaxos, coded with the border anxieties of nineteenth-century Romania, while Nandor the Relentless (Kayvan Novak) is the leader of the fictional and long-since-dissolved Ottoman emirate Al Qolnidar (ostensibly located somewhere in modern-day Iran). The remaining two are playful spins on what it means to be other. Matt Berry’s Laszlo Cravensworth is a ridiculous parody of English nobility and foppishness, a sort of Lord Byron by way of Benny Hill. Mark Proksch’s “energy vampire,” Colin Robinson, is a pastiche of whiteness—a creature so encrusted with the totems of doughy, WASPy, middle-class blandness that he is alienating even to those he most closely resembles; he has the appearance and mien of the cartoon office schlub Dilbert, paired with the dubious morals of the character’s creator, Scott Adams.

The original film, set in Waititi’s native New Zealand, presented vampires as affably clueless outsiders navigating a world that more or less embraced them. But the show, set in the United States of the past six years, posits that an immigrant narrative is, necessarily, a story about struggling to fit within a culture that despises you. Nandor’s human servant, Guillermo de la Cruz (Harvey Guillén), can serve as household interlocutor only in that, as a larger-bodied, gay Chicano and child of immigrants, he understands what it’s like to be an other in the US. His desire to eventually become a vampire is a fantasy of what it would be like to be powerful, given that being fully accepted for who he is isn’t a possibility. When, in the penultimate season, he finally makes the transition, only to realize that he really doesn’t want it, the metaphor is clear: There isn’t a magic bullet to cure America’s obsession with scapegoating the other, as even supernatural powers can’t make one acceptable.

Kristen Schaal, playing the Guide—a functionary from the Vampiric Council’s Staten Island outpost—attempts to bring closure to the documentary in the show’s finale, voicing a strong belief that America has changed this family of immigrants for the better and vice versa. The sentiment is playfully and pointedly undercut by having Schaal’s monologue devolve into a xenophobic, MAGA-adjacent screed. The dark days of a second Trump administration have forced Americans to reckon with what it means to live in a country where the heroic mythology of its inception is at odds with its violent vision for the future. *WWDitS* reminded us that there was family, friendship, and no shortage of laughter to be found on the margins of such a nation—even in the bleakest of times, even among the most monstrous of people. ☐

TYLER DEAN HOLDS A PH.D. IN ENGLISH FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, IRVINE, AND IS A PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE AT A NUMBER OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA COLLEGES. HE TEACHES COURSES ON VAMPIRES, VICTORIAN NOVELS, AND THE GOTHIC.

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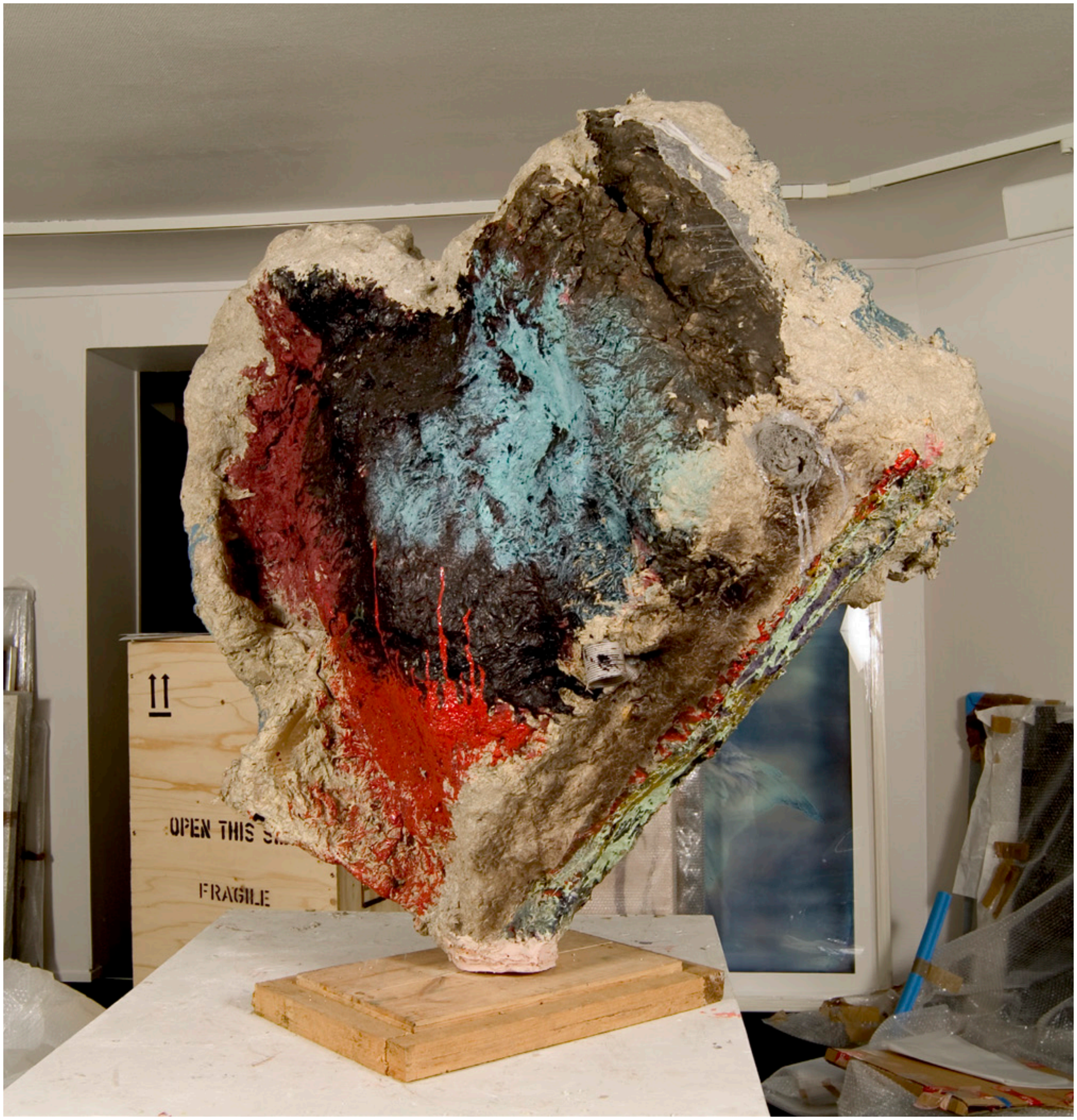

Franz West, Untitled, 2002, papier maché, plaster, gauze, acrylic, lacquer, metal and plastic pipes on wooden base, 143 x 125 x 92 cm

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HUMAN AFTER ALL ▪ Mitchell F. Chan on Art Blocks Marfa Weekend 2024

Donald Judd, *100 untitled works in mill aluminum* (detail), 1982–86, aluminum, 100 units. Installation view, Chinati Foundation, Marfa, TX. Photo: Mitchell F. Chan.

STEPPING OUT of the warm morning sun in dusty Marfa, Texas, I am on a tour of big, physical, Minimalist sculptures with a small, unlikely group of digital artists and enthusiasts. In the middle of the 340 acres of desert that host the collection of the Chinati Foundation, I have found a five-inch span of floor that feels like evidence of magic.

About two-thirds of the people in my packed tour group have, like me, traveled to Marfa for a weekend-long generative art festival organized by the NFT platform Art Blocks, and are taking a break from the festival's scheduled programming to visit this Minimalist mecca. We have arrived at Donald Judd's magnum opus, his *100 untitled works in mill aluminum*, 1982–86. One of the work's components is noticeably askew, having rotated off the rigid grid that organizes the other ninety-nine. I wonder what sort of violence might have caused this aberration. Was there a fight? Did a careless reveler drunkenly bump into it at a fundraising soirée? Was it deliberately rammed as part of a political protest against Big Oil or a problematic funder?

Not quite. Each morning the desert sun rises and begins transforming each surface of each sculpture—all of them manufactured to identical specifications of thickness and finish—into something unique and unpredictable: a sheet of blinding glare; a hazy reflection of dirt, sky, and mountain; a mysterious well of shadow. The specific optical effect is dependent upon the variables of the sun's position in the sky and the position of a given sculpture in the gallery. But the energy of the desert, it turns out, catalyzes another transformation beneath the artwork's surface. The particular sculpture I've been pondering is partly shielded from the sun's rays by the shadow of a concrete column. As a result, each day the heat of the desert warms only its southeast corner, causing that corner to expand imperceptibly while the rest of it remains in the shade. In the evening, the corner that has been fully engaged by the desert sun cools and drags the comparatively inert portion of the sculpture toward it. More than thirty-eight years after the pieces were installed, five inches is the sum effect of this uneven engagement with the world outside the gallery windows.

I hadn't noticed this phenomenon the last time I stood in front of these sculptures, in 2021, when I was attending the first ever Art Blocks Marfa Weekend, but it stuck in my mind as I reflected on this past November's edition. In 2021, the generative art platform had been founded only one year earlier, just as the NFT market was approaching its speculative peak. The event seemed then, and perhaps still does seem, an odd pairing of people and place. An unflattering piece about that first weekend in the *New Yorker* described a neophyte group of crypto enthusiasts out of step with the aesthetic and ideological values of the art world in general and the Chinati community in particular. Beyond the apparent differences between these spheres—digital versus material; explicit free-market maximalism versus avowed anti-commercialism—the very premise of the event seemed like a contradiction. There in the rough, arid desert was a group of two hundred artists, collectors, and boosters who had spent the previous year extolling the merits of an immaterial online art form, now giving up chat windows and custom emoji to talk through chapped lips and dusty eyelashes.

Four years later they're still coming here, in even greater numbers (the 2024 edition brought 550 visitors), though they themselves have changed. Some of these changes are quick pivots, obvious and deliberate, like the kind you'd hear described by a tech CEO in a strategy meeting. But some of them are slow pivots, like the one I saw in Judd's sculpture—a buildup of imperceptibly small responses to the conditions of a big, unpredictable world outside.

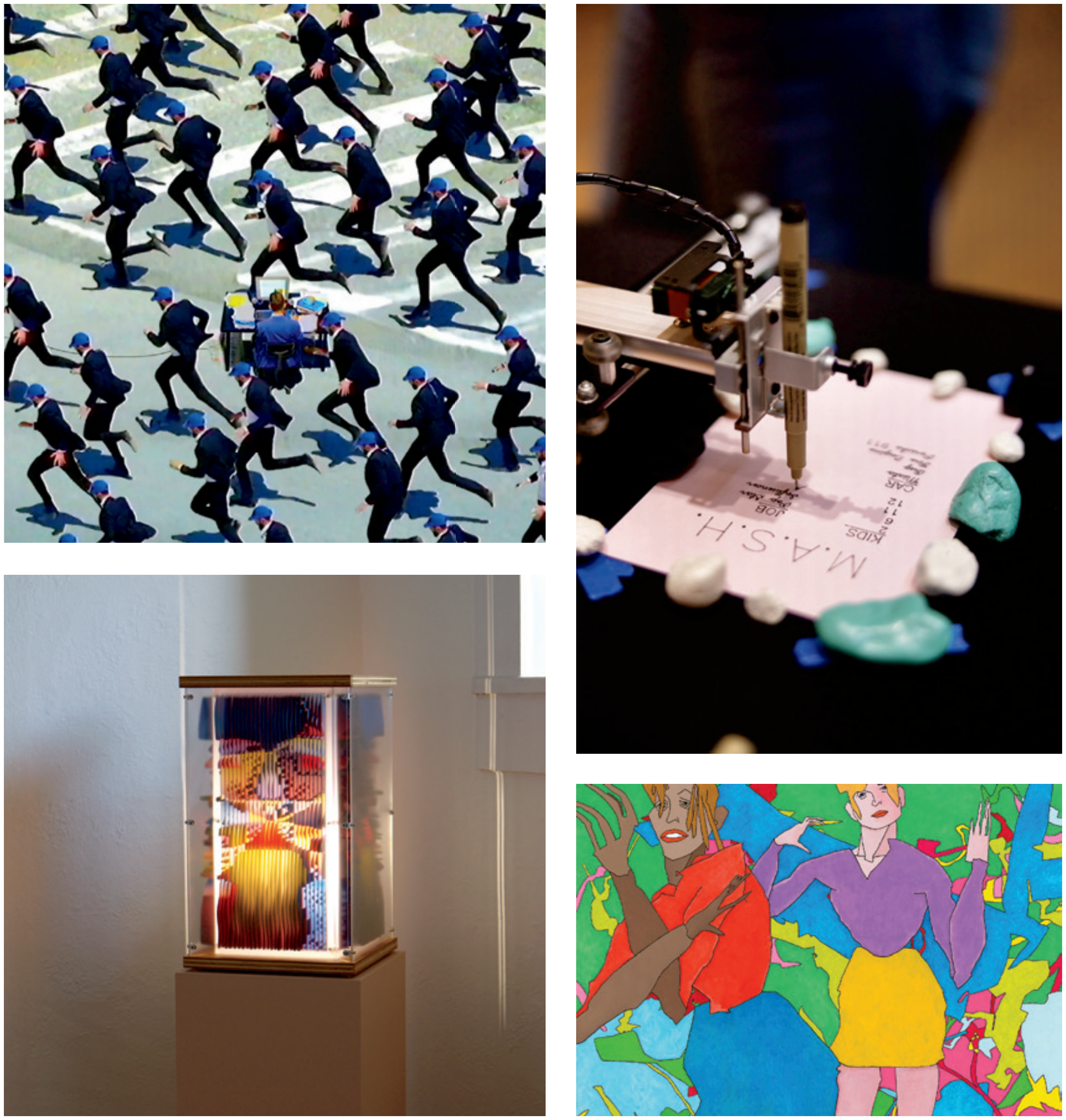
One of the most underappreciated quirks of Digital Art's NFT Class of 2021 was its relative diversity of educational profiles and political leanings. Unlike in most other professionalized art scenes I've encountered, most of the artists here don't hold MFA degrees. And over the past four years, NFT art events have been the only ones where attendees seem nearly equally likely to vote Republican as Democrat. (I will note, however, that I strangely never heard the word *Trump* even once in my three days in Marfa this past November, despite the event taking place only ten days after the election.) I always valued this weird heterogeneity despite the fact that it seemed to discomfit the more mainstream art world, or perhaps partially because of that.

As for other forms of diversity, I also saw significantly more women in attendance than there were four years ago. Coinciding with this shift are concerted efforts by the Art Blocks platform to include more women in both its artistic programming and staffing.

Looking at the schedule of exhibitions and events, it is also apparent that the community's range of interests has expanded. The most popular exhibition of the weekend was at Glitch Gallery, which featured not generative art but the excellent, meticulously constructed video art of Joe Pease. The exhibition's opening was punctuated with a live performance featuring an actor costumed as the stressed-out white-collar everyman who often stars in Pease's work. In another well-received performance piece, by the artist OONA, participants donned "milkable" breast prostheses as their heart rates were recorded and translated into digital scribbles.

But the clearest contrast between the event this past November and the scene four years ago was the embrace

The clearest contrast between the event this past November and the scene four years ago was the embrace of the physical object.



Clockwise, from top left: **Joe Pease, *static*, 2024,** digital video, color, sound, 18 seconds. **Maya Man's *MASH machine* "Artist Activation" for Art Blocks Marfa Weekend, Saint George Hall, Marfa, TX, November 15, 2024.** Photo: Vincent Roazzi Jr. **Harold Cohen, *Stephanie & Friend*, 1993,** acrylic and plotter pen on canvas, 54 × 78¼". **Michael Kozlowski, *Bokeh Lamp #10*, 2024,** wood, acrylic, paper, lightbulb, 19 × 11½ × 11½".

of the physical object. Everywhere, there were site-specific installations and handcrafted goods. On Marfa's main strip, Art Blocks presented a group show highlighting the platform's most recent "curated" release (this designation is reserved for artworks that the Art Blocks curatorial committee considers "foundational"), which includes physical artworks for the first time in the platform's history. Among these were four pieces that look like lanterns, each with a stained wooden base and top about a foot square and frosted acrylic walls twice as tall. They were manufactured by the artist Michael Kozlowski, aka MPKoz, who also wrote the algorithm that generates unique cut patterns for the wavy plastic baffles on each side.

Some of this shift in the generative art community's interests could be attributed to its exposure to a precipitously chilled market. Put simply: Nobody is getting rich on generative digital art anymore, so maybe generative art fans have simply switched to a new product category. But this cynical read feels too easy. For me, I see this turn toward the physical alongside those other small shifts—the engagement with traditional performance, video, and new media practices; interest in conservation techniques; active gender inclusivity—as evidence of a different kind of exposure.

Many among the Art Blocks Marfa Weekend attendees have shouldered their way into a place in the broader art landscape. Artists whose careers were launched on Art Blocks just four years ago now find themselves collected or exhibited in major museums such as the Los Angeles County Museum of Art and the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art. Art Blocks boosters have formalized influential relationships with major art institutions too. After the weekend ended, Art Blocks founder Erick Calderon would head to New York's Museum of Modern Art to see a piece from his own personal collection, by Dutch artist Rafael Rozendaal, on display in the museum's garden lobby. New York's Whitney Museum of American Art recently appointed omnipresent NFT collector Benny Gross to its digital art acquisition committee. Ignore the market; in most other ways, this movement is having its moment in the sun.

On Saturday morning, I attended a panel discussion featuring Simon Hudson, the cofounder of the decentralized autonomous art project called BottoDAO. I'd met him for the first time on the previous day's tour, where he spoke effusively and eloquently on those Judd sculptures in the desert. Responding to a question, Hudson cited the recent Harold Cohen retrospective at the Whitney when pointing out that what we today call "procedural generative art" was called "artificial intelligence" decades ago. The technique of shaping algorithms toward artistic ends is, he notes, a common thread from which any number of sub-practices in the fields of art and technology have evolved.

Algorithmic logic is not just a broadly applicable technique for creating art, but also a broadly applicable intellectual model for thinking about other kinds of art, from the hard-edge Op art paintings of Victor Vasarely to the instruction-based performances coded in Yoko Ono's 1964 *Grapefruit*. Many of the "Artist Activations" presented during Art Blocks Marfa Weekend put generative art principles in conversation with other art practices. The artist remnynt set up a booth where participants followed a set of pseudo-random prompts to create a sort of elementary-school Jackson Pollock acrylic painting. Maya Man conducted fortune-telling sessions through an artist-designed version of MASH, the children's game where you iterate through a finite array of possible outcomes to predict someone's future.

Driving away from Marfa on Sunday morning, I thought about another thing that Hudson had mentioned. The AI agent that he and BottoDAO have molded into the autonomous artist Botto is impossibly powerful. Though it is part of a lineage of generative art, it braids so many algorithms so densely that the technological aspect of the project is basically opaque to me. But on that morning, he said that the true innovation in his project is not the algorithms that spit out thousands of images daily, but rather the layer of human coordination that he's built to harness those algorithms. It occurred to me that what the Art Blocks platform has created, after the crazy money has left and the interests of its audience have expanded, is a common surface area, composed of an unlikely audience, that captures exposure to art. I thought about those five inches that Donald Judd's sculpture wandered over thirty-eight years, and I wondered what other transformations might be engendered by this strange energy in the desert. ☐

MITCHELL F. CHAN IS AN ARTIST BASED IN TORONTO. (SEE CONTRIBUTORS.)

MARINA ADAMS
DIETER APPELT
ALICE AYCOCK
ANGELA DE LA CRUZ
ABRAHAM CRUZVILLEGAS
RICHARD DEACON
HAMISH FULTON
DAVID HARTT
NANCY HAYNES
REBECCA HORN
FRANKA HÖRNSCHEMEYER
JULIAN IRLINGER
ALFREDO JAAR
IDRIS KHAN
PACO KNÖLLER
COSIMA ZU KNYPHAUSEN
JONATHAN LASKER
MARIA LOBODA
IÑIGO MANGLANO-OVALLE
ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE
FABIAN MARCACCIO
GORDON MATTA-CLARK
ALLAN MCCOLLUM
JOSÉ MONTEALEGRE
MATT MULLICAN
JOÃO PENALVA
LEUNORA SALIHU
FRED SANDBACK
ALBRECHT SCHNIDER
IRIS SCHOMAKER
KATHARINA SIEVERDING
PAT STEIR
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STEPHEN WILLATS
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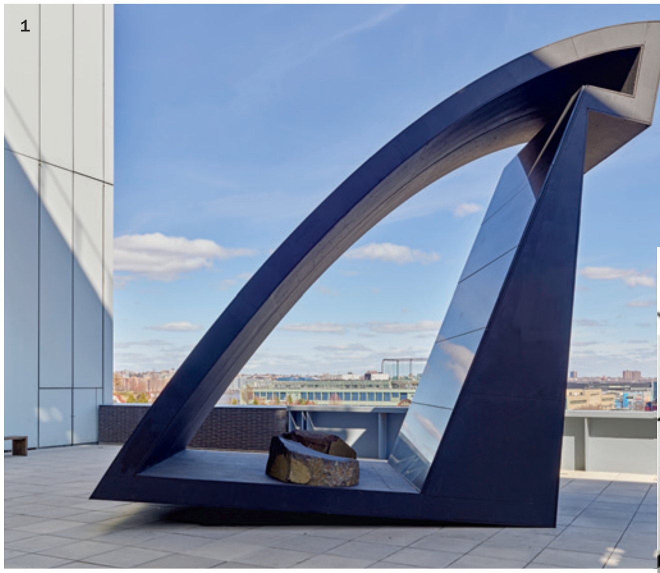
TOP TEN

DAWOUD BEY

Photo: Frank Ishman

Dawoud Bey is an artist and MacArthur Fellow based in New York and Chicago; he is currently a critic at Yale University School of Art. His exhibition “Stony the Road” is on view at New York’s Sean Kelly Gallery through February 22, 2025. (See Contributors.)

1


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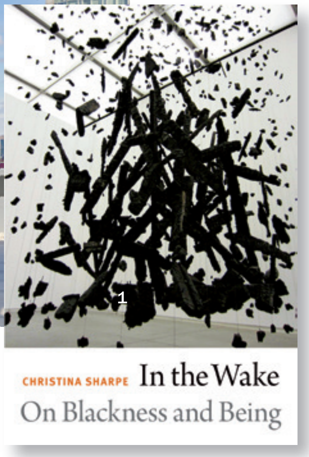

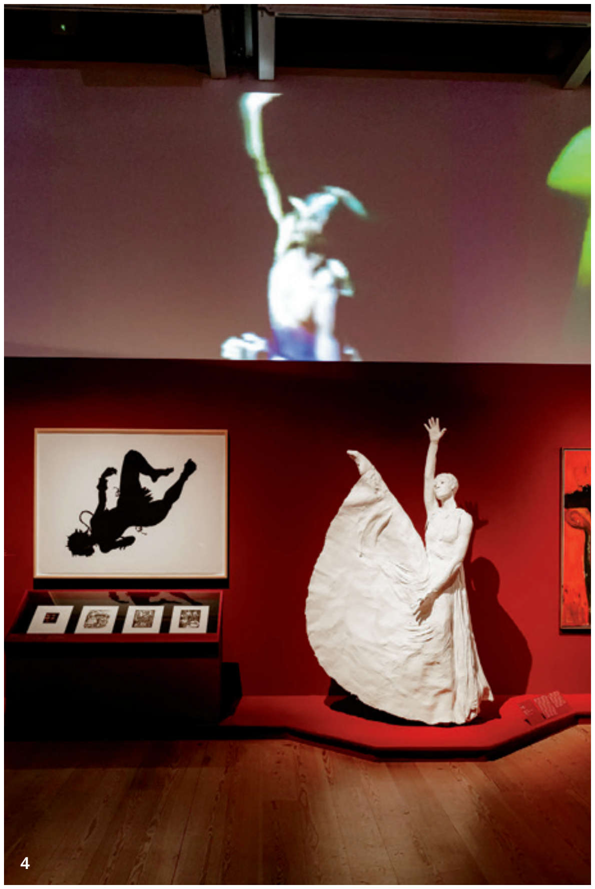
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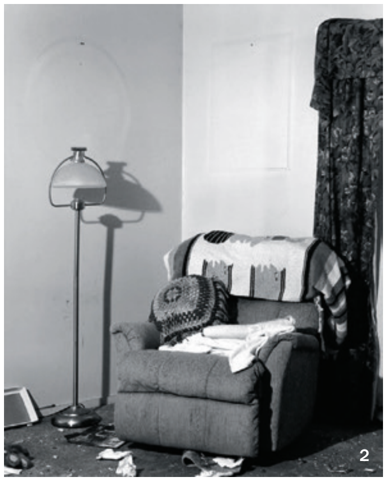
1. **Torkwase Dyson, *Liquid Shadows, Solid Dreams (A Monastic Playground)*, 2024,** wood, stone, acrylic, graphite. Installation view, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Photo: Ron Amstutz. **2.** **LaToya Ruby Frazier, *Grandma Ruby’s Recliner*, 2009,** gelatin silver print, 23⅞ × 19⅛". From the series “The Notion of Family,” 2001–14. **3.** **Cover of Christina Sharpe’s *In the Wake: On Blackness and Being*** (Duke University Press, 2016). Cornelia Parker, *Hanging Fire (Suspected Arson)*, 1999. **4.** **View of “Edges of Ailey,” 2024–25,** Whitney Museum of American Art, New York. Photo: Jason Lowrie/BFA.


2

1

TORKWASE DYSON Her practice as a painter and sculptor continues to both awe and inspire me. Through the conceptual framework of what she calls Black Compositional Thought, she wields the language of abstraction as a liberatory tool, creating works that ultimately embody a path to freedom. Her fifth-floor rooftop commission for the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York, *Liquid Shadows, Solid Dreams (A Monastic Playground)*, 2024, served as an enveloping beacon, transforming each encounter into an opportunity to transcend the quotidian. It was a space for play, retreat, and contemplation set inside two monumental black sculptural forms.

2

LATOYA RUBY FRAZIER “Monuments of Solidarity,” Frazier’s expansive survey exhibition at New York’s Museum of Modern Art, was the deep-dive exhibition this photographer has always deserved. The show began with “The Notion of Family,” a 2001–14 series of pictures featuring her immediate relatives in Braddock, Pennsylvania, along with photographs and texts produced with Covid-19 health workers in Baltimore. The artist continues to craft images implicating the systems of inequity that impede the quality of life for working people even as she creates tender and deep representations of kin, standing in dignity and resistance. Hers is a deeply humanizing and incisive practice.

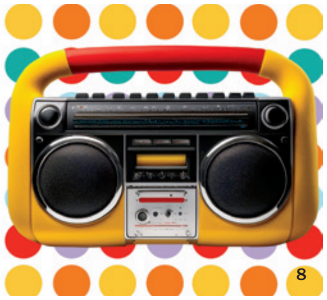
3

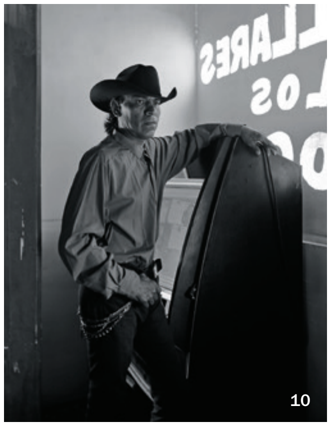
CHRISTINA SHARPE The author’s *In the Wake: On Blackness and Being* (2016) first caught my attention when I was doing research for a series of history-based projects I’ve been working on since 2012. The book brilliantly lays out a compelling thesis of how the institution of slavery continues to shape the contours of contemporary society, ordering it into pernicious, disruptive forms that have infiltrated all aspects of diasporic Black life. *In the Wake* also delineates the ways spaces for Black cultural production have been created through structures wrought by slavery.

4

ADRIENNE EDWARDS The curator’s visionary “Edges of Ailey” exhibition at New York’s Whitney Museum of American Art is a tour de force or, as Edwards calls it, “an extravaganza.” The show—featuring paintings, drawings, photographs, sculptures, films, music, and a wide selection of archival materials—is an expansive reimagining of the curatorial act itself, centering the life and work of one of the most significant Black dancers and choreographers in the United States. It is a radical spatial presentation: The walls are painted a deep red while on the floor are a series of freestanding display structures that call to mind the set elements of a theatrical production. Kudos to Edwards for also including in the mix artists whose work and names will be new to many visitors.

5. Zun Lee, *Bedtime shenanigans with Carlos Richardson and his daughter Selah, Harlem, New York, August 2012*. From Maurice Berger's *Race Stories: Essays on the Power of Images* (Aperture, 2024). **6. Lakecia Benjamin, New York, 2023.** Photo: Elizabeth Letizell. **8. Norman Teague, *Booming Riffs* (detail), 2024,** ink-jet print, 40 × 30". **9. RaMell Ross, *Nickel Boys*, 2024,** 4K video, color, sound, 140 minutes. Elwood (Ethan Herisse) and Turner (Brandon Wilson). **10. Daniel Ramos, *Querendon*, 2018,** ink-jet print, 52 × 40".





5

MAURICE BERGER (1956–2020) *Race Stories: Essays on the Power of Images* (2024) is a collection of Berger's writings, edited by Marvin Heiferman, that crucially helps to preserve and extend the late historian's legacy. Written between 2012 and 2019, the texts tackle the fraught relationships between race, images, and power. Berger took an unflinching view of photography—he understood that this vital medium, both demagogic and democratic, could be used to either critically interrogate or hideously reinforce the ways we think about culture and difference.

6

LAKECIA BENJAMIN, JOEL ROSS, AND IMMANUEL WILKINS As a former drummer, I feel right at home in the contemporary jazz music scene. Jazz clubs are my thinking rooms, the places where I go to both relax and be inspired. No matter where I've heard Benjamin, Wilkins (both saxophonists), and Ross (a vibraphonist) play—whether in a concert hall or a more intimate setting—they electrify. These three always leave me feeling energized—the future of music is bright and in very good hands with them. Benjamin further distinguished herself this past year by garnering an impressive three Grammy nominations.

7

JASON MORAN Moran is a pianist, artist, and composer of the highest caliber who has an abiding respect for and encyclopedic knowledge of music history. A number of his projects have paid homage to some of the greatest musicians of the past, including James Reese Europe and his Harlem Hell Fighters band, who introduced jazz to European audiences during World War I. Last year, Moran performed Europe's music at the Chicago Symphony Orchestra with the eighty-piece Kenwood Academy High School Marching Band—it was the most thrilling staging of this bandleader's work to date. As Moran once told me, when it comes to making art, "you don't have to start from scratch!"

8

"DESIGNER'S CHOICE: NORMAN TEAGUE—JAM SESSIONS" (MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, NEW YORK, 2024–25) This ambitious curatorial project revisits the museum's collection to raise questions about the role institutions play in what gets venerated or discarded throughout history. Teague, an artist and designer based in Chicago, takes these objects and, through acts of radical (and at times playful) Black imagination, envisions more funkified versions of them via generative AI. Such reconfigurations may have already existed had there been an unrestrained Black aesthetic embraced by certain design studios of yore.

9

RAMELL ROSS, *NICKEL BOYS* (2024) This photographer and experimental filmmaker's first commercial motion picture is a knockout. The accolades it has received are fully justified. Based on a 2019 novel by Colson Whitehead, Ross makes all kinds of adventurous and risky formal and narrative choices in this story about two abused teens trapped in a wretched "reform" school in the American South during the 1960s. Breaking the fourth wall, Ross—along with cinematographer Jomo Fray—gets inside the eyes of the protagonists to tell a disturbing tale in which the viewer becomes implicated.

10

DANIEL RAMOS I've been aware of Ramos's work for some two decades now. He is a photographer of enduring passion and rigor, and his art always touches the heart as it engages the eye and mind. Ramos mines personal and familial migration stories to give his pictures a compelling visual form. His 2023 exhibition at Baxter Street at the Camera Club of New York, "*Eres Muy Hermosa*" (You Are Very Beautiful), featured eight large-scale portraits of working-class men and women in Monterrey, Mexico, which filled the modestly scaled Chinatown space. He was also a fellow in the Whitney Museum of American Art's 2023–24 Independent Study Program. Ramos seems poised to land on everyone's radar. ☐

ACKLAND ART MUSEUM, UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA AT CHAPEL HILL

101 South Columbia Street, Chapel Hill, North Carolina 27514
Tel: 919 966 5736 Web: ackland.org
Wed. – Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5, second Fri. of every month 10–9

Until May 11
Ackland Upstairs
Until May 11
Triple Take: Dialogues with the Terra Collection-in-Residence
Until July 7
pARC by The Urban Conga
Until July 13
Processing Systems: Bonding by Sherrill Roland
Ongoing
Permanent Collection Galleries

BATES COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART

Olin Arts Center, 75 Russell Street, Lewiston, Maine 04240
Tel: 207 786 6158 Web: bates.edu/museum
Mon. – Thurs. 12–7:30, Fri. 10–5
Free and open to the public

Until March 15
Across Common Grounds: Contemporary Art Outside the Center

GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY ART GALLERIES

3535 Prospect Street NW, Washington, DC 20007
Tel: 202 687 8039 Web: delacruzgallery.org
Wed. – Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–5

Until April 13
Hung Liu: Happy and Gay
Until April 13
& Loving: Photography from the Georgetown Collection

GEORGIA MUSEUM OF ART, UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

90 Carlton Street, Athens, Georgia 30602
Tel: 706 542 4662 Web: georgiamuseum.org
Tues. – Wed. 10–5, Thurs. 10–9, Fri. – Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5

Until June 1
The Awe of Ordinary Labors: 20th-Century Paintings from Ukraine
Until June 1
Micah Cash: Waffle House Vistas
February 1 – May 18
Beyond the Medici: The Haukohl Family Collection

HENRY ART GALLERY, UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

15th Avenue NE + NE 41st Street, Seattle, Washington 98195
Tel: 206 543 2280 Web: henryart.org
Thurs. 10–7, Fri. – Sun. 10–5

Until March 2
Body Language: Recent Acquisitions in the Henry Collection
Until March 2
Overexposures: Photographs from the Henry Collection
Until May 4
A.K. Burns: What is Perverse is Liquid
Until August 17
Tala Madani: Be flat
March 8 – August 3
Josh Faught: Sanctuary

HESSEL MUSEUM OF ART, BARD COLLEGE

33 Garden Road, Annandale-on-Hudson, New York 12504
Tel: 845 758 7598 Web: ccs.bard.edu
Wed. – Sun. 11–5

Until February 23
The Message Is the Medium: Terry Adkins and Ja'Tovia Gary

MEADOWS MUSEUM, SOUTHERN METHODIST UNIVERSITY

5900 Bishop Boulevard, Dallas, Texas 75205
Tel: 214 768 2516 Web: meadowsmuseumdallas.org
Tues. – Wed. 10–5, Thurs. 10–9, Fri. – Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5

February 23 – June 22
The Sense of Beauty: Six Centuries of Painting from Museo de Arte de Ponce

ULRICH MUSEUM OF ART, WICHITA STATE UNIVERSITY

1845 Fairmount Street, Wichita, Kansas 67260
Tel: 316 978 3664 Web: ulrich.wichita.edu
Tues. – Wed. 10–5, Thurs. 11–8, Fri. – Sat. 10–5

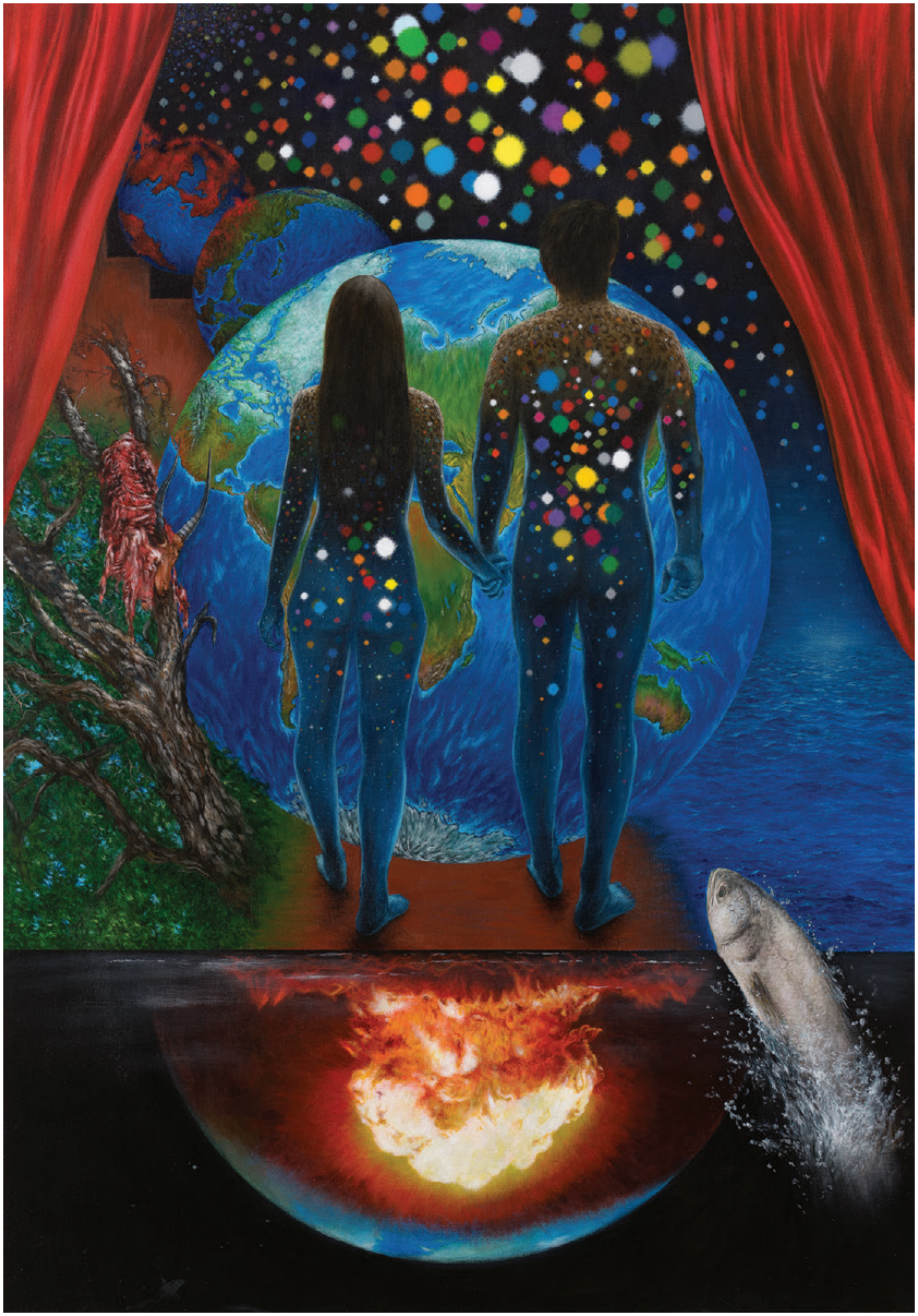
Until May 31
Jim Riswold's American Death Part 1
Until June 14
Devan Shimoyama: Rituals
Until July 12
Listening Devices: The Photographer and New Perspectives
Until August 2
Ulrich Co-Lab: Homegrown

YALE UNIVERSITY ART GALLERY

1111 Chapel Street, New Haven, Connecticut 06511
Tel: 203 432 0600 Web: artgallery.yale.edu
Free and open to the public
Tues. – Wed. 10–5, Thurs. 10–8, Fri. 10–5, Sat. – Sun. 11–5

February 21 – June 22
David Goldblatt: No Ulterior Motive

Naoto Nakagawa



Earth Descending a Staircase No.9, 2024, acrylic on linen canvas, 60 x 42 in

KAPOW

February 7 – March 2, 2025

23 Monroe Street, New York

kapowgallery.com

Paris

AIR DE PARIS
43, rue de la Commune de Paris, 93230 Romainville
Tel: +33 1 87 66 44 06
E-mail: fan@airdeparis.com
Web: www.airdeparis.com

Until February 23   Tom Allen
February 23 – March 29   Ronald Jones,
organized by Empire, New York

ART: CONCEPT
4, passage Sainte-Avoye, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 1 53 60 90 30
E-mail: info@galerieartconcept.com
Web: www.galerieartconcept.com

February 8 – March 22   Pierre-Olivier Arnaud

GALERIE DVIR
13, rue des Arquebusiers, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 9 81 07 44 08 | +33 6 03 57 07 45
E-mail: paris@dvirgallery.com
Web: www.dvirgallery.com

Until March 22   Oshay Green
March 27 – May 10   Group Show

GAGOSIAN
9, rue de Castiglione, 75001 Paris
4, rue de Ponthieu, 75008 Paris
26, avenue de l'Europe, 93350 Le Bourget
Tel: +33 1 75 00 05 92
E-mail: paris@gagosian.com
Web: www.gagosian.com

Until February 22   Bennett Miller (Ponthieu)
Until March 29   Moore and Malaparte (Castiglione)
Until Summer   James Turrell: At One (Le Bourget)

HAUSER & WIRTH
26 bis rue François 1er, 75008 Paris
Tel: +33 1 57 95 19 60
E-mail: paris@hauserwirth.com
Web: www.hauserwirth.com

Until March 16   Francis Picabia: Eternal Beginning

GALERIE MAX HETZLER
46 & 57, rue du Temple, 75004 Paris
Tel: +33 1 57 40 60 80
E-mail: paris@maxhetzler.com
Web: www.maxhetzler.com

Until February 22   Raphaela Simon: Shelter from the cold
February 20–23   Frieze Los Angeles
March 1 – April 12   André Butzer
March 5–9   ARCOmadrid
March 26–30   Art Basel Hong Kong

HUSSENOT
5 bis, rue des Haudriettes, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 1 48 87 60 81
E-mail: info@galeriehussenot.com
Web: www.galeriehussenot.com

February 13 – March 22   Antoine Aguilar: Etant donné
March 27 – May 3   Claudio Coltorti: Blessed the Relief

MARIANE IBRAHIM
18, avenue Matignon, 75008 Paris
Tel: +33 1 81 72 24 60
E-mail: paris@marianeibrahim.com
Web: www.marianeibrahim.com

Until March 29   Lakwena Maciver
March 15–20   TEFAF Maastricht

GALERIE JOUSSE ENTREPRISE

18, rue de Seine, 75006 Paris
6, rue Saint-Claude, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 1 53 82 13 60
E-mail: infos@jousse-entreprise.com
Web: www.jousse-entreprise.com

February 6–22 Prix Utopi.e (Saint-Claude)
March 6–22 Philippe Starck: Les intérieurs (Seine)
March 20 – April 26 Louidgi Beltrame (Saint-Claude)

GALERIE PETER KILCHMANN

11-13, rue des Arquebusiers, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 1 86 76 05 50
E-mail: info@peterkilchmann.com
Web: www.peterkilchmann.com

Until March 8 Marc Bauer
March 5–9 ARCOmadrid
March 20 – July 26 Vlassi Caniaris
March 20 – July 26 Bernd Ribbeck

GALERIE LELONG & CO.

13, rue de Téhéran, 75008 Paris
38, avenue Matignon, 75008 Paris
Tel: +33 1 45 63 13 19
E-mail: info@galerie-lelong.com
Web: www.galerie-lelong.com

Until March 8 Günther Förg (Téhéran)
Until March 8 Pierre Alechinsky: Ne fêter ni l'an ni la vitesse (Téhéran Bookstore)
Until March 8 Tom Wesselmann: Drawn in Steel – Metal Editions (Matignon)
March 15–20 TEFAF Maastricht
March 27–30 Drawing Now, Paris
March 27–30 IFPDA, New York
March 28–30 Art Basel Hong Kong

MAYORAL

36, avenue Matignon, 75008 Paris
Tel: +33 1 42 99 61 79
E-mail: paris@galeriamayoral.com
Web: www.galeriamayoral.com

February 20 – April 23 Magda Bolumar
March 5–9 ARCOmadrid
March 15–20 TEFAF Maastricht
March 28–30 Art Basel Hong Kong

GALERIE MITTERRAND

79, rue du Temple, 75003 Paris
95, rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, 75008 Paris
Tel: +33 1 43 26 12 05
E-mail: info@galeriemitterrand.com
Web: www.galeriemitterrand.com

Until March 22 Ron Gorchov (Saint-Honoré)
February 14–16 Gstaad Art: Claude and François-Xavier Lalanne
March 15–20 TEFAF Maastricht

GALERIE NATHALIE OBADIA

3, rue du Cloître Saint-Merri, 75004 Paris
91, rue du Faubourg Saint-Honoré, 75008 Paris
Tel: +33 1 42 74 67 68 Web: www.nathalieobadia.com

Until March 8 Viswanadhan (Saint-Honoré)
Until March 15 Guillaume Leblon (Cloître St-Merri, Space II)
February 8 – April Roger-Edgar Gillet and Friends (Cloître St-Merri)
February 14–16 Gstaad Art
March 15–20 TEFAF Maastricht
March 22 – June Sarkis (Saint-Honoré)
March 27–30 Drawing Now, Paris
March 28 – May 17 Group Show: Guilty Pleasure (Cloître St- Merri, Space II)

ALMINE RECH

64, rue de Turenne, 75003 Paris
18, avenue Matignon, 75008 Paris
Tel: +33 1 45 83 71 90
E-mail: contact.paris@alminerech.com
Web: www.alminerech.com

Until March 1 Serge Poliakoff: Les étés de Poliakoff (Matignon)
Until March 1 Carlos Jacanamijoy: Olor a tierra (Turenne)
February Almine Rech Editions (Turenne Front Space)
February 20–23 Frieze Los Angeles
March 15 – April 12 Jose Davila (Turenne and Turenne Front Space)
March 15 – April 12 Jess Valice (Matignon)
March 28–30 Art Basel Hong Kong

Paris

GALERIE RICHARD

74, rue de Turenne, 3 impasse Saint-Claude, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 1 43 35 27 22
E-mail: info@galerierichard.com
Web: www.galerierichard.com

February 1–28   Kiyoshi Nakagami: Let There Be Light
February 1–28   Gilles Teboul: Borderless
March 15 – April 12   Nicolas Guiet: Hyperboles
March 15 – April 12   Frédéric Prat: Square

GALERIE THADDAEUS ROPAC

7, rue Debelleyme, 75003 Paris
69, avenue du Général Leclerc, 93500 Pantin
Tel: +33 1 42 72 99 00
E-mail: paris.marais@ropac.net
Web: www.ropac.net

Until February 1   Expanded Horizons: American Art in the 70s (Pantin)
Until February 22   Sylvie Fleury: Sculpture Nails
February 15 – April 19   Alex Katz: Claire, Grass, and Water (Pantin)
February 20–23   Frieze Los Angeles
March 1 – April 19   Oliver Beer: Resonance Paintings – The Cave
March 5–9   ARCOmadrid
March 26–30   Art Basel Hong Kong

GALERIE PATRICK SEGUIN

5, rue des Taillandiers, 75011 Paris
Tel: +33 1 47 00 32 35
E-mail: info@patrickseguin.com
Web: www.patrickseguin.com

February – March   Jean Prouvé, Charlotte Perriand, Pierre Jeanneret, Le Corbusier, and Jean Royère
March 25 – April 26   Jean Prouvé: Demountable House and Furniture (Art Intelligence Global, Hong Kong)

TEMPLON

30, rue Beaubourg, 75003 Paris
28, rue du Grenier Saint-Lazare, 75003 Paris
Tel: +33 1 42 72 14 10
E-mail: info@templon.com
Web: www.templon.com

Until March 1   Hervé Di Rosa (Beaubourg)
Until March 1   Prune Nourry (Grenier-Saint-Lazare)
February 14–16   Gstaad Art
March 8 – May 3   Philippe Cognée (Grenier-Saint-Lazare)
March 8 – May 3   Oda Jaune (Beaubourg)
March 15–20   TEFAF Maastricht
March 27–30   Drawing Now, Paris

GALERIE GEORGES-PHILIPPE & NATHALIE VALLOIS

33 & 36, rue de Seine, 75006 Paris
Tel: +33 1 46 34 61 07
E-mail: info@galerie-vallois.com
Web: www.galerie-vallois.com

Until March 1   Group Show: Musicology (36, rue de Seine)
March 7 – April 26   Julien Berthier: Passion potelet (36, rue de Seine)
March 7 – April 26   Marion Mailaender: Mi casa es tu casa (33, rue de Seine)

WHITE CUBE

10, avenue Matignon, 75008 Paris
Tel: +33 1 87 39 85 97
E-mail: enquiries@whitecube.com
Web: www.whitecube.com

Until February 22   Inside the White Cube: Mary Stephenson – Mary! Go Round
March 5 – May 10   Intimate Visions, curated by Clémande Burgevin Blachman

ZANDER GALERIE

6, rue Jacob, 75006 Paris
Tel: +33 6 95 71 60 37
E-mail: paris@zandergalerie.com
Web: www.galeriezander.com

February 1 – March 8   Helen Levitt

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PHOTOGRAPHY

DEBORAH BELL PHOTOGRAPHS

526 West 26th Street, Room 411, New York, NY 10001
212 249 9400
info@deborahbellphotographs.com
www.deborahbellphotographs.com
Thurs. – Sat. 11–5, and by appointment

Until February 15
Wijnanda Deroo: Out on the Street

FRAENKEL GALLERY

49 Geary Street, 4th Floor, San Francisco, CA 94108
415 981 2661
mail@fraenkelgallery.com
www.fraenkelgallery.com
By appointment only

Until February 22
Carrie Mae Weems
February 27 – April 12
Sophie Calle

LARGE GLASS

392 Caledonian Road, London, N1 1DN, England
44 207 609 9345
info@largeglass.co.uk
www.largeglass.co.uk
Wed. – Sat. 11–6, and by appointment

March 14 – May 24
Mario Cresci: Geometries / Epiphanies

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPHY (MOCP)

Columbia College Chicago
600 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, IL 60605
312 663 5554
mocp@colum.edu
www.mocp.org
Mon. – Sat. 10–5, Thurs. 10–8

Until May 18
Regina Agu: Shore|Lines

STALEY-WISE GALLERY

100 Crosby Street, Suite 305, New York, NY 10012
212 966 6223
photo@staleywise.com
www.staleywise.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–5

Until February 8
Sheila Metzner

Regina Agu, *View of the Little Calumet River from Ton Farm (Chicago's Finest Marina)*, 2024. Courtesy the artist and Museum of Contemporary Photography, Chicago.

STEPHEN BULGER GALLERY
1356 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, M6J 1Y2, Canada
416 504 0575
info@bulgergallery.com
www.bulgergallery.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Until February 22
Eldred Allen

YANCEY RICHARDSON GALLERY
525 West 22nd Street, New York, NY 10011
646 230 9610
info@yanceyrichardson.com
www.yanceyrichardson.com
Mon. – Fri. 10–6

Until February 22
John Divola: The Ghost in the Machine

BAXTER ST AT CCNY
126 & 128 Baxter Street
baxterst.org
info@baxterst.org
212 260 9927
Tuesday – Saturday 12–6

Until February 6
Arda Asena: Interstitial

CRISTIN TIERNEY
219 Bowery, 2nd Floor
cristintierney.com
info@cristintierney.com
212 594 0550
Tuesday – Friday 10–6, Saturday 12–6

Until March 8
Diane Burko: Bearing Witness

EUROPA
125 Division Street
europa.nyc
info@europa.nyc
347 232 4897
Thursday – Sunday 12–6

Please contact gallery for information.

DOWNTOWN NYC in partnership with nineorchard.com NINE ORCHARD

FORMah
42 Allen Street
theFORMah.com
info@theformah.com
917 868 3231
Wednesday – Saturday 12–7

Please contact gallery for information.

HASHIMOTO CONTEMPORARY
54 Ludlow Street
hashimotocontemporary.com
nyc@hashimotocontemporary.com
917 265 8553
Tuesday – Saturday 10–6

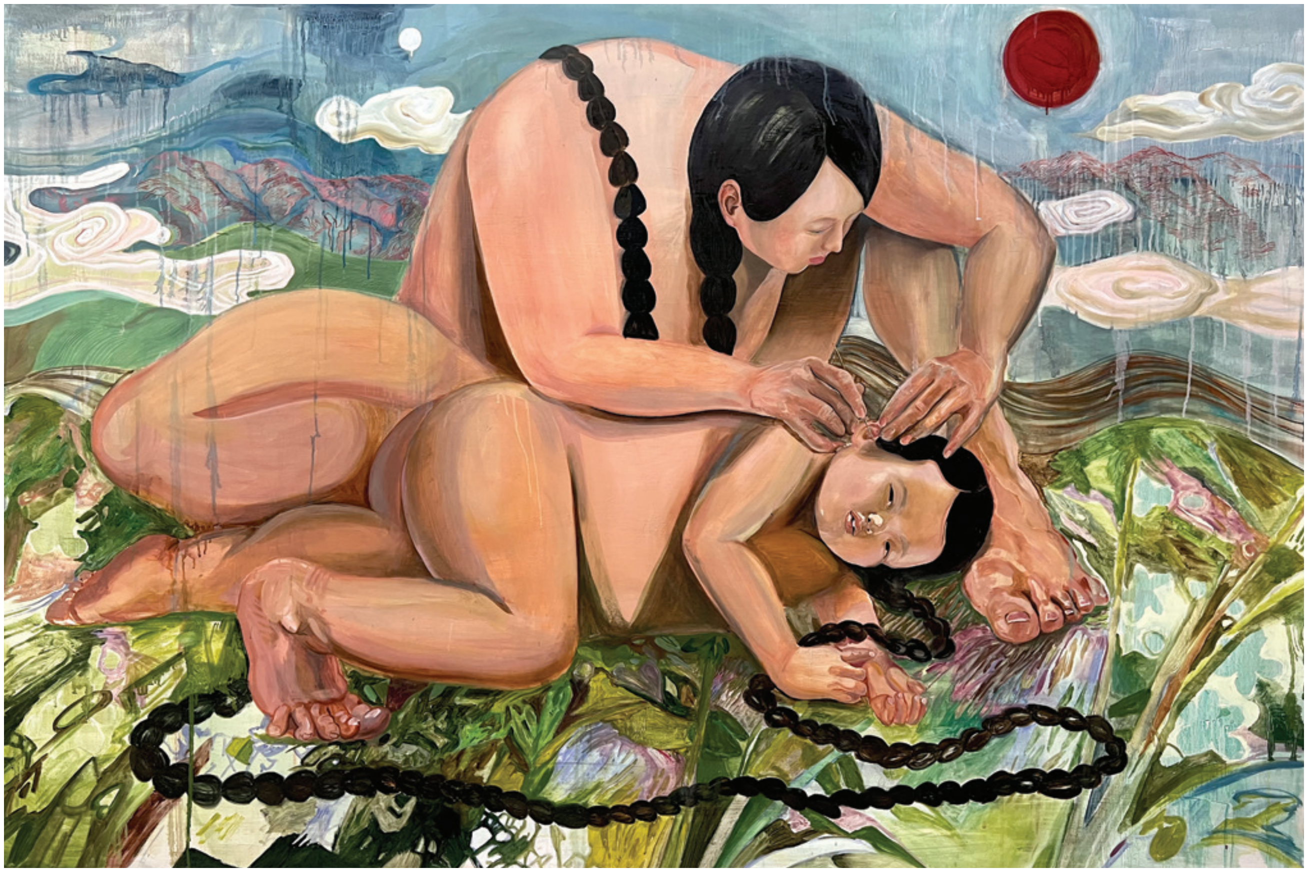
Until February 8
Stephen Morrison: Dog Show #4 – House Broken

KI SMITH GALLERY
170 Forsyth Street
kismithgallery.com
info@kismithgallery.com
917 292 3572
Wednesday – Sunday 12–6

Please contact gallery for information.

MAGENTA PLAINS
149 Canal Street
magentaplains.com
info@magentaplains.com
917 388 2464
Tuesday – Saturday 11–6

Until March 1
Jon Kessler: Petrified
Until March 1
Alexis Rockman: Naples – Course of Empire
Until March 1
Rexy Tseng: Mouthful of Dirty Copper



Ari Kim, *Mae-Deup Series 1*, oil on wood panel, 48 × 60". Courtesy the artist and Galerie Shibumi, New York.

THE MILTON RESNICK AND PAT PASSLOF FOUNDATION
87 Eldridge Street
resnickpasslof.org
info@resnickpasslof.org
646 559 2513
Thursday – Saturday 11–6

Until February 8
Abstraction by Any Other Name, Part Two: Louise Belcourt, Iva Gueorguieva, Jill Moser, and Frank Owen; curated by Dan Cameron

NATHALIE KARG
127 Elizabeth Street
nathaliekarg.com
info@nathaliekarg.com
212 563 7821
Tuesday – Saturday 10–6

Until February 15
Simon Ko: Dreams Apart

PERROTIN
130 Orchard Street
perrotin.com
newyork@perrotin.com
212 812 2902
Tuesday – Saturday 10–6

Until February 19
Mathilde Denize
Until February 19
Dora Jeridi
Until February 19
Pieter Vermeersch

POST TIMES
29 Henry Street
post-times.com
info@post-times.com
Friday – Sunday 12–6

Please contact gallery for information.

GALERIE SHIBUMI
13 Market Street
galerieshibumi.com
contact@galerieshibumi.com
917 890 1547
Thursday – Sunday 12–5

Please contact gallery for information.

SPENCER BROWNSTONE GALLERY
170–A Suffolk Street
spencerbrownstonegallery.com
info@spencerbrownstonegallery.com
212 334 3455
Monday – Friday 10–6

Please contact gallery for information.

SPERONE WESTWATER
257 Bowery
speronewestwater.com
info@speronewestwater.com
212 999 7337
Tuesday – Saturday 10–6

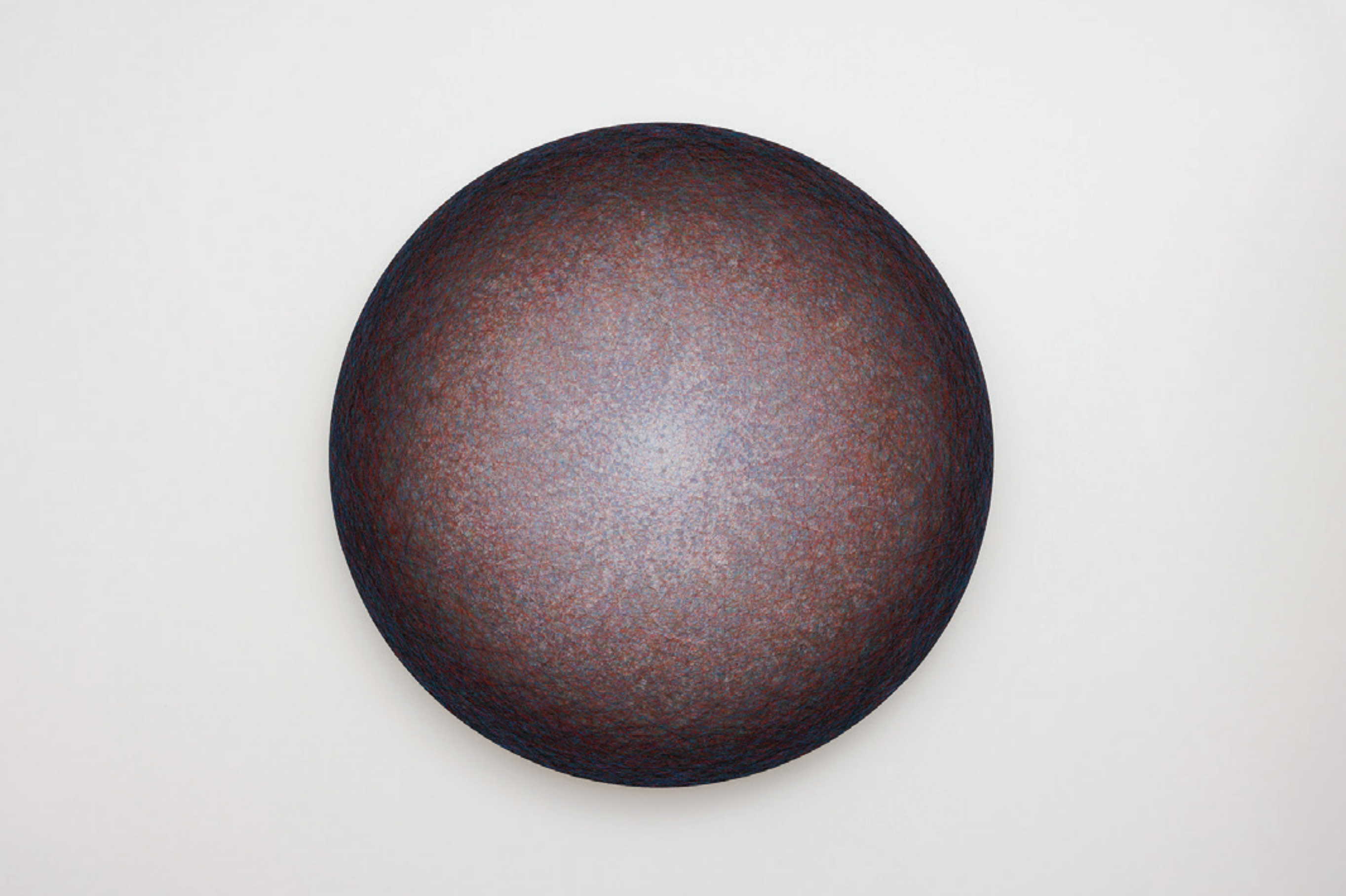
February 6 – March 15
Emil Lukas: Infinite Edge

THOMAS NICKLES PROJECT
47 Orchard Street
thomasnickles.com
info@thomasnickles.com
917 902 6682
Thursday – Sunday 12–6, or by appointment

Please contact gallery for information.

TIBOR DE NAGY GALLERY
11 Rivington Street
tibordenagy.com
info@tibordenagy.com
212 262 5050
Tuesday – Saturday 10–6

February 1 – March 8
Rudy Burckhardt: Paintings



Emil Lukas, *Crater*, 2024, thread, plaster, paint, and nails on wood and aluminum frame, 60 × 60 × 6".

TOTAH
183 Stanton Street
davidtotah.com
info@davidtotah.com
212 582 6111
Tuesday – Friday 11–6

Until February 15
Mara De Luca: Western Gate

TROTTER&SHOLER
168 Suffolk Street
trotterandsholer.com
info@trotterandsholer.com
646 684 9304
Tuesday – Saturday 12–6

Until February 8
Azzah Sultan: Pengantin Baru (Newlyweds)

GERMANY

BERLIN

GALERIE BUCHHOLZ
Fasanenstraße 30, 10719
Tel: +49 30 8862 4056
galeriebuchholz.de
post@galeriebuchholz.de
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Until February 8
Peter Fischli and Gili Tal
February 14 – April 12
Isa Genzken

CAPITAIN PETZEL
Karl-Marx-Allee 45, 10178
Tel: +49 30 240 88 130
capitainpetzel.de
info@capitainpetzel.de
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Until February 15
Jack O'Brien: Cascade
February 28 – April 12
Maria Brunner
February 28 – April 12
Isabella Ducrot

ESTHER SCHIPPER
Potsdamer Strasse 81e, 10785
Tel: +49 30 374 433 133
estherschipper.com
office@estherschipper.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Until March 5
Cemile Sahin: ROAD RUNNER
Until March 5
Rosa Barba: They Are Taking All My Letters
March 14 – April 17
Tomasz Kręcicki: Move
March 14 – April 17
Thomas Demand

GALERIE MOLITOR
Kurfürstenstraße 143
(entrance: Frobenstraße) 10785
Tel: +49 30 280 6605
galeriemolitor.com
mail@galeriemolitor.com
Wed. – Sat. 11–6

Until March 7
Dora Budor, Rafik Greiss, Joyce Joumaa, Simon Lässig, Elene Latchkepiani, and Ser Serpas; in collaboration with LC Queisser
March 14 – April 19
Yalda Afsah

HUA INTERNATIONAL
Potsdamer Straße 81B, 10785
Tel: +49 30 2579 2410
hua-international.com
info@hua-international.com
Tues. – Sat. 12–6

Please contact gallery for information.

JULIA STOSCHEK FOUNDATION
Leipziger Straße 60
(entrance: Jerusalemer Straße), 10117
Tel: +49 309 2106 2460
jsfoundation.art
info@jsfoundation.art
Sat. – Sun. 12–6

Until April 27
After Images
Until April 27
Double Feature: Theodoulos Polyviou

SETAREH
Schöneberger Ufer 71, 10785
Tel: +49 30 2300 5133
setareh.com
berlin@setareh.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6

Until March 7
Maike Illies: Escapism – My Body is a Bridge

SPRÜTH MAGERS
Oranienburger Straße 18, 10178
Tel: +49 30 2888 4030
spruethmagers.com
info@spruethmagers.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

February 19 – April 12
Otto Piene
February 19 – April 12
Lucy Dodd: The Beginning

COLOGNE

GALERIE BUCHHOLZ
Neven-DuMont-Straße 17, 50667
Tel: +49 221 257 4946
galeriebuchholz.de
post@galeriebuchholz.de
Tues. – Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–4

February 7 – April 5
Martin Wong

DÜSSELDORF

ANNA LAUDEL
Mühlenstraße 1, 40213
Tel: +49 211 902 269 62
annalaudel.gallery
dus@annalaudel.gallery
Tues. – Fri. 12–6, Sat. 11–3

Until February 8
Hanefi Yeter: Never was the world worldlier
February 14 – March 29
Mathias Hornung: Blue Morpho

KUNSTHALLE DÜSSELDORF
Grabbeplatz 4, 40213
Tel: +49 211 54 23 77 10
kunsthalle-duesseldorf.de
mail@kunsthalle-duesseldorf.de
Tues. – Sun. 11–6

Until February 23
Sheila Hicks

JULIA STOSCHEK FOUNDATION
Schanzenstraße 54, 40549
Tel: +49 21 1585 8840
jsfoundation.art
info@jsfoundation.art
Sat. and Sun. 12–6

Until February 2
Lynn Hershman Leeson: Are Our Eyes Targets?
Until February 2
Digital Diaries: Alex Ayed, Sophie Calle, Sophie Gogl, Rindon Johnson, Kristin Lucas, Sarah Lucas, Jota Mombaça, Ken Okiishi, Hannah Perry, Frances Stark, and others
Until February 2
Double Feature: Theodoulos Polyviou

SETAREH
Königsallee 27, 40212
Tel: +49 211 8282 7171
setareh.com
info@setareh.com
Mon. – Fri. 10–7, Sat. 10–6

Please contact gallery for information.

SETAREH X
Hohe Straße 53, 40213
Tel: +49 211 8681 7272
setareh-x.com
info@setareh-x.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–6, Sat. 10–5

Please contact gallery for information.

FRANKFURT

GALERIE BÄRBEL GRÄSSLIN
Schäfergasse 46 B, 60313
Tel: +49 69 2992 4670
galerie-graesslin.de
mail@galerie-graesslin.de
Tues. – Fri. 10–6, Sat. 10–2

Until February 22
Andreas Breunig: Kolben Pilze Politics
March 1 – April 5
Stefan Müller

FILIALE
Stiftstraße 14, 60313
Tel: +49 69 2992 4670
galerie-filiale.de
mail@galerie-filiale.de
Tues. – Fri. 2–6, Sat. 11–3

Until March 8
Martin Kähler
March 15 – April 19
Group Show

HAMBURG

GALERIE VERA MUNRO
Heilwigstrasse 64, 20249
Tel: +49 40 4747 46
veramunro.com
gallery@veramunro.de
Tues. – Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–2

Until February 28
Kohei Nawa: Soma

SFEIR-SEMLER GALLERY
Admiralitätstraße 71, 20459
Tel: +49 40 3751 9940
sfeir-semler.com
galerie@sfeir-semler.com
Mon. – Fri. 11–7, Sat. 11–4

February 6 – April 27
Marwan Rechmaoui: Chasing the Sun
February 6 – April 27
Etel Adnan: Zum Hundertsten

MÜNSTER

LWL-MUSEUM FÜR KUNST UND KULTUR
Domplatz 10, 48143
Tel: +49 251 5907 201
lwl-museum-kunst-kultur.de
museumkunstkultur@lwl.org
Tues. – Sun. 10–6, open until midnight on the second Fri. of each month

Until February 2
Otto Mueller
Until February 2
RADAR – Franca Scholz: Keeper
Until March 15, 2026
Performance People: Eine Ausstellung aus dem Skulptur Projekte Archiv

MUNICH

PULPO GALLERY
Obermarkt 51, 82418
Murnau am Staffelsee
Tel: +49 17 1177 8796
pulpogallery.com
info@pulpogallery.com
Wed. – Fri. 10–4, Sat. 10–2

February 15 – March 29
Julien Jaca

PETER BLUM EDITION

176 Grand Street, New York, NY 10013
Tel: 212 244 6055   Fax: 212 244 6054
E-mail: art@peterblumgallery.com   Web: www.peterblumgallery.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6

February 1 – March 22   The Traces of Us: Recent Photography – Farah Al Qasimi, Widline Cadet, John Edmonds, Pao Houa Her, Guadalupe Rosales
Recent publications include Martha Tuttle, Robert Zandvliet, Erik Lindman, Kamrooz Aram, and Rebecca Ward
Publications include John Beech, Huma Bhabha, Jonathan Borofsky, Louise Bourgeois, Enzo Cucchi, Helmut Federle, Eric Fischl, Herzog & de Meuron, Roni Horn, Michael Day Jackson, Alex Katz, Esther Kläs, Brice Marden, Chris Marker, David Rabinowitch, Thomas Ruff, Robert Ryman, Anselm Stalder, Philip Taafe, Su-Mei Tse, James Turrell, Robert Zandvliet, and John Zurier
Print editions by John Baldessari, Huma Bhabha, Jonathan Borofsky, Louise Bourgeois, Sandrio Chia, Francesco Clemente, Enzo Cucchi, Tacita Dean, Martin Disler, Helmut Federle, Eric Fischl, Simon Frost, General Idea, Alfredo Jaar, Matthew Day Jackson, Alex Katz, Kimsooja, Barbara Kruger, Sherrie Levine, Brice Marden, Chris Marker, Josef Felix Müller, Adrian Paci, A.R. Penck, David Rabinowitch, Thomas Ruff, Ansel Stalder, Rosemarie Trockel, James Turrell, Luc Tuymans, Rolf Winnewisser, Terry Winters, Yukinori Yanagi, and Robert Zandvliet

BRODSKY CENTER AT PAFA

Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, 128 N. Broad Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102
Tel: 215 391 4809   E-mail: brodskycenteratpafa@pobox.pafa.edu
Web: www.brodskycenter.com
Open by appointment

New editions by Kukuli Velarde
Forthcoming edition by Dyani White Hawk
Available editions and selected work by Emma Amos, Laura Anderson Barbata, Rick Bartow, Frank Bowling, Sonia Boyce, Zoë Charlton, Jonathan Lyndon Chase, Liz Collins, Melvin Edwards, Parastou Forouhar, Chitra Ganesh, Leon Golub, Harmony Hammond, Trenton Doyle Hancock, Sharon Hayes, Barkley L. Hendricks, Geoffrey Hendricks, Margo Humphrey, Isaac Julien, Matsumi Kanemitsu, William Kentridge, Byron Kim, James Lavadour, Glenn Ligon, Hew Locke, Sarah McEneaney, Pepón Osorio, Nell Painter, Ben Patterson, Juan Sanchez, Miriam Schapiro, Carolee Schneemann, Joan Semmel, Sylvia Sleigh, Kiki Smith with Mei-mei Berssenbrugge, Pat Steir with Anne Waldman, May Stevens, Richard Tuttle with John Yau, Didier William, Sue Williamson, Wilmer Wilson IV, Layqa Nuna Yawar, and others

CIRRUS GALLERY AND CIRRUS EDITIONS, LTD

2011 South Santa Fe Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90021
Tel: 213 680 3473   E-mail: info@cirrusgallery.com   Web: www.cirrusgallery.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–5

New edition from Raul Guerrero and lithographic monoprints by John Sonsini
Available editions by Lita Albuquerque, Farah Atassi, John Baldessari, Mark Bradford, Derek Boshier, Matthew Brannon, Judy Chicago, Fred Eversley, Eamon Ore-Giron, Joe Goode, Grant Levy-Lucero, Bruce Nauman, Hilary Pecis, Simphiwe Ndzube, Ed Ruscha, Betye Saar, Barbara T. Smith, Mary Weatherford, and Jonas Wood

CROWN POINT PRESS

20 Hawthorne Street, San Francisco, CA 94105
Tel: 415 974 6273   Fax: 415 495 4220
E-mail: info@crownpoint.com   Web: www.crownpoint.com
Mon. – Fri. 9–5

Until February 14   All Color: Darren Almond, Anne Appleby, John Baldessari, Per Kirkeby, Robert Kushner, Robert Mangold, Odili Donald Odita, Gay Outlaw, Pat Steir, and Charline von Heyl

FLYING HORSE EDITIONS

University of Central Florida, 380 W. Amelia Street, Orlando, FL 32801
Tel: 407 235 3619   Web: www.flyinghorseeditions.com
Mon. – Fri. by appointment

New editions by Glen Baldridge, Palma Blank, Chakaia Booker, Will Cotton, Holly Coulis, Alex Dodge, Tomory Dodge, Tara Donovan, Inka Essenhigh, Sarah Faux, Mark Fox, Mark Thomas Gibson, Elliott Green, David Humphrey, Alex Kanevsky, Joshua Marsh, Eddie Martinez, Suzanne McClelland, Ryan McGinness, Linn Meyers, Jiha Moon, Odili Donald Odita, Kelly Reemtsen, James Siena, Wendy White, and others

GEMINI G.E.L.

8365 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90069
Tel: 323 651 0513   E-mail: editions@geminigel.com   Web: www.geminigel.com
Mon. – Fri. 9–5

Until February 3   Science and Creativity: Printmaking at Gemini G.E.L, presented as part of the Participating Gallery Program of the Getty's PST Art: Art & Science Collide
February 22   Toba Khedoori: New and Recent Editions
Recent publications by Thomas Demand and Richard Serra
Additional work by John Baldessari, Vija Celmins, Tacita Dean, Sam Francis, Frank Gehry, Philip Guston, Ann Hamilton, MichaelHeizer, Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Roy Lichtenstein, Julie Mehretu, Elizabeth Murray, Bruce Nauman, Isamu Noguchi, Claes Oldenburg, Ken Price, Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, Susan Rothenberg, Ed Ruscha, Analia Saban, Joel Shapiro, Richard Tuttle, and others

GRAPHICSTUDIO

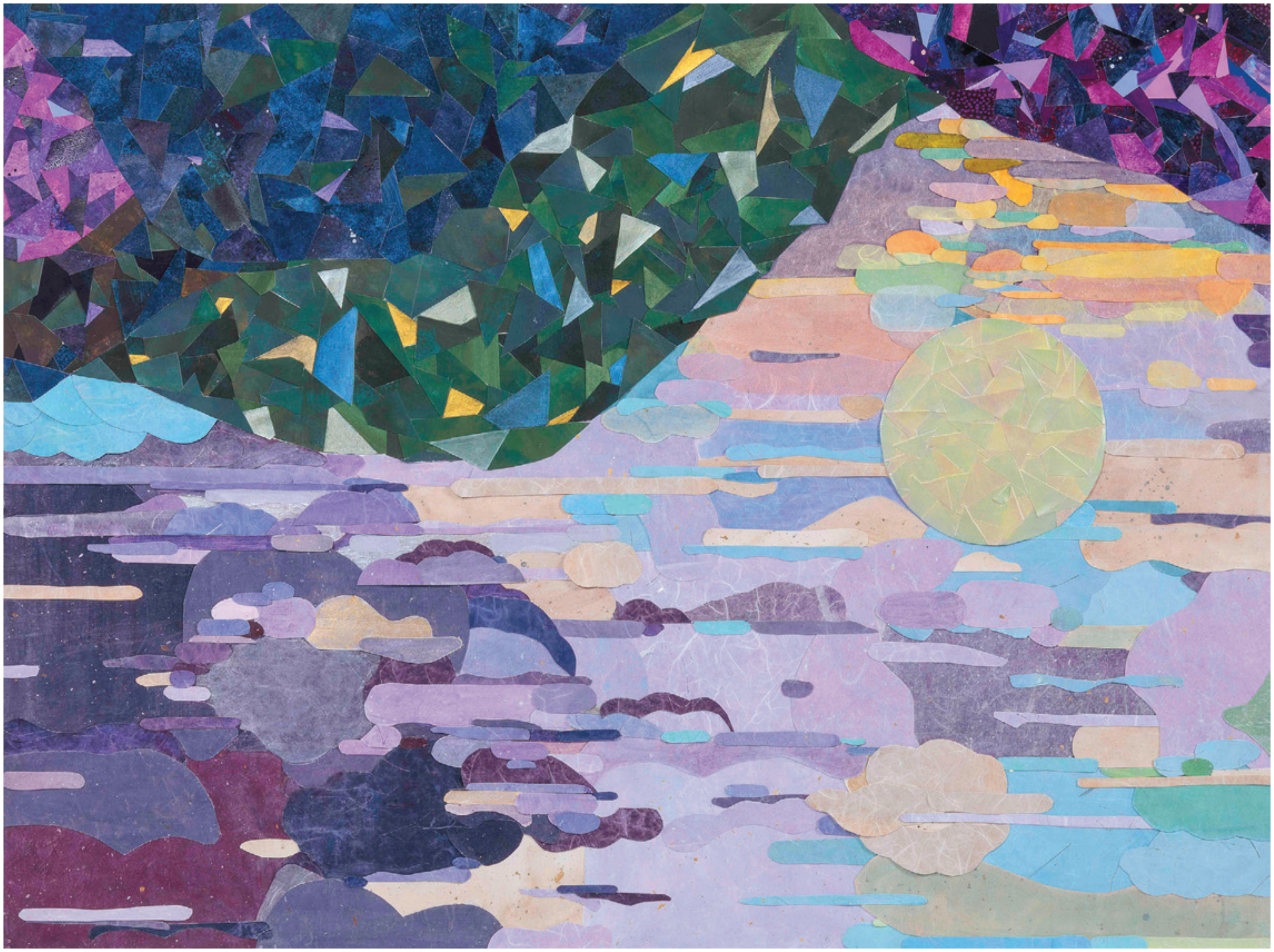
University of South Florida
3702 Spectrum Boulevard, Suite 100, Tampa, FL 33612
Tel: 813 974 3503   Fax: 813 974 2579
E-mail: gsoffice@usf.edu   Web: www.graphicstudio.usf.edu
Mon. – Fri. 10–5

Recent editions by Diana Al-Hadid, Sebastiaan Bremer, Rico Gatson, Arturo Herrera, Alex Katz, Jason Middlebrook, Vik Muniz, and SUPERFLEX
Works available by Chuck Close, E.V. Day, Lesley Dill, Jim Dine, Mark Dion, Rochelle Feinstein, Trenton Doyle Hancock, Robert Mapplethorpe, Christian Marclay, Philip Pearlstein, Robert Rauschenberg, Duke Riley, James Rosenquist, Ed Ruscha, Kenny Scharf, Kiki Smith, Bosco Sodi, Richard Tuttle, Rodrigo Valenzuela, and William Villalongo, and others

HIGHPOINT EDITIONS

912 West Lake Street, Minneapolis, MN 55408
Tel: 612 871 1326
E-mail: info@highpointprintmaking.org   Web: www.highpointprintmaking.org
Mon. – Fri. 9–5, Sat. 12–4, or by appointment

Upcoming editions by Andrea Carlson, William Villalongo, Seitu Jones, and Adebunmi Gbadebo
New editions by Njideka Akunyili Crosby, Julie Mehretu, and Leslie Barlow
Additional work by Dyani White Hawk, Julie Buffalohead, Delita Martin, Carlos Amorales, Andrea Carlson, Carter, Willie Cole, Jim Hodges, Santiago Cucullu, Mary Esch, Rob Fischer, Joel Janowitz, Michael Kareken, Cameron Martin, Clarence Morgan, Lisa Nankivil, Todd Norsten, Chloe Piene, Jessica Rankin, David Rathman, Aaron Spangler, Do Ho Suh, and Mungo Thomson



Tomory Dodge, *Lover*, 2023, fifteen-color four plate etching with soft ground, spit bite, aquatint, and drypoint on Hahnemule Copperplate, 22¼ × 20". Edition of 20. Courtesy the artist and Flying Horse Editions/University of Central Florida, Orlando.

I.C. EDITIONS, INC./SUSAN INGLETT GALLERY

522 West 24th Street, New York, NY 10011
Tel: 212 647 9111   Fax: 212 647 9333
E-mail: info@inglettgallery.com   Web: www.iceditions.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–6

February – March   Saya Woolfalk, in collaboration with Leslie Tonkonow Artworks + Projects, New York
Editions by Barbara Bloom, Bruce Conner, Bruce High Quality Foundation, Jessica Diamond, Marcel Dzama, Anna Gaskell, George Herms, Barbara Kruger, Annette Lemieux, Sol LeWitt, Allan McCollum, Paul Noble, Claes Oldenburg, Robyn O’Neil, Catherine Opie, Raymond Pettibon, Rona Pondick, Richard Prince, Erika Rothenberg, Allen Ruppersberg, Dana Schutz, Simone Shubuck, Aaron Spangler, Jessica Stockholder, Philip Taaffe, Fred Tomaselli, Lawrence Weiner, Terry Winters, and Andrea Zittel

JUNGLE PRESS EDITIONS

232 Third Street, Suite B302, Brooklyn, NY 11215
Tel: 718 222 9122
E-mail: mock250@gmail.com   Web: www.junglepresspress.com
Mon. – Sat. by appointment

New editions by Nicole Eisenman, Andrea Belag, Glenn Goldberg, Ellen Berkenblit, Jennifer Marshall, Tunji Adeniyi-Jones, Mark di Suvero, Jay Batlle, Elizabeth Hazan, Diana Cooper Judith Linhares, Kyle Thurman, Jacqueline Humphries, Jennifer Mack-Watkins, Jill Moser, and Sam Messer
Available editions by Richard Baker, Laura Battle, Ken Buhler, Jane Fine, Mary Frank, Jane Freilicher, Yoshishige Furukawa, Mary Louise Geering, Julie Heffernan, Peter Hutchinson, Robert Kushner, Rene Lynch, Melissa Meyer, Andrew Mockler, Alexander Oleksyn, Richard Ryan, Katia Santibañez, Elena Sisto, Joan Snyder, William Steiger, Billy Sullivan, Bas Van Den Hurk, Chuck Webster, Stephen Westfall, Brian Wood, and others

KRAKOW WITKIN GALLERY

10 Newbury Street, Boston, MA 02116
Tel: 617 262 4490
E-mail: info@krakowwitkingallery.com Web: www.krakowwitkingallery.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–5:30, or by appointment

Until February 15 Daniel Buren: démultiple
Until February 15 Victoria Burge
Until February 15 One Wall, One Work: Mel Bochner
Available editions by Josef Albers, Mel Bochner, Gego, Jenny Holzer, Ellsworth Kelly, William Kentridge, Louise Lawler, Sol LeWitt, Robert Mangold, Sylvia Plimack Mangold, Julian Opie, Giulio Paolini, Liliana Porter, Kay Rosen, Robert Ryman, Fred Sandback, Richard Serra, Kate Shepherd, Kiki Smith, Fred Wilson, and others
Publisher of the Sol LeWitt Catalogue Raisonné of Prints: sollewittprints.org and the Mel Bochner Catalogue Raisonné of Prints: melbochnerprints.org

DAVID KRUT PROJECTS, NEW YORK AND JOHANNESBURG

New York Gallery: 526 West 26th Street, Suite 816, New York, NY 10001
Tel: 212 255 3094
Tues. – Sat. 11–6
Johannesburg Gallery and Archive: 151 Jan Smuts Avenue, Parkwood, Johannesburg, South Africa 2193
Tel: 27 11 880 4242
Mon. – Fri. 9–5, Sat. 9–4
David Krut Workshop: Arts on Main, 264 Fox Street, Johannesburg, South Africa 2094
E-mail: info@davidkrut.com
Web: www.davidkrutprojects.com | www.davidkrutportal.com

February South African Artists in New York (New York)
February 1 – March 8 Bevan de Wet: Sculptural Paper Works (Johannesburg)
March Phumulani Ntuli (New York)
March 1 – April 26 Maja Maljević: 'Showtime' Paintings and New Works on Paper (Johannesburg)
Recent and historic editions by William Kentridge, Vusi Beauchamp, Deborah Bell, Peter Cohen, Boemo Diale, Heidi Fourie, Stephen Hobbs, Stephen Langa, Maja Maljević, Motlhoki Nono, Phumulani Ntuli, Natalie Paneng, Mary Sibande, Lady Skollie, Lindo Sobekwa, Mikhael Subotzky, Nina Torr, Mbali Tshabalala, Anna van der Ploeg, Raquel van Haver, Adele van Heerden, Diane Victor, and Zhi Zulu

LELONG EDITIONS

13 rue de Téhéran, 75008 Paris, France
Tel: 33 1 45 63 38 62
E-mail: editions@galerie-lelong.com Web: www.lelongeditions.com
Tues. – Fri. 10:30–6, Sat. 2–6:30

Until March 8 Pierre Alechinsky: Ne fêter ni l'an ni la vitesse
Editions available by Etel Adnan, Pierre Alechinsky, Francis Bacon, Louise Bourgeois, Eduardo Chillida, Marc Desgrandchamps, Jean Dubuffet, Simone Fattal, Barry Flanagan, Günther Förg, Alberto Giacometti, David Hockney, Konrad Klapheck, Jannis Kounellis, Nalini Malani, Joan Miró, Robert Motherwell, David Nash, Pablo Picasso, Ernest Pignon-Ernest, Jaume Plensa, Arnulf Rainer, Paula Rego, Robert Ryman, Alison Saar, Sean Scully, Richard Serra, Kate Shepherd, Kiki Smith, Nancy Spero, Antoni Tàpies, Barthélémy Toguo, and Fabienne Verdier

MANNEKEN PRESS

1106 Bell St, Bloomington, IL 61701
Tel: 309 829 7443
E-mail: ink@mannekenpress.com Web: www.mannekenpress.com
By appointment

March 27–30 IFPDA Print Fair, New York
April 25–27 Expo Chicago
New editions by Jason Karolak and Edie Fake
Available editions and monotypes by Carlos Andrade, Mel Cook, Cathie Crawford, Brian Cypher, Jack Davidson, Rupert Deese, LJ Douglas, Rhea Edge, Peter Feldstein, Betty Friedman, Jonathan Higgins, Catherine Howe, Richard Hull, Mary Judge, Gary Justis, Ted Kincaid, Anna Kunz, Judy Ledgerwood, Claire Lieberman, Matt Magee, Jane McNichol, Jill Moser, Brian Novatny, Tom Orr, Kate Petley, Justin Quinn, Nick Satinover, Erika Shiba, Jay Shinn, Sarah Smelser, Philip Van Keuren, Joan Winter, John Yau, and Brenda Zappitell

MIXOGRAFIA

1419 East Adams Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90011
Tel: 323 232 1158
E-mail: gallery@mixografia.com Web: www.mixografia.com
Mon. – Fri. 10–5, or by appointment

New and recent editions by Polly Apfelbaum, Jacob Hashimoto, Annie Lapin, and Alison Saar
Select and available editions by John Baldessari, Louise Bourgeois, Alberto Burri, Leonora Carrington, Kwan-Young Chun, Sonya Clark, Abraham Cruzvillegas, Dario Escobar, Helen Frankenthaler, Pedro Friedeberg, Francesca Gabbiani, Alex Israel, Jason Martin, Mimmo Paladino, Seo-Bo Park, Ed Ruscha, Analia Saban, Donald Sultan, Rufino Tamayo, Francisco Toledo, Tom Wesselmann, and Jonas Wood

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPHY

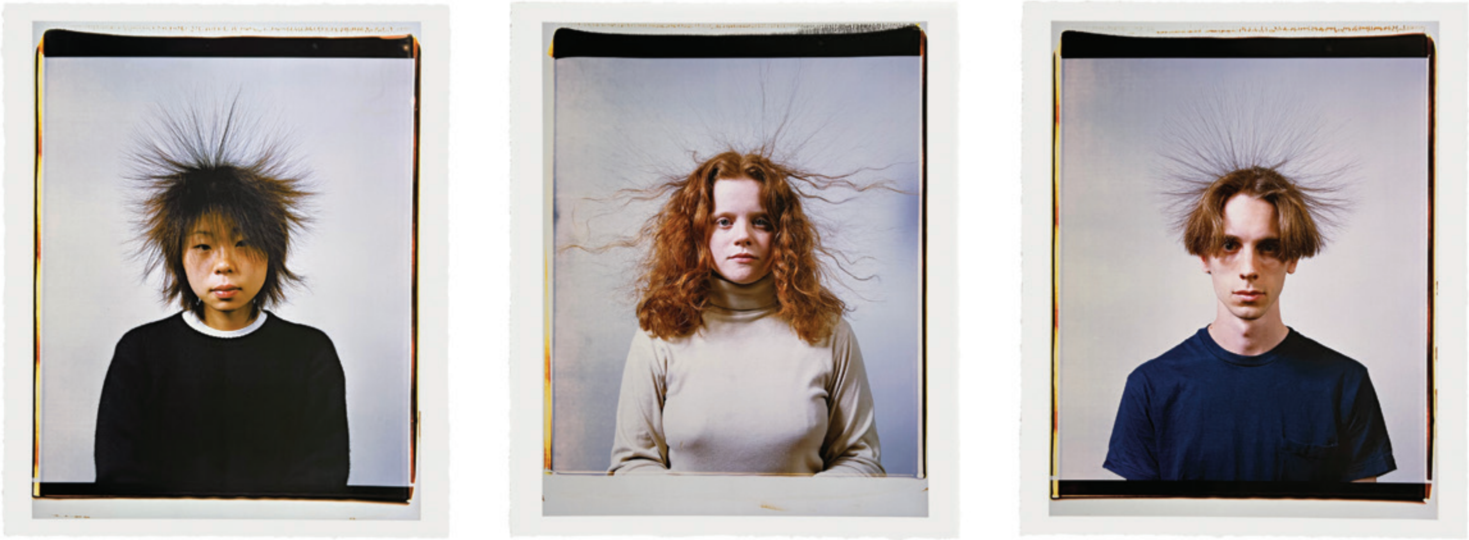
600 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60605
Tel: 312 663 5554
E-mail: mocp@colum.edu Web: www.mocp.org
Mon. – Sat. 10–5, Thurs. 10–8

New fine print editions by Peter Cochrane, Dakota Mace, Dawit L. Petros, and Salma Abedin Prithi
Select available editions by Shannon Bool, Marshall Brown, Nakeya Brown, Patty Carroll, Jess T. Dugan, Lucas Foglia, Krista Franklin, Tom Jones, Priya Kambli, Natalie Krick, Jin Lee, David Maisel, Cecil McDonald, Meghann Riepenhoff, Farah Salem, Anastasia Samoylova, Christina Seely, Anna Shteynshleyger, Carmen Winant, and Guanyu Xu

CAROLINA NITSCH

101 Wooster Street, New York, NY 10012
Tel: 212 463 0610 Cell: 646 251 3804
E-mail: info@carolinanitsch.com Web: www.carolinanitsch.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–6 by appointment

New and recent editions by Nari Ward, Kevin Beasley, Kiki Smith, Mickalene Thomas, Faith Ringgold, Maurizio Cattelan, Marilyn Minter, Nicolas Party, Richard Dupont, Thomas Schütte, Firelei Baez, Simone Leigh, Tschabalala Self, Derrick Adams, Matt Mullican, Wangechi Mutu, Ebony G. Patterson, Tracey Emin, and Urs Fischer
Select inventory by Louise Bourgeois, Jasper Johns, Donald Judd, Barry Le Va, Cy Twombly, Raymond Pettibon, Carolee Schneemann, and Gunther Foeg
Previously sold-out editions from Parkett Publishers, please inquire



Mona Hatoum, *Static Portraits (Momo, Mary Ellen, Karl)*, 2000/2024, digital pigment prints on hand-torn rag paper, each 23⅝ × 19¾". From group portfolio “FACES.” Edition of 45, signed and numbered. Courtesy Schellmann Art, Munich.

PAULSON FONTAINE PRESS

2390 C Fourth Street, Berkeley, CA 94710
Tel: 510 559 2088
E-mail: info@paulsonfontainepress.com   Web: www.paulsonfontainepress.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–4 by appointment

New editions by Henry Taylor
Editions by Tauba Auerbach, Hernan Bas, McArthur Binion, Woody De Othello, Torkwase Dyson, Kota Ezawa, Spencer Finch, Charles Gaines, Gee’s Bend Quilters, Lonnie Holley, David Huffman, Chris Johanson, Samuel Levi Jones, Caroline Kent, Kerry James Marshall, Alicia McCarthy, Martin Puryear, and Gary Simmons

POWERHOUSE ARTS PRINTSHOP, DIGITAL PRINT LAB, AND MGC COMMUNITY PRINT STUDIO

322 Third Ave, Brooklyn, NY 11215
Tel: 718 522 1400
E-mail: info@powerhousearts.org   Web: www.powerhousearts.org
Mon. – Fri. 9–7:30, Sat. – Sun. 10–5:40

March 27–30 Brooklyn Fine Art Print Fair

RENE SCHMITT

Lehrter Strasse 57, House 6, 10557 Berlin, Germany
Tel: 49 151 204 104 81
E-mail: info@rene-schmitt.com   Web: www.rene-schmitt.com
Tues. – Sat. 12–6 by appointment

Until February 28   Art & Language: In Memoriam Mel Ramsden
New edition by Luis Camnitzer
March 8 – April 28   Paola Yacoub: it was war
Recent editions by A.R Penck, Rose Wylie, and Paola Yacoub
Available editions by John Armleder, Art & Language, Marc Brandenburg, Luis Camnitzer, Via Lewandowsky, Michael Müller, Lorraine O’Grady, A.R. Penck, Tal R, Kay Rosen, Karin Sander, Peter Saul, Cornelia Schleime, ULAY, Paola Yacoub, and Rose Wylie
In preparation of the A.R. Penck Catalogue Raisonné of Editions published by Michael Werner and Rene Schmitt, we kindly ask collectors to submit details of editioned works

SCHELLMANN ART

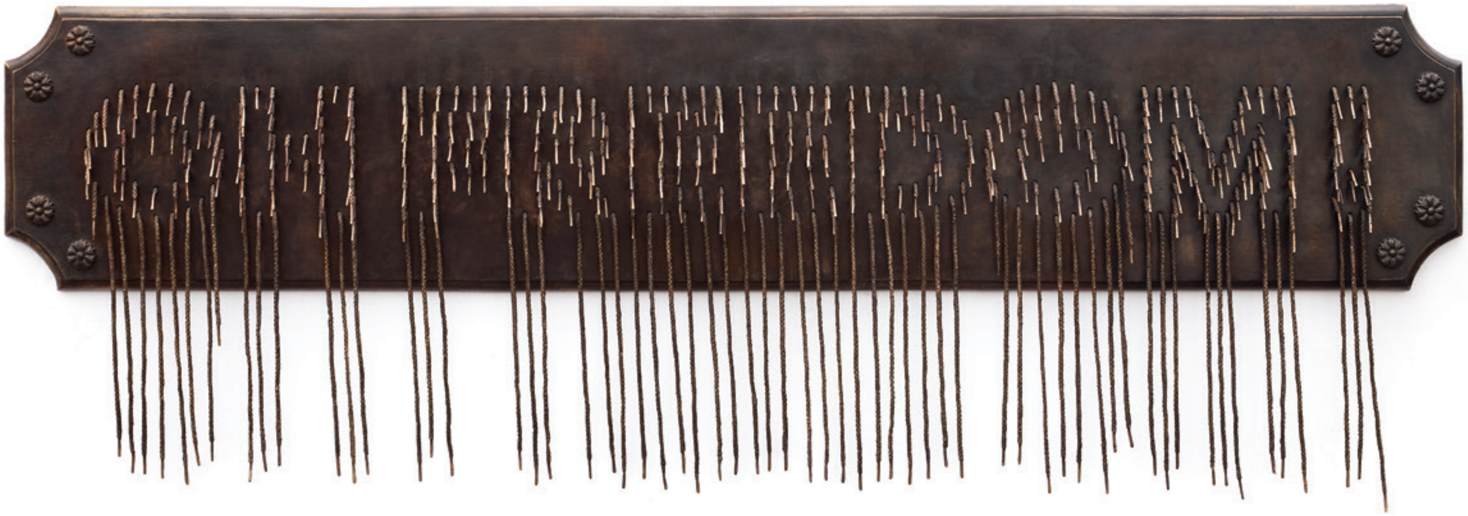
Ainmillerstrasse 25, 80801 München, Germany
Tel: 49 89 3866 6080
E-mail: munich@schellmannart.com
Web: www.schellmannart.com | www.arspublicata.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–6

New group portfolio “FACES” with works by Cory Arcangel, Monica Bonvicini, Kerstin Brätsch, Liam Gillick, Mona Hatoum, Alfredo Jaar, Shirin Neshat, Tony Oursler, Giulio Paolini, Thomas Ruff, Thomas Scheibitz, Santiago Sierra, and Luc Tuymans
arspublicata.com – Our freely accessible archive of prints and multiples documents the editions of Francis Bacon, Christo & Jeanne-Claude, Peter Halley, Glenn Ligon, Julie Mehretu, Claes Oldenburg, Richard Prince, Julian Schnabel, Wolfgang Tillmans, Kara Walker, Lee Ufan, Lynette Yiadom-Boakye, and others

STONEY ROAD PRESS

11–13 Stoney Road, Dublin D03 K651
Tel: +353 1887 8544
E-mail: mail@stoneyroadpress.com   Web: www.stoneyroadpress.com
Mon. – Fri. 9–5, or by appointment

March 20–30   London Original Print Fair at Somerset House
March 27–30   IFPDA Print Fair, New York
April 24–27   Expo Chicago
New editions by Diana Copperwhite, Richard Gorman, Mark Joyce, Alice Maher, Hughie O’Donoghue, Bill Rock, Phil Sanders, Donald Teskey, and Charles Tyrrell
The Stoney Road Press portfolio also includes editions by Charles Arnoldi, Dorothy Cross, John Doherty, Blaise Drummond, Brian Harte, Leah Hewson, Elizabeth Magill, Kelvin Mann, Eilis O’Connell, Brian O’Doherty, and Sean Scully



Nari Ward, *OH FREEDOM!*, 2024–25, cast bronze, 19½ × 57 × 3". Edition of 12, with 3 AP. Incised with initials, date, edition number, and foundry mark. Published by Carolina Nitsch for Prospect, New Orleans. © Nari Ward Studio. Courtesy the artist, Lehmann Maupin, and Galleria Continua.

TANDEM PRESS

University of Wisconsin–Madison
1743 Commercial Avenue, Madison, WI 53704
Tel: 608 263 3437
E-mail: info@tandempress.wisc.edu   Web: www.tandempress.wisc.edu
Wed. – Fri. 10–4, or by appointment

New and upcoming editions by Derrick Adams, Judy Pfaff, Alison Saar, and Dyani White Hawk
Available editions by Richard Bosman, Andy Burgess, Squeak Carnwath, Suzanne Caporael, Robert Cottingham, Lesley Dill, Jim Dine, Benjamin Edwards, Jeffrey Gibson, Michelle Grabner, Gronk, Richard Haas, Al Held, Manabu Ikeda, Robert Kelly, José Lerma, Nicola López, David Lynch, Cameron Martin, Maser, Sam Richardson, Dan Rizzie, David Shapiro, Alan Shields, T.L. Solien, Robert Stackhouse, Swoon, and Mickalene Thomas

TWO PALMS

38 Crosby Street, 3rd Fl., New York, NY 10013
Tel: 212 965 8598
E-mail: info@twopalms.us   Web: www.twopalms.us
Mon. – Fri. by appointment

Featuring new work by Ana Benaroya, Katherine Bernhardt, Mel Bochner, Cecily Brown, Marilyn Minter, Tschabalala Self, Stanley Whitney, and Terry Winters
Works available from Marina Adams, Tunji Adeniyi-Jones, Matthew Barney, Chuck Close, R. Crumb, Peter Doig, Carroll Dunham, Nona Faustine, Titus Kaphar, Jeff Koons, Chris Ofili, Elizabeth Peyton, Richard Prince, David Row, and Dana Schutz

WINGATE STUDIO

941 Northfield Road, Hinsdale, NH 03451
Tel: 603 239 8223
E-mail: info@wingatestudio.com   Web: www.wingatestudio.com
Mon. – Fri. by appointment

New and upcoming editions by Hayley Barker, Xylor Jane, Yashua Klos, John McAllister and Barbara Takenaga
Editions available by Tunji Adeniyi-Jones, Ahmed Alsoudani, Elizabeth Atterbury, Sebastian Black, Gideon Bok, Louise Bourgeois, Meghan Brady, Sascha Braunig, Ambreen Butt, Robin Cameron, Mira Dancy, Mathew Cerletty, Walton Ford, Jeremy Frey, John Gibson, Josephine, Halvorson, Robert Kushner, Orion Martin, Shona McAndrew, Jill Moser, Aaron Noble, Sara Greenberger Rafferty, Daniel Rios Rodriguez, Richard Ryan, Chuck Webster, Paula Wilson, Roger White, and Marie Watt

WORLD HOUSE EDITIONS

The Carriage House, 26 Wheeler Road, Middlebury, CT 06762
Tel: 203 758 2662
E-mail: info@worldhouseeditions.com   Web: www.worldhouseeditions.com
By appointment only

March 27–30   IFPDA Fine Art Print Fair, New York
Forthcoming editions by Mike Bidlo, Saint Clair Cemin, and Donna Dennis
Editions by Rita Ackermann, Brian Alfred, Caetano de Almeida, Darren Almond, John Armleder, Mike Bidlo, Lizzi Bougatsos, Beth Campbell, Robert Cottingham, Jane Dickson, Sylvie Fleury, Mark Francis, Antony Gormley, Gary Hill, Nicky Hoberman, Alix Lambert, Julian Lethbridge, Liza Lou, Ryan McGinness, Ugo Rondinone, Graciela Sacco, Beverly Semmes, Josh Smith, Mitchell Squire, John Tremblay, Bernar Venet, Not Vital, and Marijke van Warmerdam
Secondary market editions by Vito Acconci, Nancy Grossman, Nancy Haynes, Alain Jacquet, Asger Jorn, Per Kirkeby, Gerald Laing, Brice Marden, Robert Ryman, Pat Steir, and others

FOUNTAIN HOUSE
GALLERY

702 9th Avenue
New York, NY 10019
fountainhousegallery.org

Fountain House Gallery and Studio supports the careers and creative visions of contemporary artists living with mental illness.

Alexander Gray Associates

New York
384 Broadway
New York NY 10013

Tel: +1 212 399 2636
www.alexandergray.com

Germantown
224 Main Street, Garden Level
Germantown NY 12526

Tel: +1 518 537 2100

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creativity explored

Ethel Revita: Ethereal Material
January 23 - March 29, 2025

CreativityExplored.org | 3245 16th Street, San Francisco, CA

January 23 - June 14, 2025

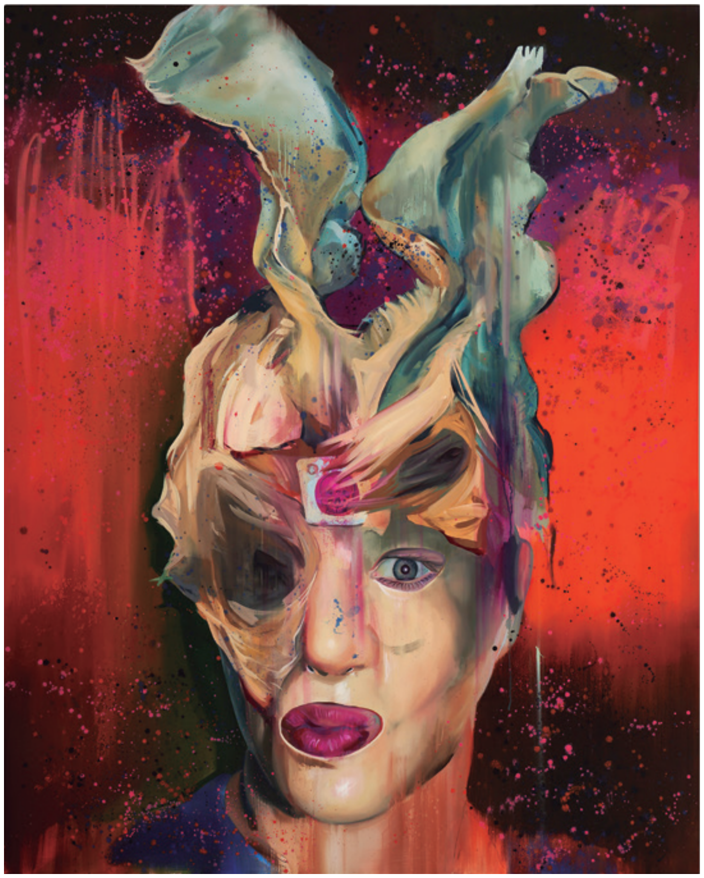
DEVAN SHIMOYAMA RITUALS

ulrich.wichita.edu | @ulrichmuseum

Special thanks: De Buck Gallery, Kavi Gupta Gallery, Bill and Christy Gautreaux Collection, Margaux and Raphaël Blavy Collection, Scantland Collection, Green Family Art Foundation, Ulrich50 donors, and Ulrich Friends with Benefits. Above: Devan Shimoyama, *Tempérance* (detail), 2022. Green Family Art Foundation, Courtesy of Adam Green Art Advisory. © Devan Shimoyama.

Ulrich
Museum
of Art

MEXICO



Issa Salliander, *Psychedelio in the Den of Wolves*, 2024, oil on canvas, 78¾ × 63". Photo: José Rodriguez. Courtesy Galería Hilario Galguera, Mexico City.

GUADALAJARA

CURRO

Andrés Terán 726, Colonia Santa Teresita, 44600, Guadalajara
galeriacurro.com info@galeriacurro.com
+52 33 1516 3714 Mon - Fri 10-6

Until April Andrea Galvani: The Void Migrates to the Surface

TRAVESÍA CUATRO

Avenida de la Paz 2207, Colonia Americana, 44140, Guadalajara
travesiacuatro.com guadalajara@travesiacuatro.com
+52 33 3615 2694 Tue - Fri 10-6, Sat 12-3

February 1 Mariela Scafati
February 1 Romeo Gómez López (Project Room)

MEXICO CITY

ARRÓNIZ

Tabasco 198, PB, Colonia Roma, 06700, Mexico City
arroniz-arte.com info@arroniz-arte.com
+52 55 55 11 79 65 Mon - Fri 10-7, Sat 11-2:30

February 4 - April 30 José Vera Matos: Sólo entenderás el mundo cuando te pierdas y tiembles con él (Main Room)
February 4 - April 30 Martí Cormand: Mudanza (Project Room)
February 4 - April 30 Ricardo Rendón: Instante Presente (Terrace)

GALERÍA HILARIO GALGUERA

Francisco Pimentel 3, Colonia San Rafael, 06470, Mexico City
Aguascalientes 158, Colonia Hipódromo Condesa, 06100, Mexico City
galeriahilariogalguera.com info@galeriahilariogalguera.com
+52 55 4145 0713 Tue - Fri 11-5, Sat 11-2

February 1 - March 14 Sergei Barbeau: Lost and Found (Condesa)
February 4 - March 28 Issa Salliander x Den of Wolves (San Rafael)

GALERÍA RGR

Gral. Antonio León 48, Colonia San Miguel Chapultepec, 11850, Mexico City
rgrart.com galeria@rgrart.com
+52 1 55 8434 7759 Mon - Thu 10:30-6:30, Fri 10:30-4:30, Sat 11-4:30

February 5 - April Magali Lara: Robar lo que me pertenece

KÖNIG GALERIE

Calle Yautepec 111, Colonia Condesa, Cuauhtémoc, 06140, Mexico City
koeniggalerie.com mexicocity@koeniggalerie.com
+52 55 40 44 77 33
Tue - Fri 12-6, Sat 12-4, and by appointment

February Xiyao Wang

LABOR

Gral. F. Ramirez 5, Daniel Garza, Miguel Hidalgo, 11830, Mexico City
labor.org.mx info@labor.org.mx
+52 55 6304 8755 Mon - Thu 11-6, Fri - Sat 11-3

February 7 Etienne Chambaud: Limbo

MARIANE IBRAHIM

Río Pánuco 36, Colonia Renacimiento, Cuauhtémoc, 06500, Mexico City
marianeibrahim.com mexicodf@marianeibrahim.com
+52 55 2580 9822 Tue - Fri 11-6, Sat 11-4

February 4 - May 3 Salah Elmur: The Land of the Sun

PROYECTOS MONCLOVA

Lamartine 415, Polanco, Polanco V Secc, Miguel Hidalgo, 11560, Mexico City
proyectosmonclova.com info@proyectosmonclova.com
+52 55 5525 9715 Mon - Fri 10-6, Sat 11-4

February 4 - March 1 Tercerunquinto: Desde nuestra propia altura (Main Space)
February 4 - March 1 Noé Martínez: La sombra de la montaña tiene tatuajes (First Floor)
February 4 - March 1 Circe Irasema: Pintura Cósmica (Second Floor)

SAENGER GALERÍA

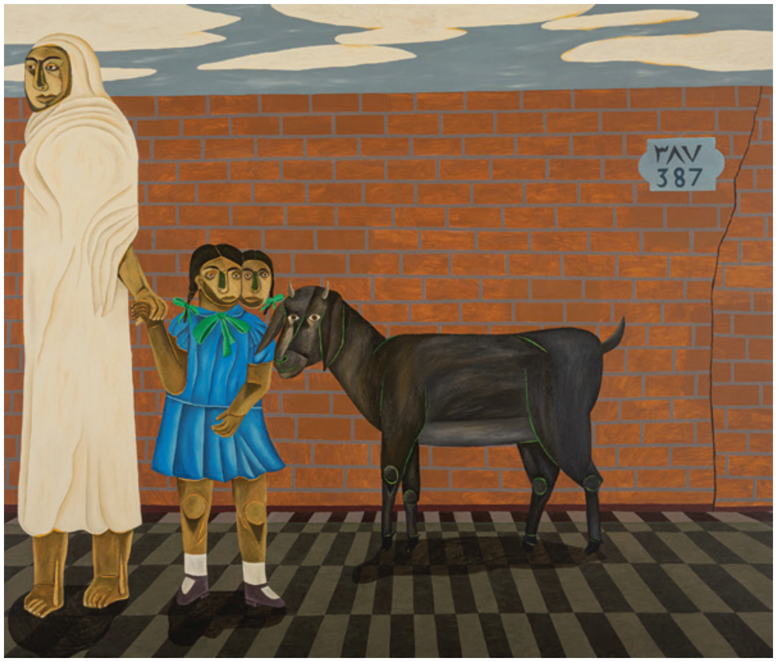
Manuel Dublán 33, 4to piso, Tacubaya, Miguel Hidalgo, 11870, Mexico City
saengergaleria.com info@saengergaleria.com
+52 55 5516 6941 Tue - Fri 11-7, Sat 11-4

Until February 6 Cristopher Cichocki: Inversión Fractal, curated by Michel Blancsubé (Terrace)
Until March 29 Pedro Friedeberg, curated by Michel Blancsubé (Main Room)
February 1 Mark Hagen (Casa Limantour)
February 1 Group Show (Casa Limantour)
February 5-9 Zona Maco: Robert Janitz, Yoab Vera, Fernanda Brunet, and Mária Švarbová; with Anna Yamanishi, Atsuki Fujimoto, Kosei Komatsu, and Mio Yamato; in collaboration with COHJU, Kyoto
February 6-9 Salón ACME, Mexico City: It's a living
February 6-9 Material Art Fair, Mexico City: Sebastián Hidalgo and Alexander Wertheim, with Shinya Azuma and Nagasawa Fu; in collaboration with COHJU, Kyoto

SALÓN SILICÓN

Tehuantepec 223, Roma Sur, Cuauhtémoc, 06760, Mexico City
salonsilicon.com info@salonsilicon.com
+52 46 21 026233 Tue - Fri 12-6, Sat 12-3

February 3 - March 29 Sandra Blow and Romeo Gómez López: Welcome to the Dollhouse



Salah Elmur, *The Narrow Road*, 2024, acrylic on canvas, 78 ¾ × 92 ½". Courtesy the artist and Mariane Ibrahim, Mexico City.

TRAVESÍA CUATRO

Valladolid 35, Colonia Roma Norte, Cuauhtémoc, 06700, Mexico City
travesiacuatro.com cdmx@travesiacuatro.com
+52 55 5206 3617 Tue - Thu 10-6, Fri 10-4, Sat 11-3

February 4 - April Teresa Solar Abboud
February 4 - April La Chola Poblete

MONTERREY

COLECTOR

Lázaro Garza Ayala Pte 436, Casco Urbano, 66230, SPGG, Monterrey
colector.gallery info@colector.gallery
+52 81 1769 8300 Tue - Fri 10-6

Until May 2 Kiyoshi Nakagami: La poética de la sombra

CHICAGO

ALAN KOPPEL GALLERY

806 North Dearborn St, Chicago, IL 60610
Tel: 312 640 0730
E-mail: alankoppel@alankoppel.com   Web: alankoppel.com
Mon. – Fri. 10–5:30, Sat. by appointment

Until March 15   New Acquisitions: Adam Pendleton, Mark Tansey, Laurie Simmons, and others

ANTHONY GALLERY

1360 West Lake St, Chicago, IL 60607
Tel: 312 374 3129
E-mail: info@anthonygallery.com   Web: anthonygallery.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–5

Until March 1   Nina Chanel Abney

THE ARTS CLUB OF CHICAGO

201 East Ontario St, Chicago, IL 60611
Tel: 312 787 3997   Fax: 312 787 8664
E-mail: information@artsclubchicago.org   Web: artsclubchicago.org
Instagram: @artsclubchicago
Tues. – Fri. 10–1, 2–6; Sat. 11–3

Until April 2   Cosmo Whyte: The Mother's Tongue, Pressed to the Grinding Stone
Until April 29   Garden Project – Latham Zearfoss: Third Space

BLOCK MUSEUM OF ART

Northwestern University,
40 Arts Circle, Evanston, IL 60208
Tel: 847 491 4000
E-mail: block-museum@northwestern.edu
Web: blockmuseum.northwestern.edu
Instagram: @nublockmuseum
Wed. – Fri. 12–8, Sat. – Sun. 12–5, Mon. – Tues. closed

Until April 13   Jordan Ann Craig: It takes a long time to stay here
Until July 13   Woven Being: Art for Zhegagoynak/Chicagoland

CORBETT VS. DEMPSEY

2156 West Fulton St, Chicago, IL 60612
Tel: 773 278 1664
E-mail: info@corbettvsdempsey.com   Web: corbettvsdempsey.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–5

Until March 1   Albert Oehlen and Kim Gordon
Until March 1   Nothing Is: Sun Ra and Others' Covers
February 19–23   Felix Art Fair, Los Angeles

DOCUMENT

1709 West Chicago Ave, Chicago, IL 60622
Tel: 312 535 4555
E-mail: info@documentspace.com   Web: documentspace.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Until February 22   Group Show
February 19–23   Felix Art Fair, Los Angeles
February 28 – April 12   Pedro Vaz

GALLERY 400

at University of Illinois at Chicago
400 South Peoria St, Chicago, IL 60607
Tel: 312 996 6114
E-mail: gallery400@uic.edu   Web: gallery400.uic.edu
Instagram: @gallery400
Tues. – Fri. 10–5, Sat. 12–5

Until March 15   Learning Together: Art Education and Community

GOLDFINCH

319 North Albany Ave, Chicago, IL 60612
Tel: 708 714 0937
E-mail: info@goldfinch-gallery.com   Web: goldfinch-gallery.com
Instagram: @goldfinch_gallery_chicago
Fri. – Sat. 12–4, and by appointment

January 25 – March 8   Legacy as Lexicon, A Stand-In For My Voice: Hale Ekinci, Azadeh Gholizadeh, Roni Packer, Marina Peng, and Yasmin Spiro; curated by Lauren Leving (Gallery 1)
January 25 – March 8   Jerome Caja: The Devil is in the Details, curated by Lauren Leving (Gallery 2)

GRAHAM FOUNDATION FOR ADVANCED STUDIES IN THE FINE ARTS

4 West Burton Pl, Chicago, IL 60610
Tel: 312 787 4071
E-mail: info@grahamfoundation.org   Web: grahamfoundation.org
Instagram: @GrahamFoundation
Wed. – Sat. 12–5

Until March 15   Frederick Kiesler: Vision Machines

GRAY

2044 West Carroll Ave, Chicago, IL 60612
Tel: 312 883 8277
E-mail: info@richardgraygallery.com   Web: richardgraygallery.com
Instagram: @richardgraygallery
Mon. – Fri. 10–5, and by appointment

Please contact gallery for information.

HYDE PARK ART CENTER

5020 South Cornell Ave, Chicago, IL 60615
Tel: 773 324 5520   Fax: 773 324 6641
E-mail: generalinfo@hydeparkart.org   Web: hydeparkart.org
Mon. – Thurs. 10–7, Fri. 10–4:30, Sat. 10–4, Sun. 10–1:30

Until February 23   Positions: New Landscapes
Until March 16   Ground Floor 2024
Until June 1   Cecilia Beaven: Flickering Cocoon

LOGAN CENTER EXHIBITIONS, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

at the Reva and David Logan Center for the Arts
915 East 60th St, Chicago, IL 60637
Tel: 773 834 8377
E-mail: logancenterexhibitions@uchicago.edu
Web: loganexhibitions.uchicago.edu
Tues. – Sun. 9–9

Please contact gallery for information.

MARIANE IBRAHIM
437 North Paulina St, Chicago, IL 60622
Tel: 312 877 5436
E-mail: chicago@marianeibrahim.com Web: marianeibrahim.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Please contact gallery for information.

MONIQUE MELOCHE
451 North Paulina St, Chicago, IL 60622
Tel: 312 243 2129
E-mail: info@moniquemeloche.com Web: moniquemeloche.com
Instagram: @moniquemeloche Facebook: MoniqueMelocheGallery
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

February 8 – March 22 Arvie Smith: Crossing Clear Creek

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART CHICAGO (MCA CHICAGO)
220 E Chicago Ave, Chicago, IL 60611
Tel: 312 280 2660
E-mail: info@mcachicago.org Web: mcachicago.org
Tues. 10–9, Wed. – Sun. 10–5

Until February 2 Chicago Works – Andrea Carlson: Shimmer on Horizons
Until March 9 Atrium Project: Do Ho Suh
Until March 16 The Living End: Painting and Other Technologies, 1970–2020
Until May 18 Arthur Jafa: Works from the MCA Collection
Until July 6 Descending the Staircase
Until July 6 Dieter Roth and Björn Roth: Balabild 5
February 1 – October 19 Wafaa Bilal: Indulge Me
February 22 – September 14 Pipilotti Rist: Supersubjektiwv

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY PHOTOGRAPHY (MoCP)
at Columbia College Chicago
600 South Michigan Ave, Chicago, IL 60605
Tel: 312 663 5554
E-mail: mocp@colum.edu Web: mocp.org
Mon. – Sat. 10–5, Thurs. 10–8

Until May 18 Regina Agu: Shore|Lines

NEUBAUER COLLEGIUM FOR CULTURE AND SOCIETY
at The University of Chicago
5701 South Woodlawn Ave, Chicago, IL 60637
E-mail: collegium@uchicago.edu Web: neubauercollegium.uchicago.edu
Mon. – Fri. 9–4

Until April 18 Let's Get It On: The Wearable Art of Betye Saar

PATRON
1612 West Chicago Ave, Chicago, IL 60622
Tel: 312 846 1500
E-mail: info@patrongallery.com Web: patrongallery.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6, and by appointment

Until March 22 Miao Wang: the other

RHONA HOFFMAN GALLERY
1711 West Chicago Ave, Chicago, IL 60622
Tel: 312 455 1990
E-mail: contact@rhoffmangallery.com Web: rhoffmangallery.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–5

Please contact gallery for information.

SECRIST | BEACH
1801 West Hubbard St, Chicago, IL 60622
Tel: 312 212 8888
E-mail: info@secristbeach.com Web: secristbeach.com
Instagram: @secristbeach
Tues. – Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–5

Until March 15 Folds
Until March 15 Diana Guerrero-Maciá: Paintings for Birds

SMART MUSEUM OF ART
at The University of Chicago
5550 South Greenwood Ave, Chicago, IL 60637
Tel: 773 702 0200
E-mail: smart-museum@uchicago.edu Web: smartmuseum.uchicago.edu
Tues. – Sun. 10–4:30, Mon. closed

Until March 2 The 50th: An Anniversary Exhibition
Until July 13 Robert Earl Paige: Give the Drummer Some!
March 25 – July 13 Expanding the 50th: Shared Stories

VOLUME GALLERY
1709 West Chicago Ave, 2nd Floor, Chicago, IL 60622
Tel: 312 666 7954
E-mail: katherine@wvvolumes.com Web: wvvolumes.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Until February 22 Howard Kottler
February 28 – April 12 Sung Jang

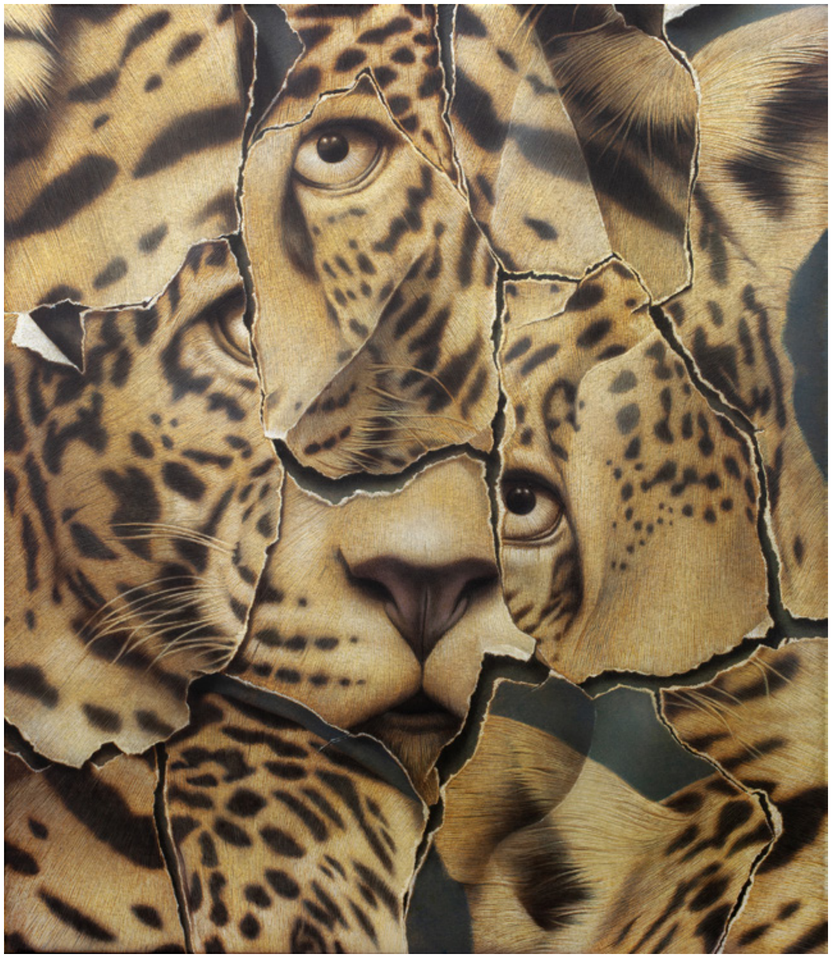
WRIGHTWOOD 659
659 West Wrightwood Ave, Chicago, IL 60614
Tel: 773 437 6601
E-mail: info@wrightwood659.org Web: wrightwood659.org
Instagram: @wrightwood659

Until February 15 John Akomfrah: Four Nocturnes
Until February 15 Reimagine: Himalayan Art Now

ZOLLA/LIEBERMAN GALLERY
325 West Huron St, Chicago, IL 60654
Tel: 312 944 1990 Fax: 312 944 8967
E-mail: zollalieberman@sbcglobal.net Web: zollaliebermangallery.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–5:30, Sat. 11–5:30

Until March 8 Purvis Young: Messenger of Salvation and Liberation (Main and Office Gallery)

VIENNA GALLERIES



Eckart Hahn, *Puzzle #2*, 2024, acrylic on canvas, 23⅝ × 19⅝". Courtesy Galerie Crone, Vienna.

Charim Galerie
Dorotheergasse 12, 1010 Vienna
T: +43 1 512 0915
charim@charimgalerie.at charimgalerie.at

Until March 8 Eva Beresin
February 5–9 Zona Maco
March 5–9 ARCOmadrid
March 19 – May 9 Julian Göthe

CHARIM FACTORY
Absberggasse 27/9/3, 1100 Vienna

Until May 3 Milica Tomic

Galerie Crone Wien
Getreidemarkt 14, 1010 Vienna
T: +43 1 581 3164
info@galeriecrone.at galeriecrone.com

Until March 15 Bitter Arcadia: Emmanuel Bornstein, Andrej Dúbravský, Hannah Sophie Dunkelberg, Nao Kikuchi, Kornel Leśniak, and Michael Part
March – April Eckart Hahn
March 5–9 ARCOmadrid

Galerie Kandlhofer
Brucknerstrasse 4, 1040 Vienna
T: +43 1 503 1167
info@kandlhofer.com kandlhofer.com

Until February 21 Marc Henry: Field Trip
Until February 21 Focus On: Jonas Höschl
February 27 – March 29 Rodrigo Valenzuela
March 21–23 SPARK Vienna

Christine König Galerie
Schleifmühlgasse 1A, 1040 Vienna
T: +43 1 585 7474
office@christinekoeniggalerie.at christinekoeniggalerie.com

Until February 8 Alwin Lay: Dura broken Lex
February 13 – April 5 Nikita Kadan

KOENIG2 by_robbygreif
Margaretenstraße 5, 1040 Vienna
T: +43 677 61 38 31 76
koenig2@christinekoeniggalerie.at koenig2.at

Until February 8 Franziska Holstein: untitled (WM 1-5, 2024)
February 13 – April 5 Benjamin Francis

CHRISTINE KÖNIG | CHAPTER III: DAS BILD UND SEIN BUCH
Schleifmühlgasse 1, 1040 Vienna
T: +43 676 347 60 15
chapter3@christinekoeniggalerie.com
christinekoeniggalerie.com/chapter-iii

Until February 8 Olivia Kaiser: words and paints
February 13 – April 5 Thomas Hartmann and Alexander Kluge: Die Bibliothek von Alexandria brennt!

Galerie Krinzinger
Seilerstätte 16, 1010 Vienna
T: +43 1 513 3006
info@galerie-krinzinger.at galerie-krinzinger.at

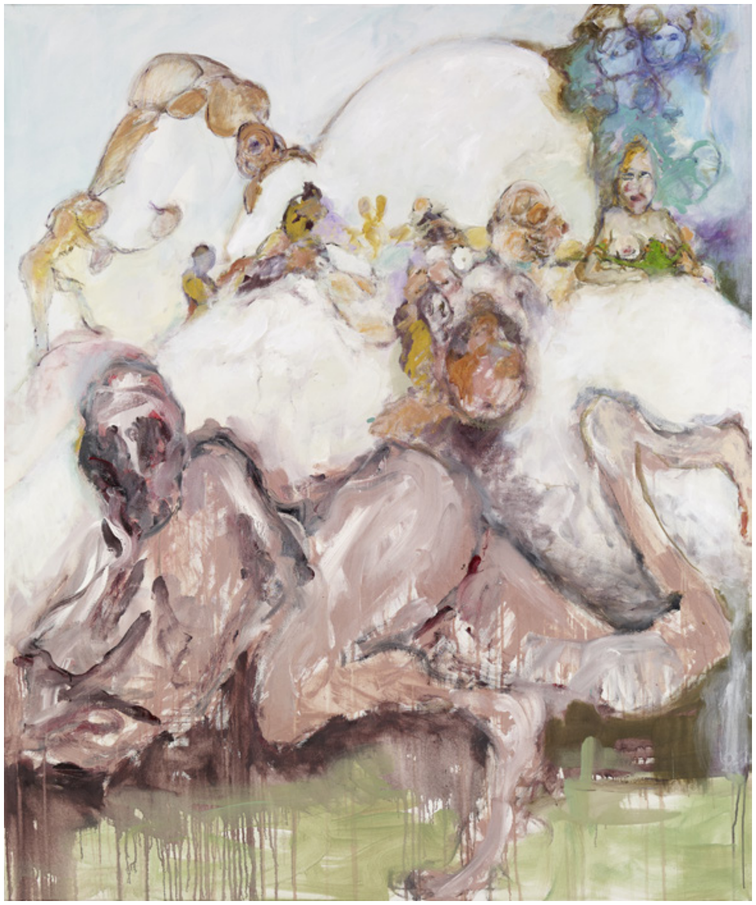
Until March 13 Sudarshan Shetty
Until March 13 Eva Schlegel (Showroom)
March 5–9 ARCOmadrid
March 19 – May 10 Monica Bonvicini
March 20–23 Stage Bregenz
March 21–23 SPARK Vienna
March 28–30 Art Basel Hong Kong

KRINZINGER SCHOTTENFELD
Schottenfeldgasse 45, 1070 Vienna

February – March Artist in Residence 2024: Erik Schmidt, Maja Marković, Rafiqul Shuvo, Martin Sommer, and a.o

Layr
Singerstraße 27, 1010 Vienna
T: +43 1 967 7432
gallery@emanuellayr.com emanuellayr.com

Until March 8 Birgit Megerle
March 21 – April 26 Leah Ke Yi Zheng



Eva Beresin, *Period Piece*, 2024, oil and acrylic on canvas, 70⅞ × 59". Photo: Peter Mayr. Courtesy the artist and Charim Galerie, Vienna.

March 28 – 30   Art Basel Hong Kong

LOMBARDI – KARGL

Schleifmühlgasse 5/5a, 1040 Vienna
Schleifmühlgasse 17, 1040 Vienna
T: +43 1 585 4199
office@lombardi-kargl.com   lombardi-kargl.com

Until March 1   Katrina Daschner (Schleifmühlgasse 17)
Until March 1   Herbert Hinteregger (Schleifmühlgasse 5/5a)
March 1 – April 26   Andreas Fogarasi (Schleifmühlgasse 5/5a)
March 1 – April 26   Camila Sposati: From Within, Beneath, and Beyond: Through Matter (Schleifmühlgasse 5)
March 13 – April   Joy (17) (Schleifmühlgasse 17)
March 5–9   ARCOmadrid
March 20–23   Stage Bregenz: Denisa Lehocká
March 21–23   SPARK Vienna: Dario Wokurka

MEYER*KAINER

Eschenbachgasse 9, 1010 Vienna
T: +43 1 585 7277
info@meyerkainer.com   meyerkainer.com

Until March 8   Hélène Fauquet
March 21 – May   Jakob Lena Knebl

BOLTENSTERN.RAUM

Eschenbachgasse 9, 1st floor

Please contact the gallery for information

Galerie nächst St. Stephan Rosemarie Schwarzwälder

Grünangergasse 1, 1010 Vienna
T: +43 1 512 1266
galerie@schwarzwaelder.at   schwarzwaelder.at

Until March 15   Natasza Niedziółka: Call and Response
February 14–16   Gstaad Art
March 5–9   ARCOmadrid
March 28–30   Art Basel Hong Kong

DOMGASSE 6

Domgasse 6, 1010 Vienna

February 7 – March 29   Alice Attie

Galerie Elisabeth & Klaus Thoman

Seilerstätte 7, 1010 Vienna
T: +43 1 512 0840
galerie@galeriethoman.com   galeriethoman.com

February   Christine Gironcoli and Bruno Gironcoli
February   Axel Jonsson (Side Gallery)
March – April   Peter Sandbichler
March 20–23   Stage Bregenz

Galerie Hubert Winter

Breite Gasse 17, 1070 Vienna
T: +43 1 524 0976
office@galeriewinter.at   galeriewinter.at

Until February 8   Guillaume Bijl: Sorrys and Compositions
February 14 – March 22   Richard Nonas
March 28 – May 3   Michael Höpfner

TEXAS

AUSTIN

BLANTON MUSEUM OF ART

200 East Martin Luther King Jr. Boulevard, Austin TX 78712
512 471 7324 www.blantonmuseum.org
info@blantonmuseum.org

Until June 1
Tavares Strachan: Between Me and You

LANDMARKS, THE PUBLIC ART PROGRAM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

2616 Wichita Street, A7100, BWY 3rd Floor, Austin TX 78712
512 495 4315 www.landmarksut.org
info@landmarksut.org

Ongoing
Simone Leigh: Sentinel IV
Ongoing
Sarah Oppenheimer: C-010106
Ongoing
Eamon Ore-Giron: Tras los ojos (Behind the Eyes)

CORPUS CHRISTI

ART MUSEUM OF SOUTH TEXAS

1902 North Shoreline Boulevard, Corpus Christi TX 78401
361 825 3500 www.artmuseumofsouthtexas.org
artmuseum@tamucc.edu

February 14 – April 27
Home Love & Loss: Vincent Valdez, Georgia O'Keeffe, Fairfield Porter, John Marin, Ben Shahn, Melissa Miller, Rania Matar, Elizabeth Payne, Robert Colescott, Richard Thompson, and others

DALLAS

LILIANA BLOCH GALLERY

4741 Memphis Street, Dallas TX 75207
214 991 5617 www.lilianablochgallery.com
info@lilianablochgallery.com

Until February 15
Lauz Bechelli: Sunchaser

CONDUIT GALLERY

1626 C Hi Line Drive, Dallas TX 75207
214 939 0064 www.conduitgallery.com
director@conduitgallery.com

Until March 1
Robert Jessup
Until March 1
Lance Letscher
Until March 1
Matthew Whitenack

BARRY WHISTLER GALLERY

315 Cole Street, Suite 120, Dallas TX 75207
214 939 0242 www.barrywhistlergallery.com
info@barrywhistlergallery.com

Please contact gallery for information.

KEIJSERS KONING

150 Manufacturing Street, Suite 201, Dallas TX 75207
917 279 9009 www.keijserskoning.com
info@keijserskoning.com

Until February 8
Willie Binnie: Marfa

GREEN FAMILY ART FOUNDATION
2111 Flora Street, Suite 110, Dallas TX 75201
214 274 5656 www.greenfamilyartfoundation.org
info@greenfamilyartfoundation.org

February 15 – May 11
A Room Hung With Thoughts: British Painting Now, curated by Tom Morton

FORT WORTH

KIMBELL ART MUSEUM
3333 Camp Bowie Boulevard, Fort Worth TX 76107
817 332 8451 www.kimbellart.org pr@kimbellmuseum.org

Until February 9
Dutch Art in a Global Age: Masterpieces from the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston
March 30 – June 22
Modern Art and Politics in Germany 1910–1945: Masterworks from the Neue Nationalgalerie Berlin

MODERN ART MUSEUM OF FORT WORTH
3200 Darnell Street, Fort Worth TX 76107
817 738 9215 www.themodern.org info@themodern.org

Until February 2
Diaries of Home: Patty Chang, Jess T. Dugan, LaToya Ruby Frazier, Nan Goldin, Debbie Grossman, Letitia Huckaby, Deana Lawson, Laura Letinsky, Sally Mann, Arlene Mejorado, Catherine Opie, Laurie Simmons, and Carrie Mae Weems
March 2 – September 7
Alex Da Corte: The Whale

MARFA

RULE GALLERY
204 E. San Antonio Street, Marfa TX 79843
303 800 6776 www.rulegallery.com
info@rulegallery.com

Until February 15
Eric Blum: Paintings

SAN ANTONIO

RUIZ-HEALY ART
201-A East Olmos Drive, San Antonio TX 78212
210 804 2219 www.ruizhealyart.com
info@ruizhealyart.com

February 6 – March 29
For Fran: Jesse Amado, Ricky Armendariz, Nate Cassie, Bill Davenport, Alejandro Diaz, Constance Lowe, Jack Massing, Katie Pell, Chuck Ramirez, Riley Robinson, Ethel Shipton, and Kate Terrell; curated by Hills Snyder

ROCKPORT

ROCKPORT CENTER FOR THE ARTS
204 S. Austin Street, Rockport TX 78382
361 729 5519 www.rockportartcenter.com
info@rockportartcenter.com

Until March 2
Nancy Bandy: Atmospheres
Until March 30
Billy Hassell: Watermark

CANADA

CALGARY

Contemporary Calgary
#701, 11th Street SW, Centennial Planetarium, Calgary, Alberta T2P 2C4
Tel: 403 770 1350
E-mail: info@contemporarycalgary.com
Web: www.contemporarycalgary.com

Until February 9 Mia + Eric: In a Strange Place
Until April 20 Rajni Perera and Marigold Santos: Efflorescence/
The Way We Wake

Esker Foundation
1011 9th Avenue SE, Fourth Floor, Calgary, Alberta T2G 0H7
Tel: 403 930 2490
E-mail: info@eskerfoundation.com
Web: www.eskerfoundation.art | www.permanentcollection.eskerfoundation.com
Instagram/Facebook/Twitter: @EskerFoundation

Until February 2 Taiessa: variegata (Project Space)
Until April 27 Erika DeFreitas: and that break is the one
that shows (to shift, a curve, to quiver)
Until April 27 Hangama Amiri: PARTING / قارف
Until April 27 Thuy-Han Nguyen-Chi: The blue of the sky
depends on the darkness of empty space behind it
February 10 – June 8 Megan Feniak: With All Our Vernal Suns
(Project Space)

Illingworth Kerr Gallery | Alberta University of the Arts
1407 14 Avenue NW, Calgary, Alberta T2N 4R3
Tel: 403 284 7633
E-mail: ikg@auarts.ca
Web: www.auarts.ca/ikg
Instagram: @ikg_auarts

Until March 8 Group Show: Knowledge Made Concrete –
100 Years of Teaching and Collecting

HALIFAX

The Blue Building Gallery
2482 Maynard Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia B3K 3V4
Tel: 902 429 0134
E-mail: thebluebuildinggallery@gmail.com
Web: www.thebluebuilding.ca
Instagram: @thebluebuildinggallery

Please contact gallery for information.

HAMILTON

Art Gallery of Hamilton
123 King Street West, Hamilton, Ontario L8P 4S8
Tel: 905 527 6610
E-mail: info@artgalleryofhamilton.com
Web: www.artgalleryofhamilton.com
Instagram: @at_theagh

February 15 – May 25 Helen McNicoll: An Impressionist Journey
February 22 – May 18 Greg Staats: Runners Continuum

MONTRÉAL

Blouin Division
2020 William Street, Montréal, Québec H3J 1R8
Tel: 514 938 3863
E-mail: info@blouin-division.com
Web: www.blouin-division.com

Until March 8 Myriam Dion
Until March 8 Nadia Myre

Patel Brown | Montreal
372 Saint-Catherine Street West, Suite 412, Montréal, Québec H3B 1A2
E-mail: info@patelbrown.com
Web: www.patelbrown.com
Instagram: @patelbrowngallery

Until February 22 Camille Jodoin-Eng: Sun Shrine
Until February 22 Katherine Melançon: Monument au soleil

McBride Contemporain
372 Sainte-Catherine Street West #414, Montréal, Québec H3B1A2
Tel: 514 878 0940
E-mail: info@mcbridecontemporain.com
Web: www.mcbridecontemporain.com

Until March 1 David Hanes and Alice Zerini-Le Reste: Scatter Like Seeds

Montreal Museum of Fine Arts
1380 Sherbrooke Street West, Montréal, Québec H3G 1J5
Tel: 514 285 1600
E-mail: musee@mbamtl.org
Web: www.mbam.qc.ca

Until March 30 Glenn Gear: ulitsuak | marée montante | rising tide
Until April 27 Anri Sala: Ravel Ravel Interval
Until October 5 Two by Two, Together: Recent Additions to the
MMFA's Collection
February 8 – May 4 Joyce Wieland: Heart On

Musée d'art contemporain de Montréal
Place Ville Marie – Gallery Level, Montréal, Québec H3B 3Y1
Tel: 514 847 6226
E-mail: info@macm.org
Web: www.macm.org
Instagram/Facebook: @macmontreal

Please contact gallery for information.

Pangée
1305 Avenue des Pins Ouest, Montréal, Québec H3G 1B2
Tel: 514 662 5683
E-mail: bonjour@pangeepangee.com
Web: www.pangeepangee.com

Please contact gallery for information.

PHI Foundation for Contemporary Art
451 & 465 Saint-Jean Street, Montréal, Québec H2Y 2R5
Tel: 514 849 3742
E-mail: info.foundation@phi.ca
Web: foundation.phi.ca
Instagram/Facebook/Twitter: @fondationphi

Until March 9 Laure Prouvost: Oma-je

Galerie Robertson Arès
2454 Notre-Dame Ouest, Montréal, Québec H3J 1N5
Tel: 514 657 1221
E-mail: info@galerierobertsonares.com
Web: www.galerierobertsonares.com
Instagram: @robertsonaresgallery

Until February 22 Group Show
February 27 – March 29 Karine Demers, Sébastien Gaudette, and Karine Léger
April 3 – May 3 Rachelle Bussières
April 3 – May 3 Zoe Hawk

SASKATOON

Remai Modern
102 Spadina Crescent East, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan S7K 3L6
Tel: 306 975 7610
E-mail: info@remaimodern.org
Web: www.remaimodern.org

Until March 9 Kaija Sanelma Harris: Warp & Weft
Until April 6 Céline Condorelli: In the Light of What We Know
Until April 6 Nancy Lowry: Colour in Place
Until November 9 Strong Impressions: 60 Years of Collecting Prints at Remai Modern

TORONTO

Art Gallery of Ontario
317 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5T 1G4
Tel: 416 979 6648
E-mail: contactus@ago.ca
Web: www.ago.ca
Instagram: @agotoronto

Until April 6 The Culture: Hip Hop and Contemporary Art in the 21st Century
Until April 6 Sonia Boyce: Feeling Her Way
Until June 29 Tissot, Women and Time
Until July 27 Louise Noguchi: Selected Works, 1986–2000
Until September 1 Moments in Modernism
Until November 2 Light Years: The Phil Lind Gift
February 15 – July 7 Oluseye: Merindinlogun
March 29 – August 17 Tim Whiten: A Little Bit of Light

Art Museum at the University of Toronto
7 Hart House Circle, Toronto, Ontario M5S 3H3
Tel: 416 978 1838
E-mail: artmuseum@utoronto.ca
Web: www.artmuseum.utoronto.ca
Instagram: @artmuseumuoft

Until March 22 Labour: Natalie Asumeng, La Tanya S. Autry, Tony Cokes, Chantal Gibson, Tanya Lukin Linklater, Kosisochukwu Nnebe, Leanne Betasamosake Simpson, and Martine Syms
Until March 22 Otherworld: Camille Turner

Blouin Division
45 Ernest Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6P 3M7
Tel: 647 346 9082
E-mail: info@blouin-division.com
Web: www.blouin-division.com

Until March 1 François Lacasse
Until March 1 Anthony Cooper
March 6 – April 26 Yann Pocreau

Patel Brown | Toronto
21 Wade Avenue, Unit 2, Toronto, Ontario M6H 1P4
E-mail: info@patelbrown.com
Web: www.patelbrown.com
Instagram: @patelbrowngallery

Until February 22 Howie Tsui: A Click Track for Pugilists

Corkin Gallery
7 Tank House Lane, Distillery District, Toronto, Ontario M5A 3C4
Tel: 416 979 1980
E-mail: info@corkingallery.com
Web: www.corkingallery.com
Instagram: @corkingallery

Please contact gallery for information.

Daniel Faria Gallery
188 Saint Helens Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6H 4A1
Tel: 416 538 1880
E-mail: info@danielfariagallery.com
Web: www.danielfariagallery.com
Instagram: @dfariagallery

Until February 22 Kristine Moran

CANADA

TORONTO

Olga Korper Gallery
17 Morrow Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6R 2H9
Tel: 416 538 8220
E-mail: info@olgakorpergallery.com
Web: www.olgakorpergallery.com
Instagram: @olgakorpergallery

February 1 – March 15 Melanie Authier
March 22 – April 26 Luca Soldovieri

MKG127
1445 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario M6J 1Y7
Tel: 647 435 7682
E-mail: info@mkg127.com
Web: www.mkg127.com
Instagram: @mkg127

Until February 8 Jason Lujan: Reconstructing Something Already There
February 15 – March 15 Geoffrey Pugen: Webtology

Museum of Contemporary Art Toronto
158 Sterling Road, Toronto, Ontario M6R 2B7
Tel: 416 530 2500
E-mail: info@moca.ca
Web: www.moca.ca
Instagram: @mocatoronto

Until February 23 Alex Da Corte: Ear Worm
Until February 23 Tishan Hsu: Interface Remix
Until February 23 Michael Nicoll Yahgulanaas: Diaries After a Flood

Paul Petro Contemporary Art
980 Queen Street West, Toronto, Ontario M6J 1H1
Tel: 416 979 7874
E-mail: info@paulpetro.com
Web: www.paulpetro.com | www.multiplesandsmallworks.com
Instagram: @paulpetrocanada | @multiplesandsmallworks
Facebook: @paulpetrocontemporaryart

January 17 – February 22 Barbara Klunder: Fables and Tattoos
January 17 – February 22 Carol Wainio: Precedents
February 28 – March 29 Stephen Andrews: Some Stories
April 4 – May 10 Jay Isaac: Drawings 1996–2023
April 4 – May 10 FASTWÜRMS: WITCH_OXT

VANCOUVER

Vancouver Art Gallery
750 Hornby Street, Vancouver, British Columbia V6Z 2H7
Tel: 604 662 4700
E-mail: customerservice@vanartgallery.bc.ca
Web: www.vanartgallery.bc.ca

Until February 17 Shelley Niro: 500 Year Itch
Until March 16 Firelei Báez
Until April 21 Group Show: Multiple Realities – Experimental Art in the Eastern Bloc, 1960s–1980s
Until January 4, 2026 Emily Carr: Navigating an Impenetrable Landscape
March 21 – September 1 Riopelle: Crossroads in Time

WHISTLER

Audain Art Museum
4350 Blackcomb Way, Whistler, British Columbia V8E 1N3
Tel: 604 962 0413
E-mail: info@audainartmuseum.com
Web: www.audainartmuseum.com
Instagram: @audainartmuseum

Until May 5 Curve! Women Carvers on the Northwest Coast

WINNIPEG

Plug In Institute of Contemporary Art
1–460 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 0E8
Tel: 204 942 1043
E-mail: info@plugin.org
Web: www.plugin.org
Instagram: @pluginica

Until March 8 Marcel Dzama: Ghosts of Canoe Lake

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Art is *boundless*
Hong Kong Convention
and Exhibition Centre
March 28–30, 2025
UBS

Miao Ying, *Technomancy at Polarized Rift* (detail), 2023. Courtesy of Galerie nächst St. Stephan Rosemarie Schwarzwälder and Kiang Malingue

Southwest

ALBUQUERQUE MUSEUM

2000 Mountain Road NW, Albuquerque, NM 87104
cabq.gov/artsculture/albuquerque-museum
abqmuseum@cabq.gov
Instagram/Facebook: @abqmuseum
505 243 7255

Until February 9 Vivarium: Intersections of Art, Storytelling, and the Resilience of the Living World
Until March 2 Broken Boxes: A Decade of Art, Action, and Dialogue
Until May 4 Puertas Fronterizas / Border Doors
Ongoing Common Ground: Art in New Mexico
Ongoing Only in Albuquerque

ART VAULT

540 South Guadalupe Street, Santa Fe, NM 87501
thomafoundation.org info@thomafoundation.org
Instagram: @thoma_foundation 214 971 7770

February 28 – May 31 Lucid Dreaming

CHARLOTTE JACKSON FINE ART

554 South Guadalupe Street, Santa Fe, NM 87501
charlottejackson.com press554@charlottejackson.com
Instagram: @charlottejacksonfineart 505 989 8688

Until February 24 David Simpson

GERALD PETERS CONTEMPORARY

1011 Paseo de Peralta, Santa Fe, NM 87501
gpgallery.com info@gpgallery.com
Instagram: @geraldpeterscontemporary 505 954 5800

Until March 1 Mixtape: 2024 (EP)

IAIA MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY NATIVE ARTS (MoCNA)

108 Cathedral Place, Santa Fe, NM 87501
iaia.edu/mocna 505 983 8900

Until March 2 Arctic Highways: Unbounded Indigenous People
Until September 28, 2026 The Stories We Carry and Our Stories
February 7 – June 29 Jordan Ann Craig
March 14 – May 16 2024–2025 IAIA BFA Exhibition
March 21 – July 13 Kite and Wíhaŋble S'a Lab: Dreaming with AI

KIMBALL ART CENTER

1251 Kearns Blvd, Park City, UT 84060
kimballartcenter.org info@kimballartcenter.org
Instagram: @kimballartcenter 435 649 8882

Until February 23 Moving Pictures: Rosa Barba, Matthew Barney, Iñaki Bonillas, Spencer Finch, Gary Hill, Lisa Oppenheim, and others

PHOENIX ART MUSEUM

1625 North Central Avenue, Phoenix, AZ 85004
phxart.org info@phxart.org
Instagram: @phxart 602 257 1880

Until March 9 Charles Gaines: 1992–2023
Until May 25 Richard Avedon: Among Creatives
Until July 27 The Collection: Dutch Art Expanded
Until July 20 Charles Gaines: Numbers and Trees (Arizona Series)
Until July 20 The Collection: Keith Haring
Ongoing Carlos Amorales: Black Cloud
Ongoing The Collection: Greatest Fits (Vol. 1) – The Art of Archiving Fashion
Ongoing Philip C. Curtis and the Landscapes of Arizona
Ongoing Yayoi Kusama: You Who are Getting Obliterated in the Dancing Swarm of Fireflies
February 5 – June 15 Widening the Lens: Photography, Ecology, and the Contemporary Landscape

PIE PROJECTS CONTEMPORARY ART

924B Shoofly Street, Santa Fe, NM 87505
pieprojects.org connect@pieprojects.org
Instagram: @pieprojects.santafe 505 372 7681

February 8 – March 15 Jugnet + Clairet: The Backgrounds Series (D.A.A.A.)

SCOTTSDALE MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART

7374 East Second Street, Scottsdale, AZ 85251
smoca.org SMoCA@ScottsdaleArts.org 480 499 8587

Until February 2 Shomit Barua: Entrainment 718
Until February 23 Group Show: poetics of dissonance
Until August 3 Cybele Lyle: Floating Seeds Make Deep Forms
February 22 – June 1
Group Show: There are other skies

SITE SANTA FE

1606 Paseo de Peralta, Santa Fe, NM 87501
sitesantafe.org info@sitesantafe.org
Instagram: @sitesantafe 505 989 1199

Until February 3 Cassils: Movements
Until February 3 Erika Wanenmacher: what Time Travel feels like, sometimes
Until March 15 Tristan Duke: Glacial Optics

TURNER CARROLL GALLERY

725 Canyon Road, Santa Fe, NM 87501
turnercarrollgallery.com info@turnercarrollgallery.com
Instagram: @turnercarrollgallery 505 986 9800

March 1 The New City of Ladies: A Juried Exhibition for the New Mexico Chapter of The National Museum of Women in the Arts

[CONTAINER]

1226 Flagman Way, Santa Fe, NM 87505
containertc.org info@containertc.org
Instagram: @container_turnercarroll 505 995 0012

Until February 9 FAILE: A Riot of Existence
March 7 Hood Ornament, curated by Charles Moore

ZANE BENNETT CONTEMPORARY ART

435 South Guadalupe Street, Santa Fe, NM 87501
zanebennettgallery.com info@zanebennettgallery.com
Instagram: @zanebennettgallery 505 982 8111

February 28 – May 17 Matt Magee

FORM & CONCEPT

formandconcept.center info@formandconcept.center
Instagram: @formandconcept

February 28 – May 3 Ekin Balcıoğlu and Em Kettner

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Denmark

AROS
Aros Allé 2, 8000 Aarhus C
Tel: +45 61 90 49 00
E-mail: info@aros.dk
Web: www.aros.dk
Tues. – Fri. 10–9, Sat. – Sun. 10–5

Until February 16 Group Show: Sky Gazing
Until April 2 Barbara Kruger: No Comment
Until August 3 Igshaan Adams: Weerhoud

MARTIN ASBÆK GALLERY
Bredgade 23, 1260 Copenhagen K
Tel: +45 33 15 40 45
E-mail: gallery@martinasbaek.com
Web: www.martinasbaek.com
Tues. – Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–4

Until February 22 Matt Saunders: Story of a Love Affair

GALLERI BO BJERGGAARD
Flæsketorvet 85 A, 1711 Copenhagen V
Tel: +45 33 93 42 21
E-mail: info@bjerggaard.com
Web: www.bjerggaard.com
Wed. – Fri. 1–6, Sat. 12–4

Please contact gallery for information.

KANT GALLERY
St. Kongensgade 3, 1264 Copenhagen K
Tel: + 45 29 46 63 31
E-mail: info@gallerikant.dk
Web: gallerikant.dk
Wed. – Fri. 12–6pm, Sat. – Sun. 12–4pm

Please contact gallery for information.

KUNSTHAL CHARLOTTENBORG
Kongens Nytorv 1, 1050 Copenhagen K
Tel: +45 33 74 46 39
E-mail: info@kunsthalcharlottenborg.dk
Web: www.kunsthalcharlottenborg.dk
Tues. – Fri. 12–8, Sat. – Sun. 11–5

Until February 16 Francis Upritchard: Any Noise Annoys an Oyster

COPENHAGEN CONTEMPORARY
Refshalevej 173 A, 1432 Copenhagen K
Tel: +45 29 89 80 87
E-mail: contact@cphco.org
Web: www.copenhagencontemporary.org
Wed. – Sun. 11–6, Thu. 11–9

Until April 21 Marta Minujín: Intensify Life

LOUISIANA MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
Gl. Strandvej 13, 3050 Humlebæk
Tel: +45 49 19 07 19 Fax: +45 49 19 35 05
E-mail: mail@louisiana.dk
Web: www.louisiana.dk
Tues. – Fri. 11–10, Sat. – Sun. and holidays 11–6

Until March 23 Living Structures
Until April 27 OCEAN
Until June 1 Alexej von Jawlensky

GALLERI SUSANNE OTTESEN
Gothersgade 49, 1123 Copenhagen K
Tel: +45 33 15 52 44
E-mail: galleri@susanneottesen.dk
Web: www.susanneottesen.dk
Tues. – Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–4

Until February 1 Marijke van Warerdam: The Sun Comes In

MAZE

FESTIVAL-ZELT/AIR DE PARIS/CAPITAIN
PETZEL/CONTINUA/DE JONCKEERE
GATHERING/HELENE BAILLY/JACQUES LACOSTE/JOYA
KARRY BERREBY/KREO/KURIMANZUTTO/LAFFANOUR
GALERIE DOWNTOWN/LANDAU FINE ART/LARKIN
ERDMANN/MARIAN GOODMAN/MASCOTA &
FRIENDS/MENNOUR/MEZZANIN/MITTERRAND
NACHST ST STEPHAN ROSEMARIE
SCHWARZWALDER/NATHALIE OBADIA
PACE/PERROTIN/PHILIPPE CRAMER
RAPHAEL DURAZZO/RODOLPHE JANSSEN/SEBASTIEN
BERTRAND/SEMIOSE/SIMON STUDER ART/SOCIETE
TAKE5/TEMPLON/WHITE CUBE FEB 14-16 2025

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PHILLIPS

NAPLES

ACAPPELLA
Vico Santa Maria Cappella Vecchia 8/A
+39 339 613 4113
galleriacappella@gmail.com
www.museoapparente.eu
Tuesday – Friday 4–7:30, Saturday by appointment

Until March 2 Michele Cesaratto: Piangendo

ALFONSO ARTIACO
Piazzetta Nilo 7
+39 081 497 6072
info@alfonsoartiaco.com
www.alfonsoartiaco.com
Monday – Saturday 10–7

Until March 8 Darren Almond: Songbirds and Willows

ANDREA NUOVO HOME GALLERY
Via Monte di Dio 61
+39 081 1863 8995
info@andreanuovo.com
www.andreanuovo.com
Tuesday – Friday 10:30–1, 4:30–7; Saturday by appointment

February 22 – May 16 Michele Chiossi: Prolegomeni

ANDREAINGENITO CONTEMPORARY ART
Via Cappella Vecchia 8/A
+39 081 049 0829
info@ai-ca.com
www.ai-ca.com/andrea-ingenito/
Tuesday – Saturday 3–7, mornings by appointment

Until February 22 Urbana: Eno, Enzo Cref, Iabo, Kaf, and Trallallà; curated by Gabriele Perretta

LACATENA FINE ARTS
Via Toledo 292
+39 379 18 44 280
mail@lacatenafinearts.com
www.lacatenafinearts.com
By appointment only

Until February 5 Matthias Schaufler: I Musici e Pulcinella
February 23 – April 6 Nicolas Xedro: Giardini Impenetrabili

LIA RUMMA
Via Vannella Gaetani 12
+39 081 1981 2354
info@liarumma.it
www.liarumma.it
Tuesday – Saturday 11–1, 3:30–7

Until February 28 Tobias Zielony: Overshoot

SOLITO
Galleria S1: Piazza Enrico De Nicola 46, Complesso ex Lanificio, Scala B, Piano I
Monday – Friday 10–6, Saturday and Sunday by appointment
Galleria S2: Via Costantinopoli, 53 | Piazza Bellini, 59
Monday – Sunday 10–10
+39 081 304 1919
info@galleriasolito.com
www.galleriasolito.com

Until February 10 Morteza Khakshoor: The Itch, curated by Vincent Vanden Bogaard (Galleria S1)
Until February 14 Lindsay Merrill: Moving Targets, curated by Vincent Vanden Bogaard (Galleria S2)
February 13 – March 28 Grace Lee: Uncut, curated by Vincent Vanden Bogaard (Galleria S1)

STUDIO TRISORIO
Via Riviera di Chiaia 215
Via Carlo Poerio 110 | 116
+39 081 414 306
info@studiotrisorio.com
www.studiotrisorio.com
Monday – Friday 10–1:30, 3:30–7; Saturday 10–1:30, 3:30–6:30

Until March 1 Jenny Holzer: Denied, curated by Philip Larratt-Smith

SHAZAR GALLERY
Via Pasquale Scura 8
+39 081 1812 6773
info@shazargallery.com | shazar@virgilio.it
www.shazargallery.com
Tuesday – Saturday 2:30–7:30

February 20 – March 31 Mutaz Elemam: Contemporary Forest, curated by Graziella Melania Geraci

TIZIANA DI CARO
Piazzetta Nilo 7
+39 081 552 5526
info@tizianadicaro.it
www.tizianadicaro.it
Tuesday – Saturday 2–7

Until February 8 Marcia Hafif: Tra consapevolezza linguistica e risultati oggettuali
February 15 – April 12 Giovanni Giaretta: It takes a while to learn to talk the long language of the rocks

UMBERTO DI MARINO
Casa di Marino, Via Monte di Dio 9
+39 081 1975 8060
info@galleriaumbertodimarino.com
www.galleriaumbertodimarino.com
Monday – Saturday 11–1, 3–7

February 22 – April 5 Our Souls at Night: Omar Castillo Alfaro, Guendalina Cerruti, Gwen, Miriam Marafioti, Margherita Mezzetti, Gabriella Siciliano, and Yulia Zinshtein

SALÓN
ACME
No.12

6 - 9 FEB, 2025

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PATIO POR/BY: JULIETA GIL

SALA POR/BY: TERREMOTO

Proyectos Públicos
Gral. Prim No. 30 Col. Juárez, Ciudad de México.
www.salonacme.com

ENGLAND

ALMINE RECH

Grosvenor Hill, Broadbent House, London W1K 3JH
Tel: +44 20 7287 3644
E-mail: contact.london@alminerech.com
Web: www.alminerech.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–6

Please contact gallery for information.

CORVI-MORA

1A Kempsford Road, (off Wincott Street) London SE11 4NU
Tel: +44 20 7840 9111
E-mail: info@corvi-mora.com
Web: www.corvi-mora.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–6

Until March 1
Lynette Yiadom-Boakye
Until March 1
Condo, with greengrassi; hosting Fanta-MLN and Edouard Montassut
March 7 – April 19
Dan Coopey

GAGOSIAN

17–19 Davies Street, London W1K 3DE
Tel: +44 20 7493 3020
20 Grosvenor Hill, London W1K 3QD
Tel: +44 20 7495 1500
E-mail: london@gagosian.com
Web: www.gagosian.com
Mon. – Fri. 10–6

Until March 8 Japanese Art History à la Takashi Murakami
(Grosvenor Hill)

HAUSER & WIRTH LONDON

23 Savile Row, London W1S 2ET
Tel: +44 20 7287 2300
E-mail: london@hauserwirth.com
Web: www.hauserwirth.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–6

February 4 – April 17
Paul McCarthy
February 4 – April 17
Mike Kelley: Vice Anglais

HAUSER & WIRTH SOMERSET
Durslade Farm, Dropping Lane, Bruton, Somerset BA10 0NL
Tel: +44 1749 814 060
E-mail: somerset@hauserwirth.com
Web: www.hauserwirth.com
Thurs. – Sun. 12–4

February 8 – April 27
An Uncommon Thread

LONDON MITHRAEUM BLOOMBERG SPACE

12 Walbrook, London EC4N 8AA
E-mail: info@londonmithraeum.com
Web: www.londonmithraeum.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–6, Sun. 12–5

Until July 19
Jonathan Baldock: 0.1%

MAUREEN PALEY

60 Three Colts Lane, London E2 6GQ
Tel: +44 20 7729 4112
E-mail: info@maureenpaley.com
Web: www.maureenpaley.com
Instagram: @maureenpaley
Wed. – Sat. 11–6

Until March 1
Liam Gillick: The Sleepwalkers
March 5 – April 19
James Welling and Bernd & Hilla Becher

STUDIO M
Rochelle School, 7 Playground Gardens, London E2 7FA
Wed. – Sat. 11–6

Until March 1
Condo, hosting Air de Paris – Pati Hill with work
by Wolfgang Tillmans
March 5 – April 19
James Welling and Bernd & Hilla Becher

MOTHER'S TANKSTATION

58-64 Three Colts Lane, Bethnal Green, London E2 6 GP
Tel: +44 74 1258 1803
E-mail: gallery@motherstankstation.com
Web: www.motherstankstation.com
Thurs. – Sat. 12–6, and by appointment

Until March 1
Condo, in collaboration with P.P.O.W – Erin M. Riley: Look Back at It

PACE GALLERY

5 Hanover Square, London W1S 1HQ
Tel: +44 20 3206 7600
E-mail: londoninfo@pacegallery.com
Web: www.pacegallery.com
Mon. – Thurs. 10–6, Fri. 10–4

Until March 1
Acaye Kerunen: Neena aan uthii
March 7 – April 17
Tim Stoner

PIPPY HOULDSWORTH GALLERY

6 Heddon Street, London W1B 4BT
Tel: +44 20 7734 7760
E-mail: gallery@houldsworth.co.uk
Web: www.houldsworth.co.uk
Tues. – Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6

Until February 15
Veronica Fernandez: I Should Have Prayed For Other People

SPROVIERI

23 Heddon Street, London W1B 4BQ
Tel: +44 20 7734 2066
E-mail: info@sprovieri.com
Web: www.sprovieri.com
Mon. – Fri. 10–6

Until March 29
Jannis Kounellis: Alfabeto – Early Works on Paper

SPRÜTH MAGERS

7A Grafton Street, London W1S 4EJ
Tel: +44 20 7408 1613
E-mail: info@spruethmagers.com
Web: www.spruethmagers.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–6

Until March 15
Joseph Kosuth: 'The Question'

THADDAEUS ROPAC

Ely House, 37 Dover Street, London W1S 4NJ
Tel: +44 20 3813 8400
E-mail: london@ropac.net
Web: www.ropac.net
Tues. – Sat. 10–6

Until February 5
Joan Snyder: Body & Soul
February 14 – April 11
Teresa Pągowska
February 14 – April 11
Ron Mueck: En Garde

TIMOTHY TAYLOR

15 Bolton Street, London W1J 8BG
Tel: +44 20 7409 3344
E-mail: info@timothytaylor.com
Web: www.timothytaylor.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–5

Until March 1
California

WHITE CUBE

144–152 Bermondsey Street, Bermondsey, London SE1 3TQ
Bermondsey: Tues. – Sat. 10–6, Sun. 12–6
Tel: +44 20 7930 5373
25–26 Mason's Yard, London SW1Y 6BU
Mason's Yard: Tues. – Sat. 10–6
Tel: +44 20 7766 3550
E-mail: enquiries@whitecube.com
Web: www.whitecube.com
Instagram: @whitecube

Until February 22
Virginia Overton (Mason's Yard)
February 7 – April 6
Theaster Gates (Bermondsey)
February 28 – April 5
Alia Ahmad (Mason's Yard)

SCOTLAND

INGLEBY GALLERY

33 Barony Street, Edinburgh EH3 6NX
Tel: +44 131 556 4441
E-mail: info@inglebygallery.com Web: www.inglebygallery.com
Wed. – Sat. 11–5

February 1 – April 19
Wings of a Butterfly

REPUBLIC OF IRELAND

HUGH LANE GALLERY

Charlemont House, Parnell Square North, Dublin 1
Tel: +353 1222 5564
E-mail: info.hughlane@dublincity.ie
Web: www.hughlane.ie
Tues. – Thurs. 10–6, Fri. – Sat. 10–5, Sun. 11–5

Until March 23
Brian Maguire: La Grande Illusion
Until March 23
Lawrence Abu Hamdan: Walled Unwalled
Ongoing
Sacred Trust: Donations and their Legacy
Ongoing
Francis Bacon Studio & Gallery
Ongoing
Sean Scully Gallery
Ongoing
Harry Clarke Stained Glass
March 27 – September 28
Ailbhe Ní Bhriain: The Dream Pool Intervals

IMMA – IRISH MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Royal Hospital, Military Road, Kilmainham, Dublin 8
Tel: +353 1612 9900
E-mail: info@imma.ie
Web: www.imma.ie
Tues. 10–5:30, Wed. 11:30–5:30 Thurs – Sat. 10–5:30, Sun. 12–5:30

Until March 17
Take A Breath
Until May 5
Hamad Butt: Apprehensions
Until January 30, 2028
IMMA Collection: Art as Agency
February 27 – July 27
Gee's Bend Quiltmakers

KERLIN GALLERY

Anne's Lane, South Anne Street, Dublin 2
Tel: +353 1670 9093
E-mail: gallery@kerlin.ie
Web: www.kerlin.ie
Tues. – Fri. 10–5:30, Sat. 11–4:30

Until February 22
Richard Gorman: Japan
February 28 – April 5
Gerard Byrne

MOTHER'S TANKSTATION

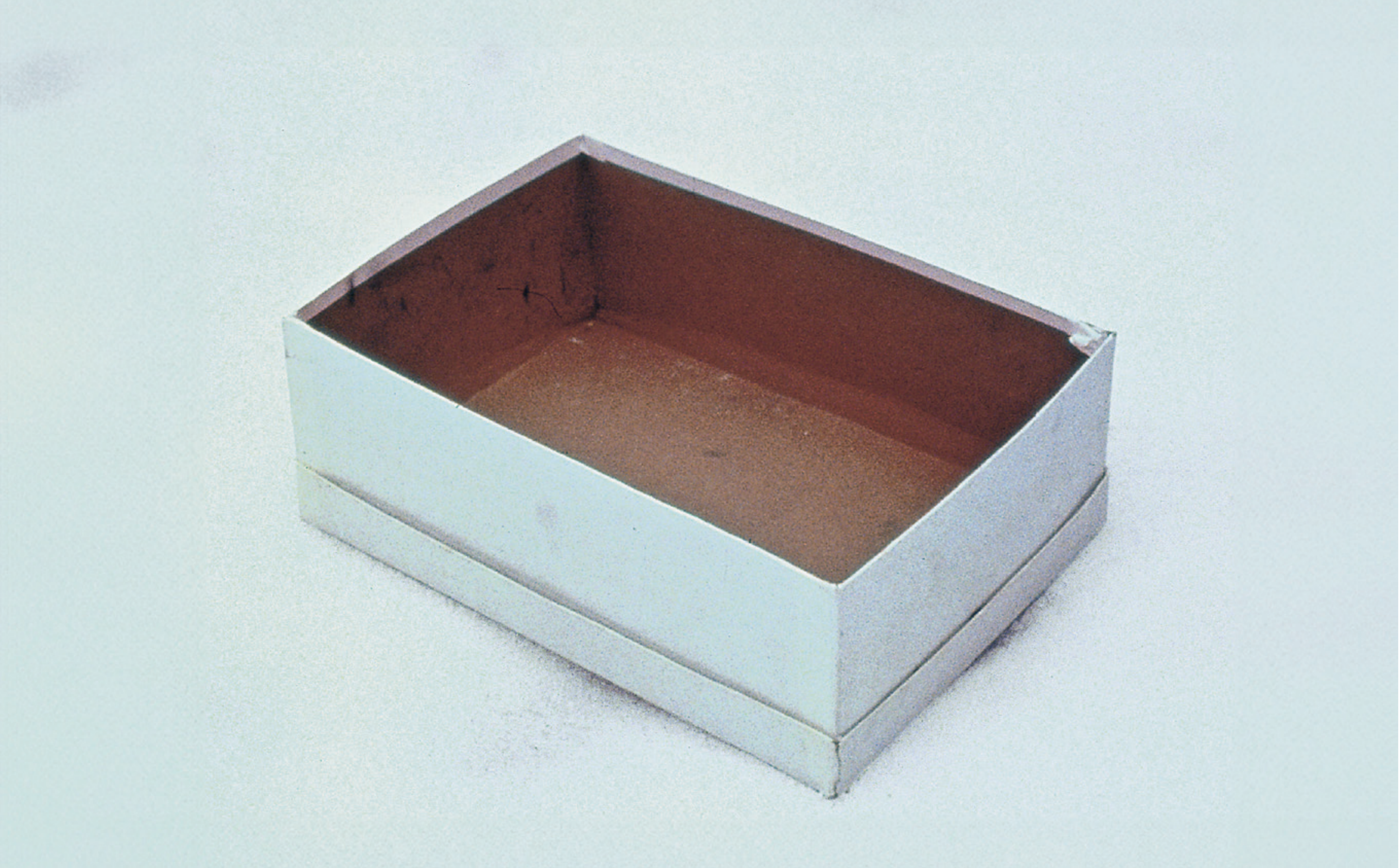
41–43 Watling Street, Usher's Island, Dublin 8
Tel: +353 1671 7654
E-mail: gallery@motherstankstation.com
Web: www.motherstankstation.com
Thurs. – Sat. 12–6

Please contact gallery for information.

STONEY ROAD PRESS

11–13 Stoney Road, Dublin 3
Tel: +353 1887 8544
E-mail: mail@stoneyroadpress.com
Web: www.stoneyroadpress.com
Mon. – Fri. 9–5, or by appointment

March 20–30 London Original Print Fair
March 27–30 IFPDA Print Fair, New York
New editions by Diana Copperwhite, Richard Gorman, Mark Joyce, Alice Maher, Hughie O'Donoghue, Bill Rock, Phil Sanders, Donald Teskey, and Charles Tyrrell
The Stoney Road Press portfolio also includes editions by Charles Arnoldi, Dorothy Cross, John Doherty, Blaise Drummond, Brian Harte, Leah Hewson, Elizabeth Magill, Kelvin Mann, Eilis O'Connell, Brian O'Doherty, and Sean Scully



GABRIEL OROZCO

POLITÉCNICO NACIONAL

01.FEB. – 03.AUG.2025

MUSEO JUMEX

EMPTY SHOE BOX (CAJA VACÍA DE ZAPATOS), 1993. COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND MARIAN GOODMAN GALLERY

FUNDACIONJUMEX.ORG

10 A.M. ART

Corso San Gottardo 5
Tel: 39 02 9288 9164
info@10amart.it
www.10amart.it
Tues. – Fri. 10–12:30, 2–6

February 20 – March 28 Struttura, materia e colore: Franco Giuli with Piero Dorazio, 1969–1975; curated by Paolo Bolpagni in collaboration with Lorenzelli Arte

GALLERIA CHRISTIAN STEIN

Corso Monforte 23
Tel: 39 02 7639 3301
Mon. – Sat. 10–7
Via Vincenzo Monti 46, Pero
By appointment only
info@galleriachristianstein.com
www.galleriachristianstein.it

February Remo Salvadori (Corso Monforte 23)

DEP ART GALLERY

Via Comelico 40
Tel: 39 02 3653 5620
art@depart.it
www.depart.it
Tues. – Sat. 10:30–7

February 7–9 Artefiera Bologna
February 21–23 Investec Cape Town Art Fair

C+N GALLERY CANEPANERI

Foro Buonaparte 48
Tel: 39 02 3676 8281
info@canepaneri.com
www.canepaneri.com
Tues. – Fri. 10–1, 2–6; Sat. by appointment

Until February 14 Roger Hiorns: Depotenziare, curated by Tom Morton
February 27 – April 6 MJ Torrecampo: Away Back in the Long Ago

CADOGAN GALLERY

Via Bramante 5
Tel: 39 02 8969 0152
info@cadogangallery.com
www.cadogangallery.com
Tues. – Fri. 11–7, Sat. 11–5:30

Until February 15 Terrell James: Myth
February 26 – April 12 Sam Lock: Stanza

BUILDING GALLERY

Via Monte di Pietà 23
Tel: 39 02 8909 4995
info@building-gallery.com
www.building-gallery.com
Tues. – Sat. 10–7

Until February 22 Giorgio Vigna: Cosmografia (Third Floor)
Until March 22 Bizhan Bassiri: Creazione, curated by Bruno Corà

BUILDINGBOX
Via Monte di Pietà 23
Always on view

Until January 6, 2026 12 Artists in 12 Months – Chiara Dynys: Private Atlas; First Chapter – La Disseminazione della memoria, curated by Alessandro Castiglioni

KAUFMANN REPETTO

Via di Porta Tenaglia 7
Tel: 39 02 7209 4331
info@kaufmannrepetto.com
www.kaufmannrepetto.com
Tues. – Sat. 10:30–7

Until February 22 Gokhun Baltaci
February 26 – March 29 Sadie Benning

MAAB GALLERY

Via Nerino 3
Tel: 39 02 8928 1179
info@maabgallery.com
www.maabgallery.com
Tues. – Fri. 10:30–6

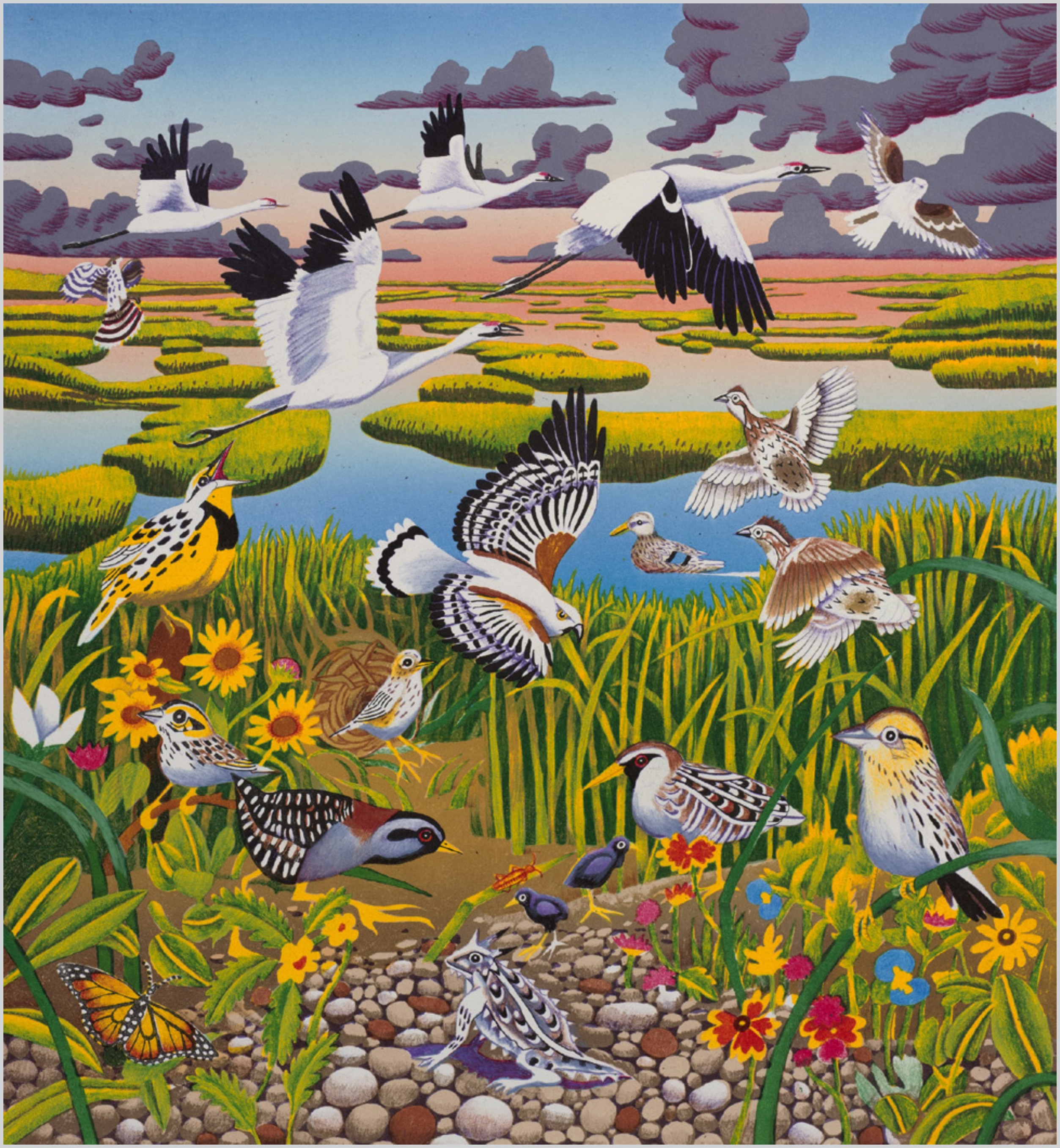
Until February 14 Bob and Roberta Smith: Art is between us, curated by Massimiliano Scuderi

MONICA DE CARDENAS

Via Francesco Viganò 4
Tel: 39 02 2901 0068
info@monicadecardenas.com
www.monicadecardenas.com
Tues. – Sat. 11–7

Until February 28 Alex Katz: Works on Paper

MILANO



Billy Hassell

Watermark

January 31 - March 30

Reception With the Artist February 8

rockportartcenter.com

ROCKPORT CENTER FOR THE ARTS

204 S. Austin St.
Rockport, TX 78382
361-729-5519

MIAMI & PALM BEACH

MIAMI

THE BASS
2100 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach, FL 33139
thebass.org   info@thebass.org
305 673 7530

Until April 27
(LA)HORDE: Heureux Sous Son Ombra
Until July 6
Ulla von Brandenburg: In Dialogue
Until August 17
Rachel Feinstein: The Miami Years
Ongoing
assume vivid astro focus: XI
Ongoing
Performing Perspectives: A Collection in Dialogue
Ongoing
Social Assembly: Welcome to the Museum

DIANA LOWENSTEIN GALLERY
326 NE 61st Street, Miami, FL 33137
dianalowensteingallery.com   dlfa@lionstone.net
Instagram: @dianalowenstein_gallery
305 576 1804

Please contact gallery for information.

EMERSON DORSCH
5900 NW 2nd Avenue, Miami, FL 33127
emersondorsch.com   info@emersondorsch.com
Instagram: @emersondorsch
305 576 1278

February 15 – March 29
Karen Rifas: Miami to Maine

THE MARGULIES COLLECTION AT THE WAREHOUSE
591 NW 27th Street, Miami, FL 33127
margulieswarehouse.com   mcollection@bellsouth.net
305 576 1051

Until April 26
Historic Works from the Margulies Collection 1930’s–1970’s: César, de Kooning, Gorky, Gottlieb, Indiana, Kline, Lichtenstein, Miró, Pollock, Samaras, Smithson, Tanguy, Twombly, Warhol
Until April 26
Beyond the Single Image: Spanish Photography from the Foto Colectania Collection, Barcelona
Until April 26
Conceptual Works 1980’s–2010’s: Boyce, Rhoades, Wolfson, Higashionna, Coffin, McCaslin, Wool, Beech, Muller, Wurm, Navarro
Until April 26
Portraits from Here to There: Alec Soth and Jason Schmidt
Until April 26
Featured Installation: Do Ho Suh
Until April 26
Mimmo Paladino: Painting and Sculpture
Permanent Installation
Bladen, Fabro, Flavin, Eliasson, Heizer, LeWitt, Kiefer, Noguchi, Merz, Segal, Serra, Snelson, Tucker, West

PAN AMERICAN ART
274 NE 67th Street, Miami, FL 33138
panamericanart.com   miami@panamericanart.com
Instagram: @panamericanartprojects
305 751 2550

February 1 – March 22
Voices from the Edge – Purvis Young and Outsider Art from the Americas: Purvis Young, Gloria de la Caridad Garcia, Jorge Alberto Cadi, Echo McCallister, Milton Schwartz, and Misleidys Castillo Pedroso

PIERO ATCHUGARRY GALLERY
5520 NE 4th Avenue, Miami, FL 33137
pieroatchugarry.com   admin@pieroatchugarry.com
Instagram: @pieroatchugarrygallery
305 639 8247

Until March 1
Guillermo Garcia Cruz: Divergent Structures, curated by Rina Gitlin
Until March 1
50 Years: Galeria Raquel Arnaud, in collaboration with Galeria Raquel Arnaud

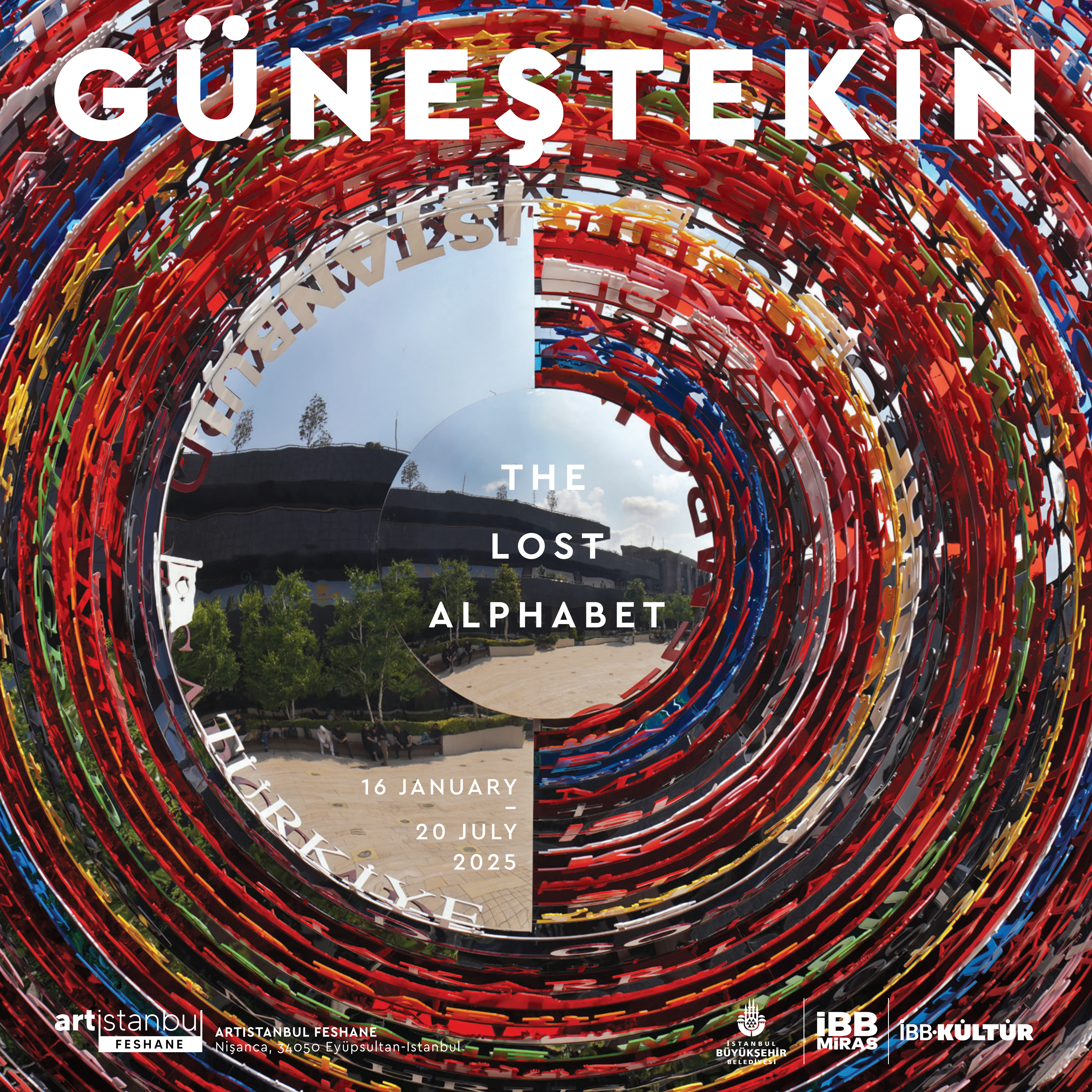
PALM BEACH

FINDLAY GALLERIES PALM BEACH
165 Worth Avenue, Palm Beach, FL 33480
findlaygalleries.com   gallery@findlayart.com
561 655 2090

Until February 14
Hugo Grenville: Contemporary British Painter
Until February 26
Janet Mait: Contemporary American Abstract Painter
February 11 – March 25
Group Show: Pierre-Eugene Montezin and the Circle of Impressionists
February 18 – April 1
Ronnie Landfield: American Color Field Painter

MTN SPACE
502 Lake Avenue, Lake Worth Beach, FL 33460
mtnspace.com   info@mtnspace.com
561 285 4883

Until February 15
Hermes Berrio: Civitas
Until February 15
Sydney Rose Maubert: Smile for Me – The Flea
February 22 – March 29
Christina Barrera: Stay Alive, Here In the Dark Where the Future Is
February 22 – March 29
Joey Parlett: Stones and Waterfalls



GÜNEŞTEKİN

THE LOST ALPHABET

16 JANUARY
–
20 JULY
2025

artistanbul FESHANE

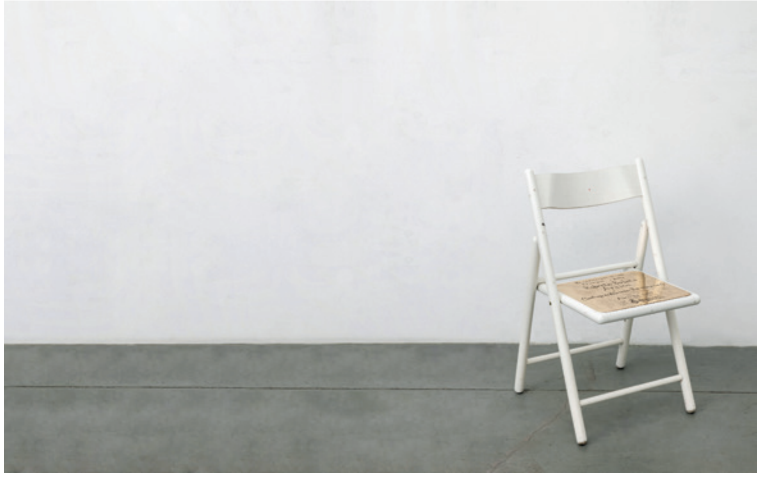
ARTISTANBUL FESHANE
Nişanca, 34050 Eyüpsultan-Istanbul

İSTANBUL BÜYÜKŞEHİR BELEDİYESİ

İBB MİRAS

İBB·KÜLTÜR

spain



Francesco Arena, *Roberto*, 2024, chair, bronze, 18⅛ x 19⅝ x 31⅞" (open),17¾ × 4⅛ × 34⅞" (closed). Courtesy the artist and Prats Nogueras Blanchard, Barcelona.

1 mira madrid

Argumosa 16, 28012 Madrid
Tel: +34 912 40 05 04   E-mail: info@1miramadrid.com
Web: www.1miramadrid.com

Until March 15   Teresa Lanceta: La cólcedra al filo del alba

baró galeria

Carrer de Can Sanç 13, 07001 Palma de Mallorca
Tel: +34 971 31 14 59   E-mail: info@barogaleria.com
Web: www.barogaleria.com   Instagram: @barogaleria

Until March 7   Erwin Olaf: In Motion, In Stillness

galería ehrhardt flórez

San Lorenzo 11, 28004 Madrid
Tel: +34 91 310 4415   E-mail: galeria@ehrhardtflorez.com
Web: www.ehrhardtflorez.com   Instagram: @ehrhardtflorezgallery

Until February 22   Fátima Moreno: Lengua Salada

galería elba benítez

San Lorenzo 11, 28004 Madrid
Tel: +34 913 08 04 68   E-mail: info@elbabenitez.com
Web: www.elbabenitez.com   Instagram: @galeriaelbabenitez

February   Jorge Pardo

hauser & wirth

Illa del Rei, 07700 Menorca
Tel: +34 871 010 020   E-mail: menorca@hauserwirth.com
Web: www.menorca.hauserwirth.com

Please contact gallery for information.

galería helga de alvear

Doctor Fourquet 12, 28012 Madrid
Tel: +34 914 68 05 06   E-mail: galeria@helgadealvear.com
Web: www.helgadealvear.com   Instagram: @galeriahelgadealvear

Until February 8   Group Show: 7B01
February 20 – April 26   José Pedro Croft: Doble/duplo

galería hilario galguera

Doctor Fourquet 12, 28012 Madrid
Tel: +34 635 97 53 34   E-mail: madrid@galeriahilariogalguera.com
Web: www.galeriahilariogalguera.com

Until February 28   Gabriel Oshea: Obertura

mayoral

Consell de Cent 286, 08007 Barcelona
Tel: +34 934 88 02 83   E-mail: info@galeriamayoral.com
Web: www.galeriamayoral.com   Instagram: @galeriamayoral

March 5–9   ARCOmadrid
March 15–20   TEFAF Maastricht
March 28–30   Art Basel Hong Kong

prats nogueras blanchard

Beneficencia 18B, 28004 Madrid
Tel: +34 915 06 34 84   E-mail: info@pratsnoguerasblanchard.com
Web: www.pratsnoguerasblanchard.com   Instagram: @pratsnoguerasblanchard

February   Leandro Erlich

Mendez Nuñez, 14, 08003 Barcelona
Tel: +34 915 06 34 84

February   Francesco Arena: L'Àge d'airain

March 5–9   ARCOmadrid
March 27–30   Art Rotterdam

travesía cuatro

Calle San Mateo 16, 28004 Madrid
Tel: +34 91 310 00 98   E-mail: galeria@travesiacuatro.com
Web: www.travesiacuatro.com   Instagram: @travesiacuatro

February   Alexandre Estrela: ViewSonic (Gallery 1)

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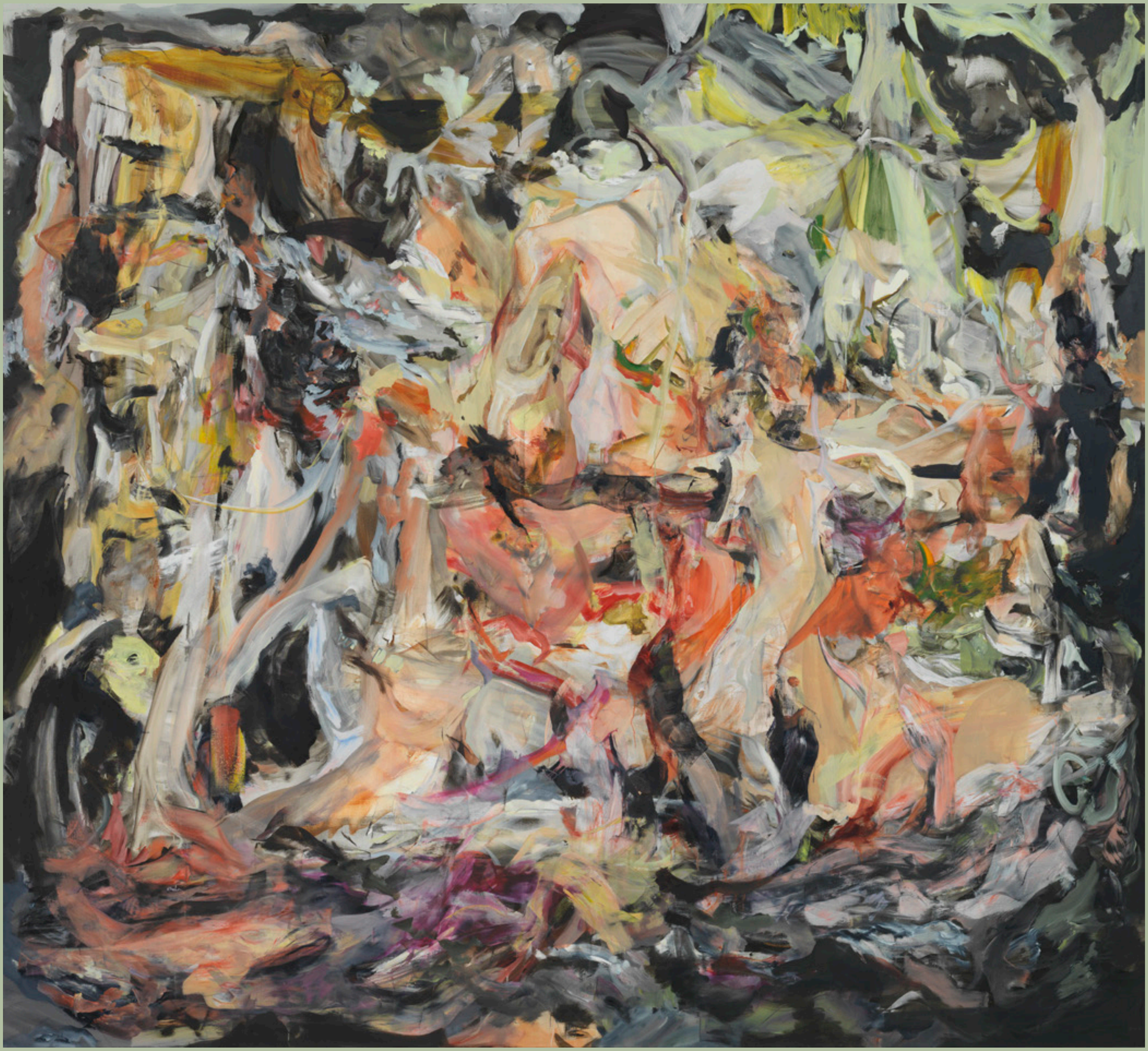

Curated by Tom Morton

February 15 - May 11, 2025 | 2111 Flora St., Ste. 110, Dallas, TX 75201

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Cecily Brown, *All Nights Are Days*, 2019. Photo: Genevieve Hanson.

Sweden

BONNIERS KONSTHALL
Torsgatan 19, 113 90 Stockholm
Tel: +46 8 7364255 E-mail: info@bonnierskonsthall.se
Web: www.bonnierskonsthall.se

February 12 – April 6
Valeria Montti Colque

BORÅS KONSTMUSEUM
Kulturhuset P. A. Halls Terrass, 504 56 Borås
Tel: +46 734 327386 E-mail: info.boraskonstmuseum@boras.se
Web: boraskonstmuseum.se

Until March 30
Christian Andersson: NO PROSPECT OF AN END
February 15 – August 31
Inta Ruka

CECILIA HILLSTRÖM GALLERY
Hudiksvallsgatan 8, 113 30 Stockholm
E-mail: info@chgallery.se Web: chgallery.se

Until February 15
Carl Boutard
February 20 – March 29
Sigrid Sandström

GALLERI MAGNUS KARLSSON
Fredsgatan 12, 11152 Stockholm
Tel: +46 8 6604353 E-mail: info@gallerimagnuskarlsson.com
Web: www.gallerimagnuskarlsson.com

February 1 – March 8
Susanne Johansson
March 15 – April 19
Anna Bjerger

LOYAL
Odengatan 3, 11424 Stockholm
Tel: +46 8 6807711 E-mail: loyal@loyalgallery.com
Web: www.loyalgallery.com

February 18 – March 3
Group Show: Ida Badal, Katarina Caserman, Emmanuel Louisnord Desir, Veronica Fernandez, Daniel Heidkamp, Jordan Kasey, Tidawhitney Lek, Alex McAdoo, Georgia-May Travers Cook, Augustina Wang, and others
(El Royale III, Los Angeles)

MODERNA MUSEET
Box 16382, 10327 Stockholm
Visiting Address: Skeppsholmen
Tel: +46 8 52023500 E-mail: press@modernamuseet.se
Web: www.modernamuseet.se

Until March 9
German Expressionism: The Artist Group Brücke and the Beginnings of Modernism
Until April 20
Katalin Ladik: Ooooooooo-pus
Until November 16
Robert Rauschenberg: Monogram
Until January 18, 2026
The Subterranean Sky: Surrealism in the Moderna Museet Collection
February 22 – May 10
Yet Another Morning: Drawing in the Moderna Museet Collection

MODERNA MUSEET MALMÖ
Ola Billgrens Plats 2–4, 21129 Malmö
Tel: +46 40 6857937 E-mail: info.malmo@modernamuseet.se
Web: www.modernamuseet.se

Until March 16
Marija Prymatjenko: The Fantastic and Horrific

NEVVEN
Molinsgatan 11, 411 33 Gothenburg
Tel: +46 76 0867305 E-mail: info@nevvengallery.com
Web: www.nevvengallery.com

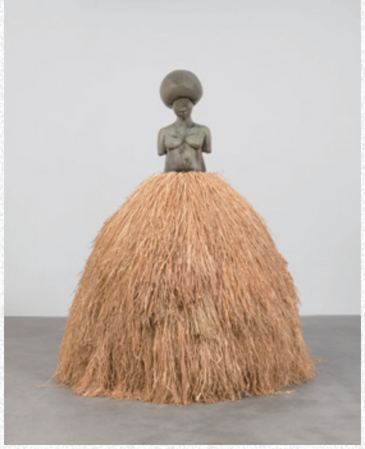
Until March 9
Emma Sarpaniemi
March 20 – April 17
Corinna Gosmaro

WETTERLING GALLERY
Kungsträdgården 3, Stockholm
Tel: +46 8 10 10 09 E-mail: info@wetterlinggallery.com
Web: www.wetterlinggallery.com

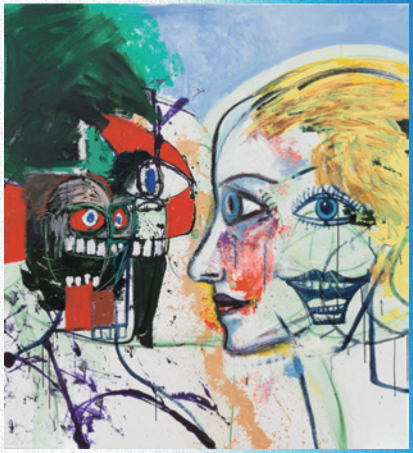
Until March 1
Ylva Ceder: Kronår
March 6 – April 5
Nathalia Edenmont: Out of Body

THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE LONG MUSEUM

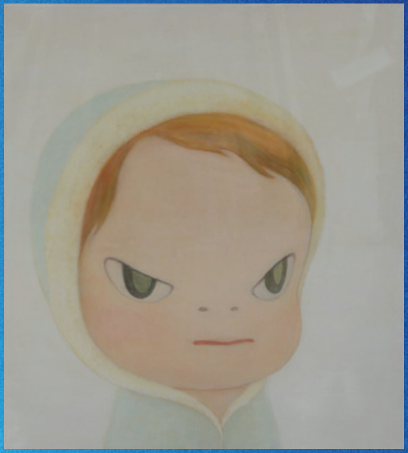
龍美術館10周年特展



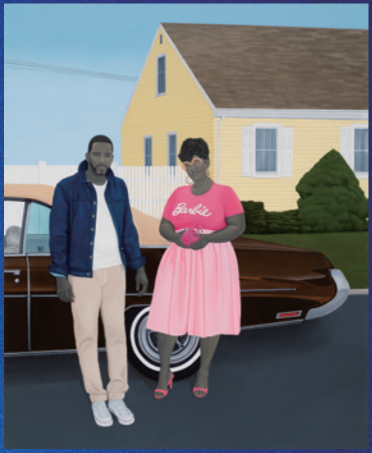
Simone Leigh (American, b.1967)
Village Series, 2021
Glazed stoneware, metal and raffia



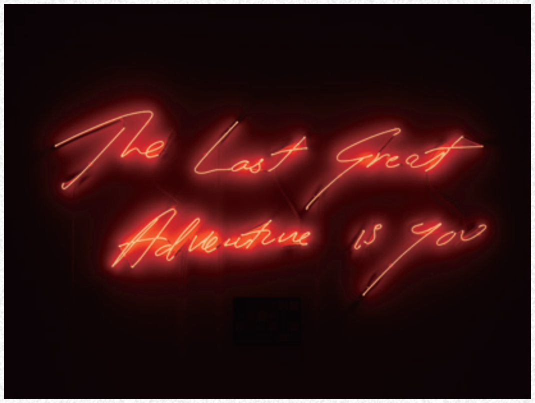
George Condo (American, b.1957)
Untitled (Artist and Muse), 2015
Acrylic, pigment stick, and gold paint on canvas



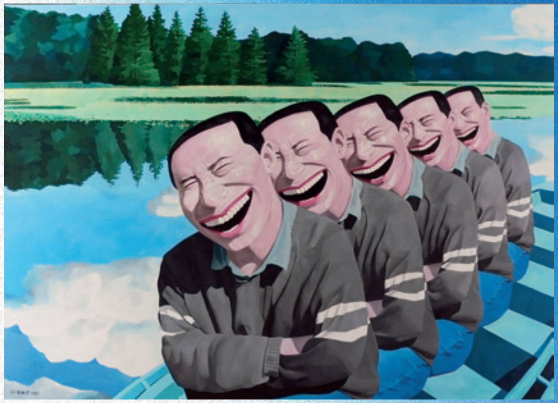
Yoshitomo Nara (Japanese, b.1959)
Winter Long, 1999
Acrylic on canvas



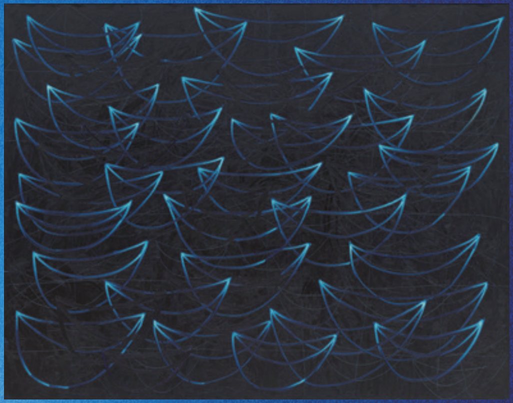
Amy Sherald (American, b.1973)
As American as apple pie, 2020
Oil on canvas



Tracey Emin (British, b.1963)
The Last Great Adventure is you, 2014, Neon



Yue Minjun (Chinese, b.1962)
On the Lake, 1994, Oil on canvas



Rashid Johnson (Amercian, b.1977)
Seascape "Astral Traveling", 2022, Oil on linen

50——90

龍美術館
LONG MUSEUM

Long Museum West Bund,
3398 Longteng Avenue, Xuhui District, Shanghai
http://www.thelongmuseum.org/

第一 / 阶梯展厅
Gallery 1 &
Staircase Gallery

Curator 策展人
Wang Wei 王 薇

PORTUGAL

LISBOA

GALERIA 111
Rua Dr. João Soares, 5B, 1600-060
Tel: (+351) 217 977 418   E-mail: info@111.pt
Website: 111.pt   Tuesday – Saturday 10–7

Until March 8   Luis Paulo Costa: Flores e outras pinturas

3+1 ARTE CONTEMPORÂNEA
Largo Hintze Ribeiro, 2E – F
Tel: (+351) 210 170 765   E-mail: galeria@3m1arte.com
Website: 3m1arte.com   Tuesday – Friday 2–7, Saturday 11–4

Until March 8   António Neves Nobre: laboratório de próteses
March 5–9   ARCOmadrid
March 21 – May 17   Evy Jokhova: Three Colours – Flesh

GALERIA BRUNO MÚRIAS
Rua Capitão Leitão, 10–16, Marvila
Tel: (+351) 218 680 241   E-mail: info@brunomurias.com
Website: brunomurias.com   Tuesday – Saturday 2–7, or by appointment

Until February 22   Marco Franco: Ângulo Vivo/Live Angle
March 1 – May 17   Paulo Lisboa

DOCUMENT
Avenida António Augusto de Aguiar, 11 – 3º Esquerdo
Tel: (+351) 918 888 689   E-mail: info@documentspace.com
Website: documentspace.com   Wednesday – Friday 12–5, Saturday 1–7

Until February 1   Claude Viallat
February 7 – May 24   Group Show
February 19–23   Felix Art Fair, Los Angeles

GALERIA FRANCISCO FINO
Rua Capitão Leitão, 76
Tel: (+351) 215 842 211   E-mail: galeria@franciscofino.com
Website: franciscofino.com   Tuesday – Friday 12–7, Saturday 2–7

Until March 8   Holbein Syndrom: Inês Mendes Leal, Inês Raposo, Joana Coelho, and Maria Máximo; curated by Francisca Portugal
March 21 – May 10   Ali Kazma, curated by Maurizio Bortolotti

CRISTINA GUERRA CONTEMPORARY ART
Rua Santo António à Estrela, 33
Tel: (+351) 213 959 559   E-mail: info@cristinaguerra.com
Website: cristinaguerra.com   Tuesday – Friday 11–7, Saturday 3–7

Until March 22   Sabine Hornig: Through the Glazed Fence
March 5–9   ARCOmadrid

MADRAGOA
Rua dos Navegantes 53 A
Tel: (+351) 213 901 699   E-mail: info@galeriamadragoa.pt
Website: galeriamadragoa.pt   Tuesday – Saturday 11–7

Until March 15   Group Show: Homework #3
March 5–9   ARCOmadrid
March 19 – May 10   Emilio Gola

LUMIAR CITÉ
Rua Tomás del Negro, 8A
Tel: (+351) 217 551 570   E-mail: lumiar.cite@maumaus.org
Website: maumaus.org   Wednesday – Sunday 3–7, or by appointment

Until April 13   Jawad Al Malhi

QUADRADO AZUL
Rua Reinaldo Ferreira, 20-A
Tel: (+351) 213 476 280   E-mail: lisboa@quadradoazul.pt
Website: www.quadradoazul.pt   Tuesday – Saturday 2–7

Until March 8   Isabel Carvalho

SALGADEIRAS ARTE CONTEMPORÂNEA
Avenida Estados Unidos da América, 53 D
Tel: (+351) 213 460 881   E-mail: info@salgadeiras.com
Website: salgadeiras.com   Wednesday – Saturday 2:30–7:30

Until February 15   Inês d’Orey: Dada City
February 28 – May 3   Fátima Frade Reis: Marine Blue and Others

GALERIA FILOMENA SOARES
Rua da Manutenção, 80
Tel: (+351) 218 624 122   E-mail: info@gfilomenasoares.com
Website: gfilomenasoares.com   Tuesday – Saturday 10–7

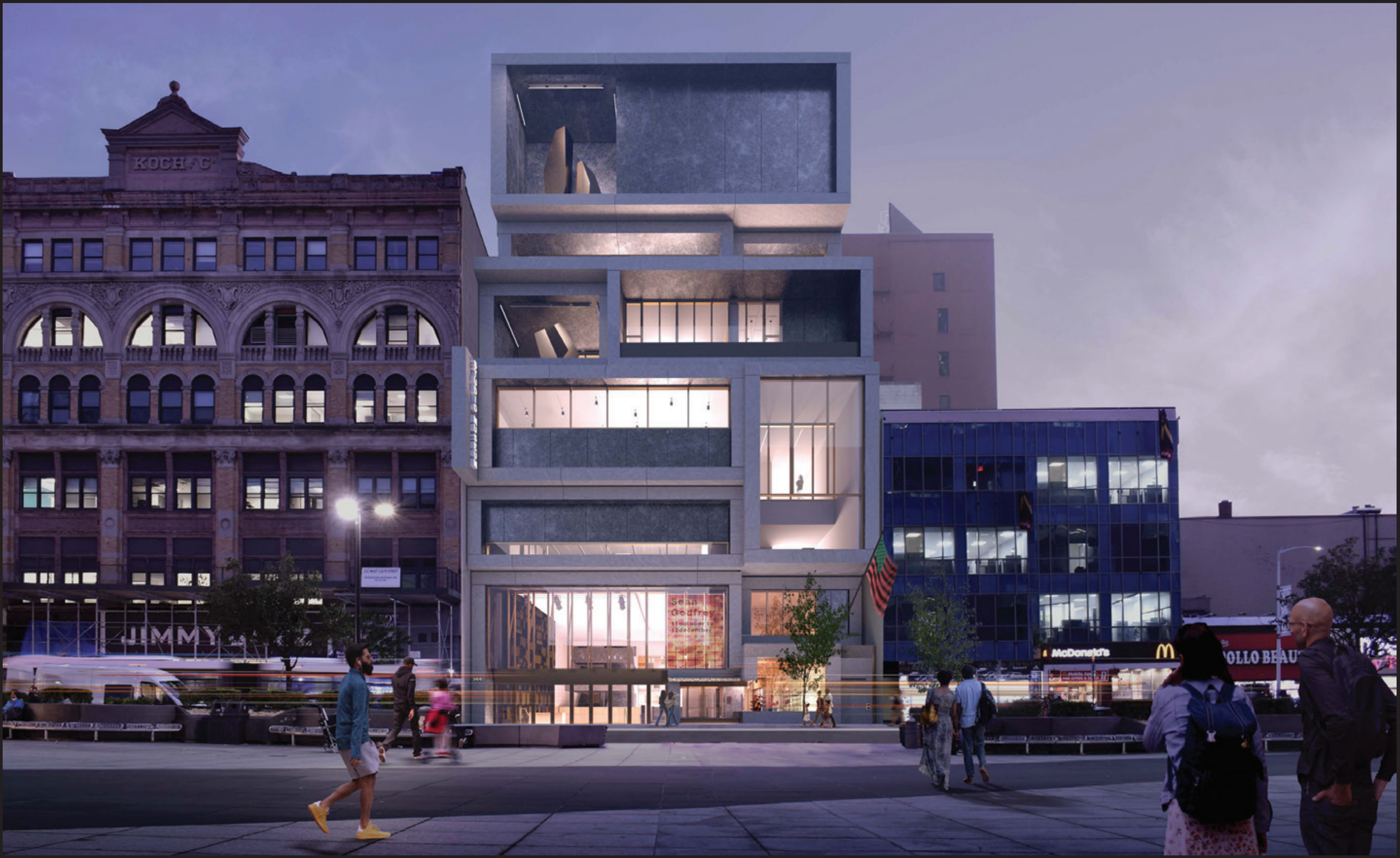
Until March 1   Diver’s Flight: Sara Bichão with Miriam Cahn, Gyan Panchal, Diego Bianchi, Armineh Negahdari, and Julien Carreyn; curated by Noëlig Le Roux

PORTO

QUADRADO AZUL
Rua Miguel Bombarda, 553
Tel: (+351) 226 097 313   E-mail: porto@quadradoazul.pt
Website: quadradoazul.pt   Monday – Saturday 3–7

Until March 15   Musa paradisiaca

OPENING FALL 2025


KOCH & C
JIMMY
McDonald's

STUDIO
MUSEUM
IN HARLEM

İSTANBUL

ANNA LAUDEL

Gümüşsuyu Mahallesi, Kazancı Yokuşu No: 45-49 a, Beyoğlu 34437 İstanbul
+90 212 243 3257 info@annalaudel.gallery
Instagram: @annalaudel.gallery Tue – Sat 12–7, Sun 12–6

Until March 2
Özlem Yenigül: Her Yerde Ev Olma Arzusu / The Desire to Feel at Home Everywhere
Until March 2
Group Show: Baskı Noktası/ Pressure Point

ARTER

founded by the Vehbi Koç Foundation
Irmak Caddesi No: 13, Beyoğlu 34435 İstanbul
+90 212 708 5800 info@arter.org.tr arter.org.tr
Instagram: @arteristanbul Tue – Sun 11–7, Thu 11–8

Until February 23
Maaria Wirkkala: Landing Prohibited, curated by Nilüfer Şaşmazer
Until April 6
Angelica Mesiti: Future Perfect Continuous, curated by Nilüfer Şaşmazer
Until April 6
Yasemin Özcan: Wet Floor, curated by Eda Berkmen
Until August 3
Koray Ariş: The Skin We Live In, curated by Selen Ansen
February 27 – October 5
Franz Erhard Walther: Attempt To Be A Sculpture, curated by Selen Ansen

BOZLU ART PROJECT

Mongeri Binası, 19 Mayıs Mahallesi, Dr. Şevket Bey Sokak, No. 5, Şişli 34360 İstanbul
contact@bozluartproject.com bozluartproject.com
Instagram: @bozluartproject Tue – Sat 10–5:30

Until March 22
Northward: Ali Alışır, Murat Germen, Deniz Gül, and Ali Kazma; curated by İbrahim Cansızoğlu

BORUSAN CONTEMPORARY

Perili Köşk, Rumelihisarı, Baltalimanı Hisar Caddesi No: 5, Sarıyer 34470 İstanbul
+90 212 393 5200 info@borusancontemporary.com borusancontemporary.com
Instagram: @borusancontemporary Blog: blog.borusancontemporary.com
Sat – Sun 10–7

Until August 17
Doug Aitken: Naked City, curated by Jérôme Sans
Until August 17
Collection Exhibition: Prélude Eternal; curated by Necmi Sönmez, Ph.D.

DİRİMART | DOLAPDERE

Hacıahmet Mahallesi, Irmak Cad. 1-9, Dolapdere 34440 İstanbul
+90 212 232 66 66 info@dirimart.com dirimart.com
Instagram: @dirimart Tue – Sat 10–7, Sun 12–7

Until February 23
Nuri Bilge Ceylan

DİRİMART | PERA

Meşrutiyet cad. No:99 Kat -1, Beyoğlu 34430 İstanbul
+90 212 232 66 66 info@dirimart.com dirimart.com
Instagram: @dirimart Tue – Sat 10–7, Sun 12–7

Until February 16
Gabriela Těthalová: Hyperbole Rising
February 20 – March 23
Osamu Kobayashi: Bedfellow

İSTANBUL MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

Kılıç Ali Paşa Mahallesi, Tophane İskele Caddesi, No:1/1, Beyoğlu 34433 İstanbul
+90 212 334 73 00 info@istanbulmodern.org istanbulmodern.org
Tue – Sun 10–6, Fri 10–8

Until February 9
Olafur Eliasson: Your unexpected encounter; curated by Öykü Özsoy Sağnak, Nilay Dursun, and Ümit Mesci
Until April 20
Chiharu Shiota: Between Worlds, curated by Öykü Özsoy Sağnak and Yazın Öztürk
Until May 25
İzzet Keribar: Journey of Colors, curated by Demet Yıldız Dinçer
Until July 15
Collection Exhibition: Floating Islands
Until December 31
Renzo Piano: Genius Loci, curated by Ümit Mesci

SALT

founded by the Garanti BBVA
Salt Beyoğlu | İstiklal Caddesi No: 136, Beyoğlu 34430 İstanbul
Salt Galata | Bankalar Caddesi No: 11, Karaköy 34420 İstanbul
salt@saltonline.org saltonline.org Instagram: @salt_online
Tue – Sat 11–7, Sun 11–6

Until February 2
Designer's Note, programmed by Eda Sezgin (Beyoğlu)
Until February 23
Translated into Socialism; programmed by Sezgin Boynik, Tevfik Rada, and Merve Elveren (Galata)

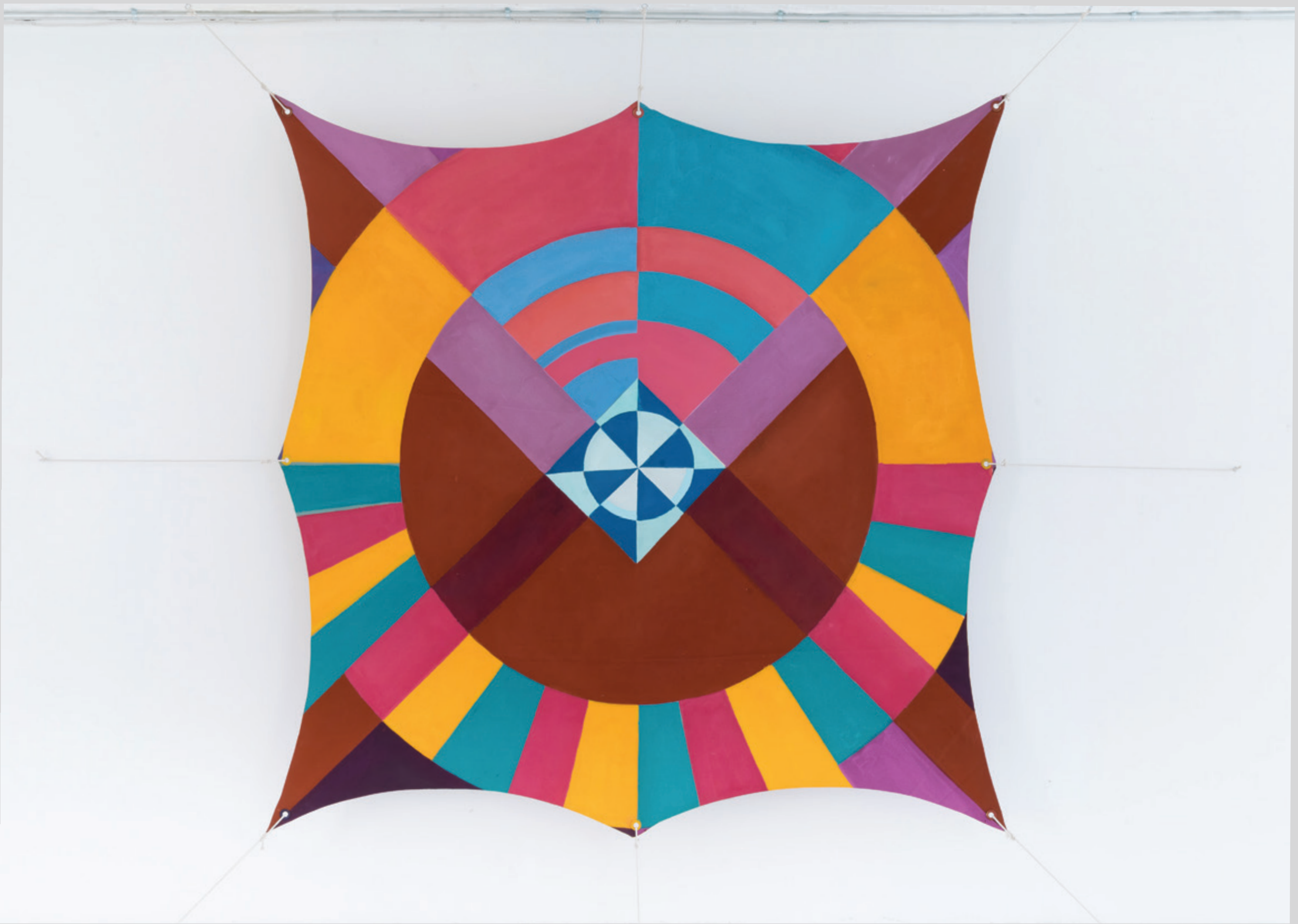
SEVİL DOLMACI İSTANBUL

Cihannüma Mahallesi, Çömezler Sokağı, No: 16, Beşiktaş 34353 İstanbul
+90 212 258 9585 info@sevildolmaci.com sevildolmaci.com
Instagram: @sevildolmacigallery Tue – Sat 10:30–6, Sun 11–6:30

Until March 1
Jason Stopa: Interior Monument

The Menil Collection

Houston, Texas



Featured in *Joe Overstreet: Taking Flight*, on view January 24–July 13, 2025, at the Menil Collection, Houston, is Joe Overstreet's *HooDoo Mandala*, 1970. Acrylic on canvas with metal grommets and cotton rope, 90 × 89 ½ in. (228.6 × 227.3 cm). Neil Lane Collection. © Estate of Joe Overstreet/Artist Rights Society (ARS), New York. Photo: Jenny Gorman

Tacita Dean: Blind Folly
OCTOBER 11, 2024–APRIL 19, 2025

Joe Overstreet: Taking Flight
JANUARY 24–JULY 13, 2025

What drawing can be: four responses
MARCH 21–AUGUST 10, 2025

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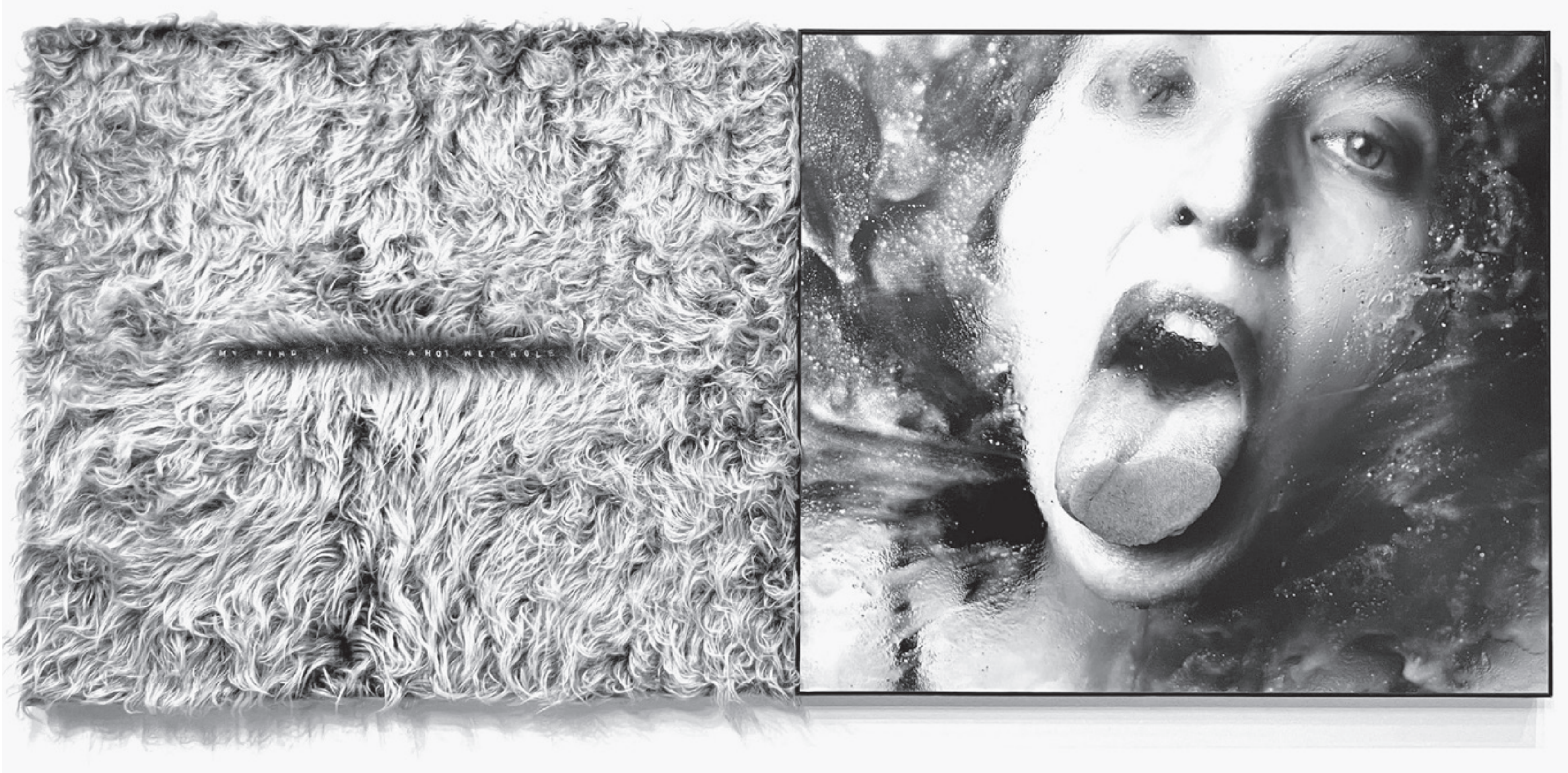
NO HOLDS BARRED

JEREMY LYBARGER ON THE ART OF BARBARA DEGENEVIEVE


MY MIND I S A HOT WET HOLE

Above: **Barbara DeGenevieve, *Untitled (My mind lives in a hot wet hole in my body)*, 1994**, gelatin silver print, fake fur, acrylic paint, alphabet pasta, 38 × 88". Opposite page, from left: **Barbara DeGenevieve, *Untitled (My hand moves to your sweaty dick)*, 1996–97**, ink-jet print, 11 × 14". **Barbara DeGenevieve, *Untitled (Let me count the ways)*, 1996–97**, ink-jet print, 11 × 14". Both from the series “Porn Poetry,” 1996–97.

TO UNDERSTAND the kind of artist Barbara DeGenevieve was, you need only look at some of the prompts she gave her students at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago (SAIC), where for twenty years, starting in the mid-1990s, she was the photography department’s resident troublemaker:

> Make a piece in which you explore/inhabit/become a stereotype.
> Make a piece that addresses your own racism.
> Make a piece that is guaranteed to offend or piss people off.
> Make a piece you would consider (sexually) pornographic.
> Make a piece of art that will save the world.
> Make a piece that will save yourself.

These assignments hint at a radical teacher—one who was “fearless to the point of naïveté,” according to her former colleague Lisa Wainwright—but they’re only half the story. DeGenevieve was known to destroy her own work with a hammer in class, while urging students to do the same. She once taught a course called Body Language, nicknamed Porn 101, which was exactly what it sounds like; students had to sign a waiver to enroll. She hosted marathon critiques at her house that lasted all night and occasionally turned boozy, everyone avoiding the fact that the only bathroom in the place had no door.

Even now, a decade after DeGenevieve’s death from cancer in 2014, people talk of her the way you talk of a particularly charming drunk: half in love, half in disbelief. Anecdotes abound. There was the time the local alt-weekly erroneously reported that auditions for the porn class would be held on campus during parents’ weekend. School administrators panicked, imagining leather daddies with hard-ons prowling the halls. Or the time, in a study-abroad class, she flicked the penis of a student who made a gloryhole as his project. How many tenured professors can claim a letter in their personnel file admonishing them not to touch students’ genitals?

DeGenevieve was a provocateur, but she was also a rigorous thinker. Her syllabi are a roll call of heavyweights: Judith Butler, Michel Foucault, Jack Halberstam, Julia Kristeva, Jacques Lacan. She straddled high and low, screening videos by Bruce LaBruce and William E. Jones alongside clips of Jerry Springer and body horror. Her methodology pushed impressionable young minds to the brink, as when she showed her class lynching photographs or footage of beheadings. “I’ve always thought there should be a sign above the entrance to art schools that says 'Warning—Inside these doors you will encounter difficult ideas and many naked bodies, neither of which is life threatening,'" she wrote. That credo that guided both her teaching and her artmaking.

DeGenevieve emerged from the culture wars of the 1980s and '90s, that poisonous era of AIDS hysteria, evangelical dogma, and arts defunding, which have now been renewed, albeit with new agonists and agendas. In 1994, her own $20,000 NEA grant was rescinded, along with those of Merry Alpern and Andres Serrano, ostensibly because the work lacked artistic merit. DeGenevieve's large-scale mixed-media pieces—combining photographs, sequined fabric, and sometimes explicit text—were transgressive enough to fluster bureaucrats in DC. Some of the works' unofficial titles, such as *My mind lives in a hot wet hole in my body*, suggest an illicit inner monologue that elsewhere caramelizes into quasi-sadomasochistic confession: *Someone's flesh is under my fingernails*.

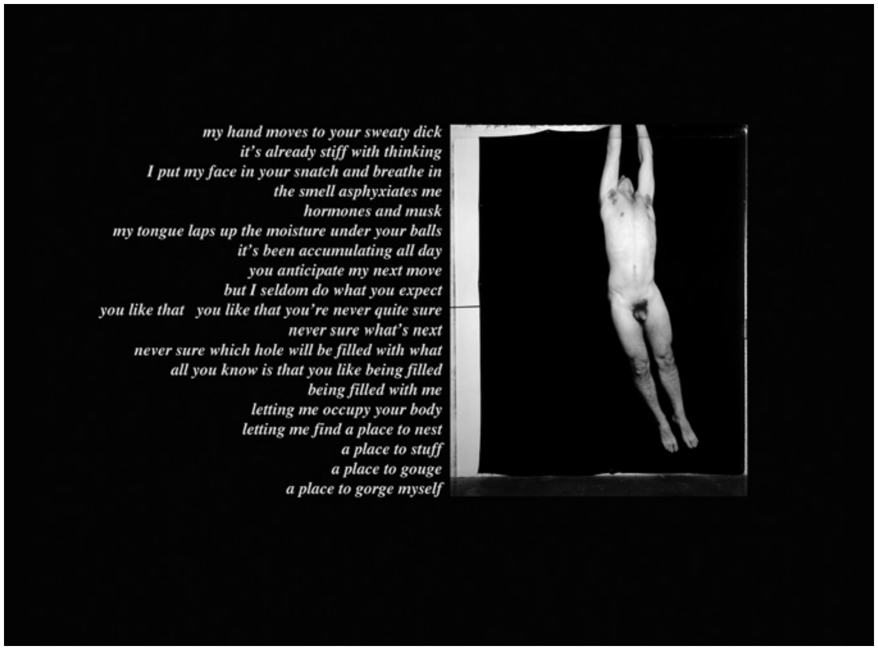
"In my belligerence and non-acquiescence to the standard I felt I would have to adhere to in order [to] find further funding for my work, my reaction was, 'If you think this is pornographic, I'll show you pornography!'" DeGenevieve later wrote. True to her word, she spent the next two decades—until her death—making art that punctured liberal pieties around class, race, and gender. Just two years after the NEA fracas, she channeled her resentment into the series "Porn Poetry," comprising monochromatic prints that juxtapose erotic photos and lyrics:

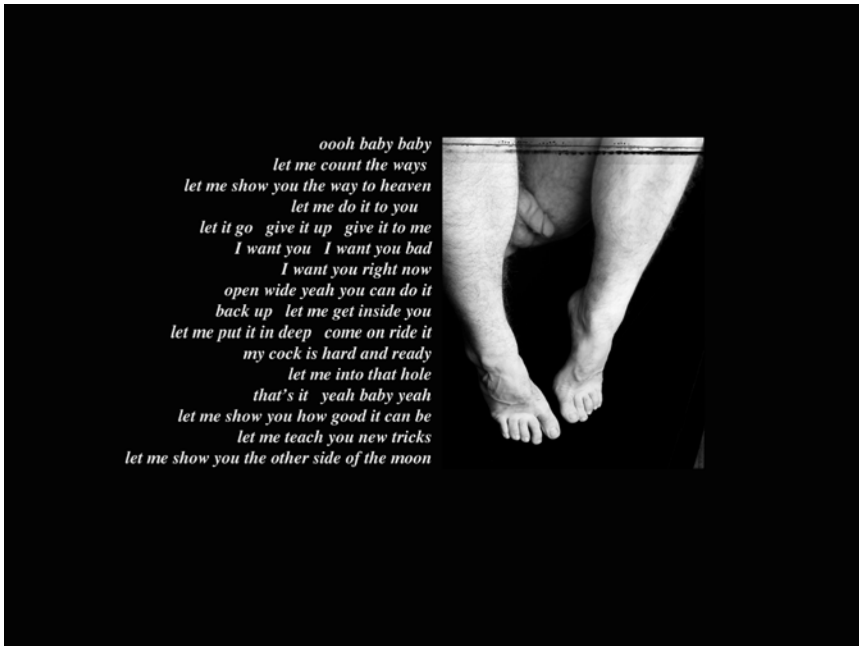
> *my hand moves to your sweaty dick*
> *it's already stiff with thinking*
> *I put my face in your snatch and breathe in*
> *the smell asphyxiates me*
> *hormones and musk*

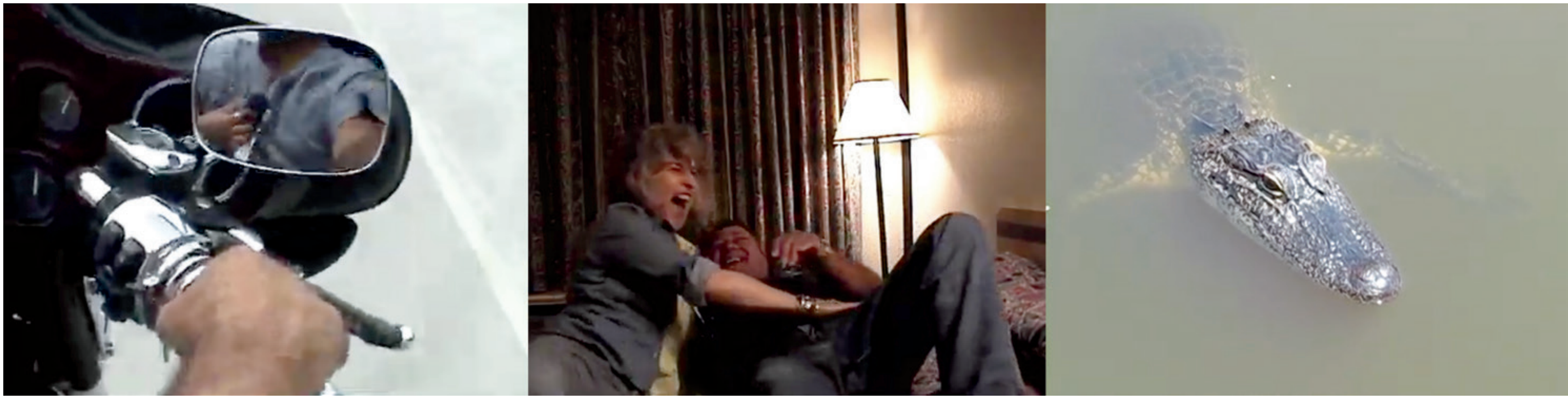
In the early 2000s, she upped the ante on her political incorrectness in a trio of captivating lo-fi videos. *Steven X and Barbara C*, 2000, features a split screen of two talking heads: a middle-aged man recounting his recent sexual encounter with a twelve-year-old girl, and a middle-aged woman (played by DeGenevieve) reminiscing about her youthful sexual hijinks. *Desperado*, 2004–2006, is an endearingly playful mockumentary that chronicles DeGenevieve's real-life affair with a Cajun trucker named Daryle; in one scene, she gives him a blow job in a parked car. And in *The Panhandler Project*, 2004–2006, her most controversial outing, she pays five homeless Black men $100 to strip and pose in a hotel room. Many critics denounced the video as exploitative, but, watching it now, I'm most struck by DeGenevieve's rapport with her subjects, which evinces a mutual trust elastic enough to accommodate good-natured teasing and, from the men, an earnest desire to deliver. Early in the video, a subject named Gordon props himself up in bed and asks DeGenevieve with the urgency of an aspiring starlet: "What do you want me to be? Serious? Romantic? Lovable?" Behind that question thrums an assertion of multifariousness and self-creation that counters more one-dimensional representations of homelessness.

These and other works were recently on view in "In Your Face: Barbara DeGenevieve, Artist & Educator," a lavish and lovingly produced retrospective at the SAIC galleries, curated by Wainwright and Alan Labb, another longtime friend and colleague. The show celebrated DeGenevieve's risky vision while also acting as a salvage operation for her legacy. Since her death, much of her work has languished in a storage locker, dusted off only for a small local exhibition in 2015. DeGenevieve was an ambitious artist, but not necessarily a careerist. She didn't always conserve her work well or indicate which versions were final. Perhaps more troublesome for curators, she remains thorny: politically and ethically volatile, willfully perverse, tonally fluid. Whatever its dense conceptual and theoretical underpinnings, her work is ultimately a big *fuck you* to the status quo. She exhorted her students to define "problematic," appreciate abjection, and flout knee-jerk proprieties. In her art, she deploys sex as a metaphor for the outlawed desires and cheap fictions that rot America from the inside out, the dank recesses of the national id that she called the country's "soft underbelly."

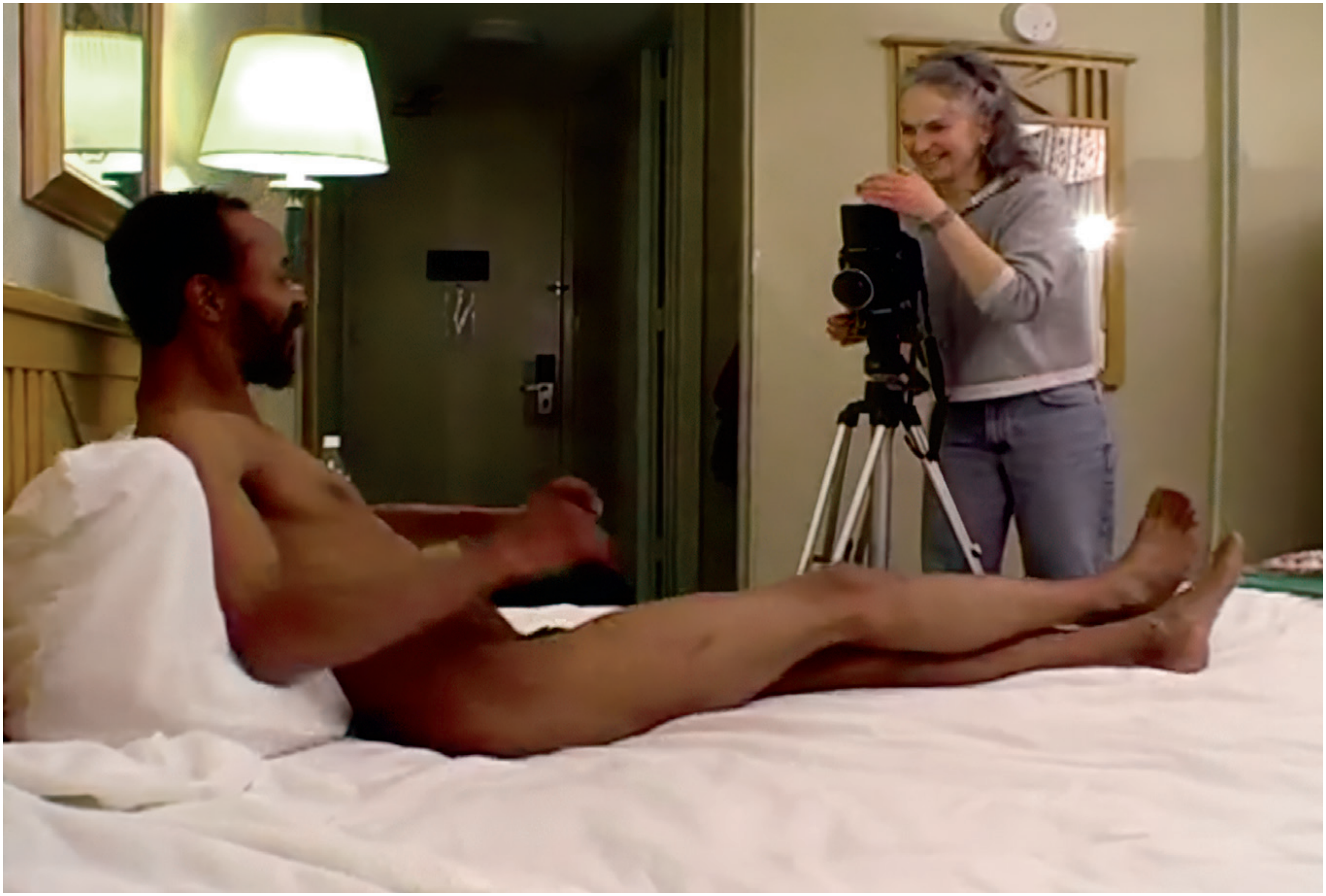
DEGENEVIEVE WAS BORN Barbara Cywinski in 1947 in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, a coal town already in decline. Her parents, Genevieve and

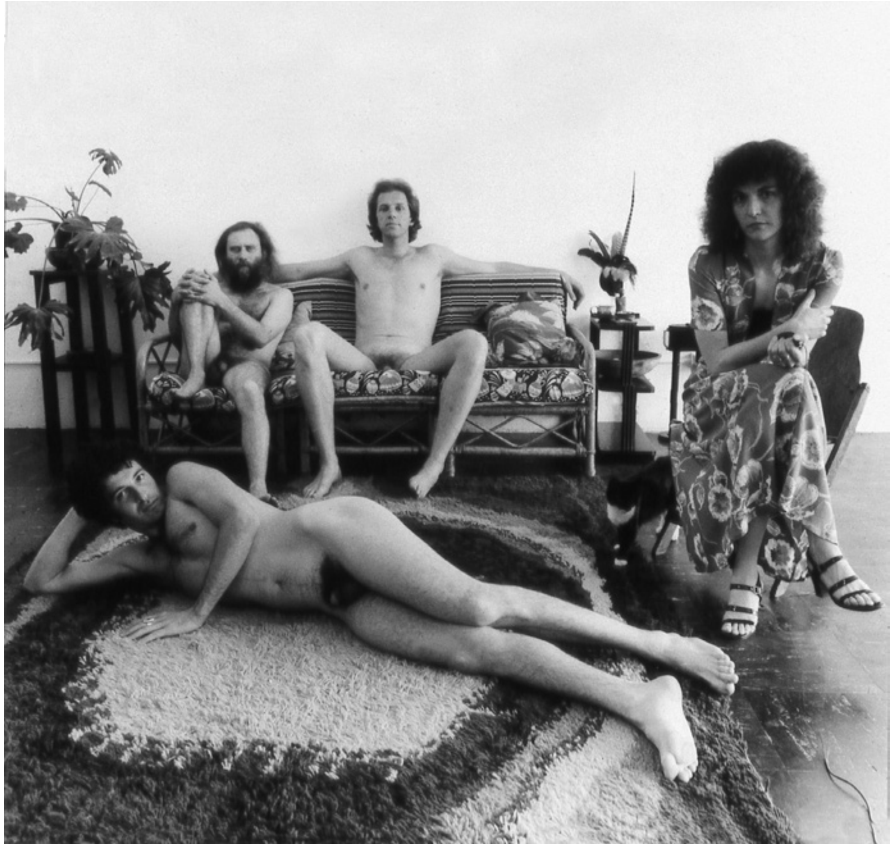

my hand moves to your sweaty dick
it's already stiff with thinking
I put my face in your snatch and breathe in
the smell asphyxiates me
hormones and musk
my tongue laps up the moisture under your balls
it's been accumulating all day
you anticipate my next move
but I seldom do what you expect
you like that you like that you're never quite sure
never sure what's next
never sure which hole will be filled with what
all you know is that you like being filled
being filled with me
letting me occupy your body
letting me find a place to nest
a place to stuff
a place to gouge
a place to gorge myself


oooh baby baby
let me count the ways
let me show you the way to heaven
let me do it to you
let it go give it up give it to me
I want you I want you bad
I want you right now
open wide yeah you can do it
back up let me get inside you
let me put it in deep come on ride it
my cock is hard and ready
let me into that hole
that's it yeah baby yeah
let me show you how good it can be
let me teach you new tricks
let me show you the other side of the moon



Above: **Three stills from Barbara DeGenevieve's *Desperado*, 2004–2006,** digital video, color, sound, 32 minutes. Below: **Barbara DeGenevieve, *The Panhandler Project*, 2004–2006,** digital video, color, sound, 28 minutes 12 seconds. Opposite page: **Barbara DeGenevieve, *The Artist and Her Models*, 1978,** gelatin silver print, 16 × 15".





Weaned on second-wave feminism and the anti-porn rhetoric of firebrands like Andrea Dworkin, she only gradually embraced what might be called the revolutionary potential of smut.

Walter, were working-class Polish Catholics who ran a sandwich shop called the Sub Base. (Her mother also worked as a telephone operator.) The family wasn't Norman Rockwell material. "Until she died, my mother routinely told me I was vulgar," DeGenevieve wrote, and the artist had a low opinion of her navy-vet father. In *Family Portrait*, a John Baldessari–esque collage from 1986, her parents' faces are whited out, while the young DeGenevieve's head floats above, estranged in its own rogue orbit. Underlying it all is xeroxed text that appears to be the dictionary entry for *regret*.

DeGenevieve was the first in her family to attend college, earning a bachelor's from Wilkes College (now Wilkes University), then a master's in arts education from Southern Connecticut State University. In 1970, she married her high school sweetheart, Paul, who was then studying chemistry at Yale. DeGenevieve got a job teaching art to underprivileged children in Bridgeport, Connecticut. The young couple seemed destined for a respectable suburban life when, in 1978, DeGenevieve discovered Paul's affair with her best friend. Divorce ensued, and DeGenevieve headed out west, where Van Deren Coke had just established an MFA program in photography at the University of New Mexico. At some point she changed her last name to DeGenevieve in honor of her mother.

From the beginning, her work raised hackles. At a night market on Central Avenue in Albuquerque—the first time she publicly exhibited—she showed a photograph of a father and his two young sons, all of them nude. A pack of roving Baptists suddenly materialized and began chanting, "Pornography is sin." DeGenevieve got into a shoving match with what she later described as a "rather substantial redheaded woman from the church group." Police and news vans were dispatched. DeGenevieve realized that what had offended the Bible-thumpers wasn't the fact that her subjects were underage but the trio of exposed penises. "What has been so problematic . . . are the naked men that have populated much of my work since graduate school," she mused in 2012. "It's a dick thing. Even in the second decade of the twenty-first century, that pesky, protruding, uncontrollable external organ is still not ready for general public viewing."

Dicks are rife even in her early images, pressed into service as beleaguered punctums or as flaccid riffs on all the breasts and mounds of Venus that swell throughout art history. *The Artist and Her Models*, a photo from 1978, depicts a fully dressed DeGenevieve lounging with three naked men, one of whom reclines on the floor in a coquettish pose cribbed from Titian or Courbet or any number of other male oglers. In *The Four Graces*, a photograph from the same year, a quartet of naked men form a lineup of blunt dong: tender, thatched, and of varying size.

In 1980, Coke worked his Rolodex to get DeGenevieve hired at the University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign. One of the series she produced during this period, "True Life Novelettes," in which all works were dated 1979–82, deepened her explorations of gender and sexuality, while adding infusions of autobiography and wit. In *True Life Novelette #2*, DeGenevieve leans into the camera, advertising lusciously overblown lips—a cartoon kisser—while the handwritten caption reads: *Dear Ann Landers, I have seen the phrase "oral sex" several times these last few years. Does it mean all they do is talk about it? Or is there more? Confused in Wilkes-Barre.* In *#3*, a feminine hand cups a naked man's genitals from underneath. The text: *She was always strangely curious about the function of a jock strap*. In *#5*, a dejected everyman examines his nubby dick in a hand mirror: *He looked at himself quite often and always with the magnifying side of the mirror.*

In April 1985, DeGenevieve's mother—then a widow of six years—was set to remarry. On the eve of her wedding, she committed suicide by overdosing on pills. "She perceived herself as being powerless and increasingly invisible," DeGenevieve wrote, adding, "My refusal in my work to be the good girl my mother struggled all her life to be, is my refusal to die as she did." DeGenevieve floundered for more than a year. Her breakthrough came via *cliché verre*, a nineteenth-century photographic process that involves transferring an image from a glass plate onto light-sensitive paper. The pieces in this series are dark—literally and thematically. Motifs of hands, mouths, and eyes recur, along with little collaged hearts and brains, implying a disconnect between intellect and emotion. DeGenevieve scratched the glass plates, lending the prints a disturbing tactility evocative of claws or feverish redaction. Fragments of her mother's suicide note serve as collage material; *Portrait of the Artist and Her Mother*, a large mixed-media work from 1992, actually incorporates a snapshot of her mother's body in an open casket. Other works make use of psychology texts about adolescent sexuality. (DeGenevieve, whose MFA thesis incorporated Jungian universality, was an aficionado of such analyses.)

If her mother's suicide pushed DeGenevieve in a more introspective direction, the loss of the NEA grant in 1994 radicalized her to bare it all. This was apparent not only in the art she produced, but in the classroom, where she began to articulate a theory of pornography. "[T]here's a necessity to explore the disorderly and slippery spaces of desire and pleasure, to jump into that big dark hole, face or fist first, into something as profoundly intellectual as it is physical and visceral," she wrote about the Porn 101 class. "These are spaces of radical resistance—the spaces in and around the body."

This thinking indicated a drastic break with DeGenevieve's previous attitudes. Weaned on second-wave feminism and the anti-porn rhetoric of firebrands like Andrea Dworkin, she only gradually embraced what might be called the revolutionary potential of smut. Once she went in, though, she went *all* in. In 2001, she and a friend from California launched their own porn site, ssspread.com, featuring "lesbians, dykes, butches, femmes, trans men and gender queers of infinite variation." (For what it's worth, DeGenevieve had sexual relationships with people of all genders.) She shot a scene every week for the next three years, producing approximately 150 videos and more than 13,000 images. She considered the site the "project that changed my life perhaps more than anything else I've done."

Paralleling her "no subject is taboo, nothing is sacred" ethos was a more pointed repudiation of political correctness, especially within academia. DeGenevieve accused the left of the same tyranny of "behavior modification" that the right sought to impose. Her colleagues, she charged, aimed to "confer honored victim status on everyone who has ever been wronged." They maintained a blacklist of subjects deemed inappropriate for art: "the homeless, body manipulation seen as self harm, [and] anything to do with animals," among other topics. And they dismissed pornography as a valid field of inquiry. Such invective, coming from a saboteur with firsthand experience of institutional prudishness, put DeGenevieve in a paradoxical position: that of a professor who, because she was tenured, had the luxury of deriding her own ivory tower. That paradox made her work do double duty as fine art and self-consciously performative discourse.

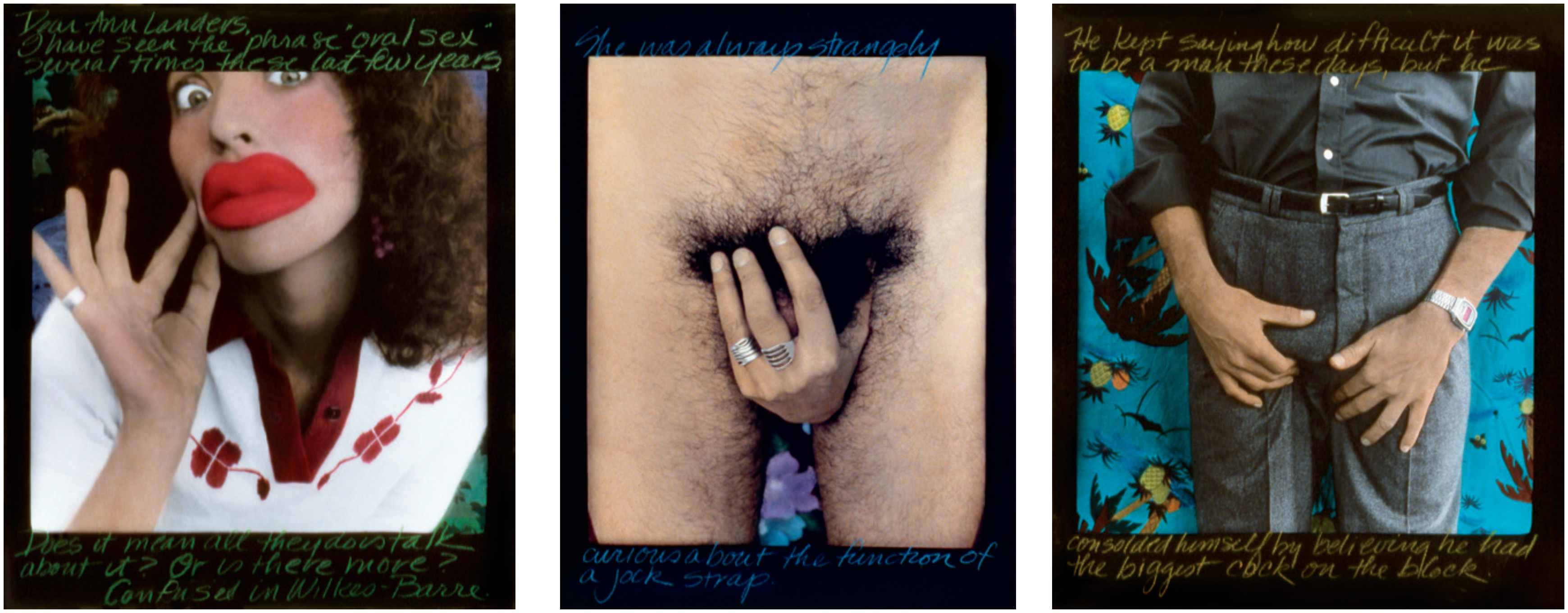
Desperado is her riposte to critics—real and imagined by that point—who questioned the credibility of a supposedly serious academic so smitten with porn. Intercut with the vérité footage of her affair with Daryle the trucker is a mock interrogation by an off-screen interlocutor, a stand-in for any straitlaced faculty blowhard. He asks if her continued rendezvous with Daryle constitutes *slumming it*, and she snaps:

> You're trying to make Daryle into a victim, into an object, into, you know, whatever it is that's negative about this relationship that we had, and so, instead of looking at this as something other than slumming it, that's where you go: the lowest point you can possibly push me to.

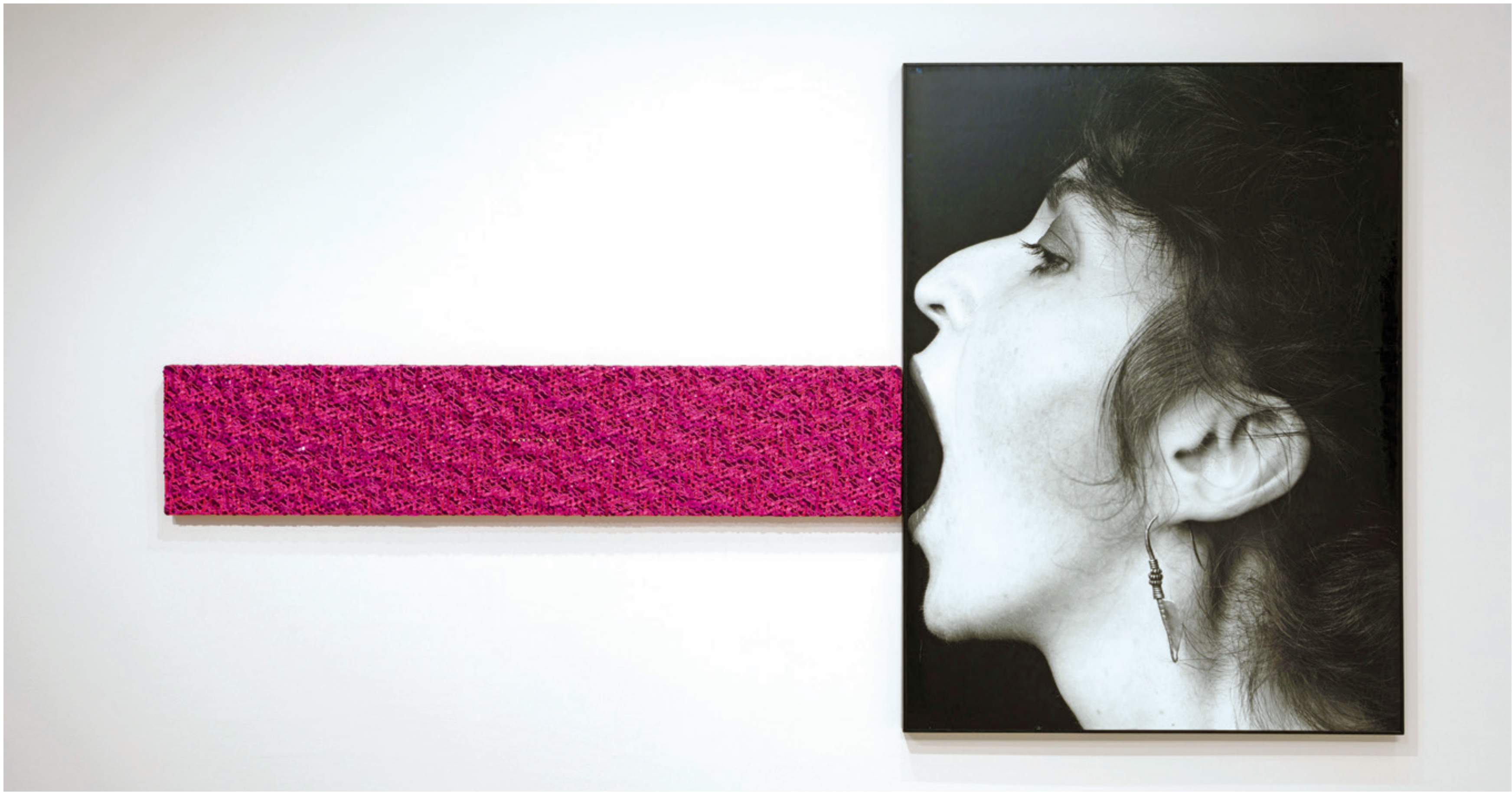
This segues into a nearly minute-long interlude of DeGenevieve and Daryle performing various sex acts in a shower, shot through an opaque and sudsy door, overlaid with a soundtrack of "Sin Wagon" by the (Dixie) Chicks. The song is a cheeky touch, but also a nod to Daryle's milieu: a lowbrow America of swamp tours, chain motels, and motorcycle shops.

In *The Panhandler Project*, DeGenevieve further challenges audiences to see her subjects as men with their own agency, capable of existing outside the protectionist frameworks that well-meaning liberals ascribe to the unhoused. Many critics at the time bristled. "Few exhibitions in recent years have been quite so callous in the treatment of their subject matter or tailor-made to intentionally court and confront directly the art-going public's sense of moral outrage," wrote a reviewer at the Chicago arts publication

DeGenevieve understood that political correctness often muzzles whatever it is that makes us uncomfortable or anxious or ashamed, and she seized on this dynamic as a source of potent image-making.


Dear Ann Landers,
I have seen the phrase "oral sex"
several times these last few years.
Does it mean all they do is talk
about it? Or is there more?
Confused in Wilkes-Barre.
She was always strangely
curious about the function of
a jock strap.
He kept saying how difficult it was
to be a man these days, but he
consoled himself by believing he had
the biggest cock on the block.

Above, from left: **Barbara DeGenevieve, *True Life Novelette #2*, 1979–82,** ink-jet print, 35 × 30". **Barbara DeGenevieve, *True Life Novelette #3*, 1979–82,** ink-jet print, 35 × 30". **Barbara DeGenevieve, *True Life Novelette #3*, 1979–82,** ink-jet print, 35 × 30". All from the series "True Life Novelettes," 1979–82. Opposite page: **Barbara DeGenevieve, *Untitled (I Want It All)*, 1994,** gelatin silver emulsion on linen, sequin fabric, alphabet pasta, 55 × 101".



Newcity. More recently, the scholar Keren Moscovitch questioned whether DeGenevieve's project isn't "just another manifestation of an attempt to alleviate white guilt via the red herring of consent and the appearance of pleasure." The implication is that consent and pleasure are illegitimate or inauthentic when they coincide with homelessness, perhaps because, in the liberal imagining, unhoused people are de facto victims. DeGenevieve anticipated and deflected these criticisms. She noted the hypocrisy of academics declaring themselves ideological bouncers determining the rules of engagement for a community that existed, for them, only as abstractions. As she argued in a 2007 lecture, "Most problematic for me is the apparent belief that this segment of the population as a group needs special treatment and protection by (and perhaps from) the art world—ostensibly because they are unable to give informed consent about the use of their image. This condescending and infantilizing attitude reflects its counterpart—indifference toward anything other than the theoretical implications of representation."

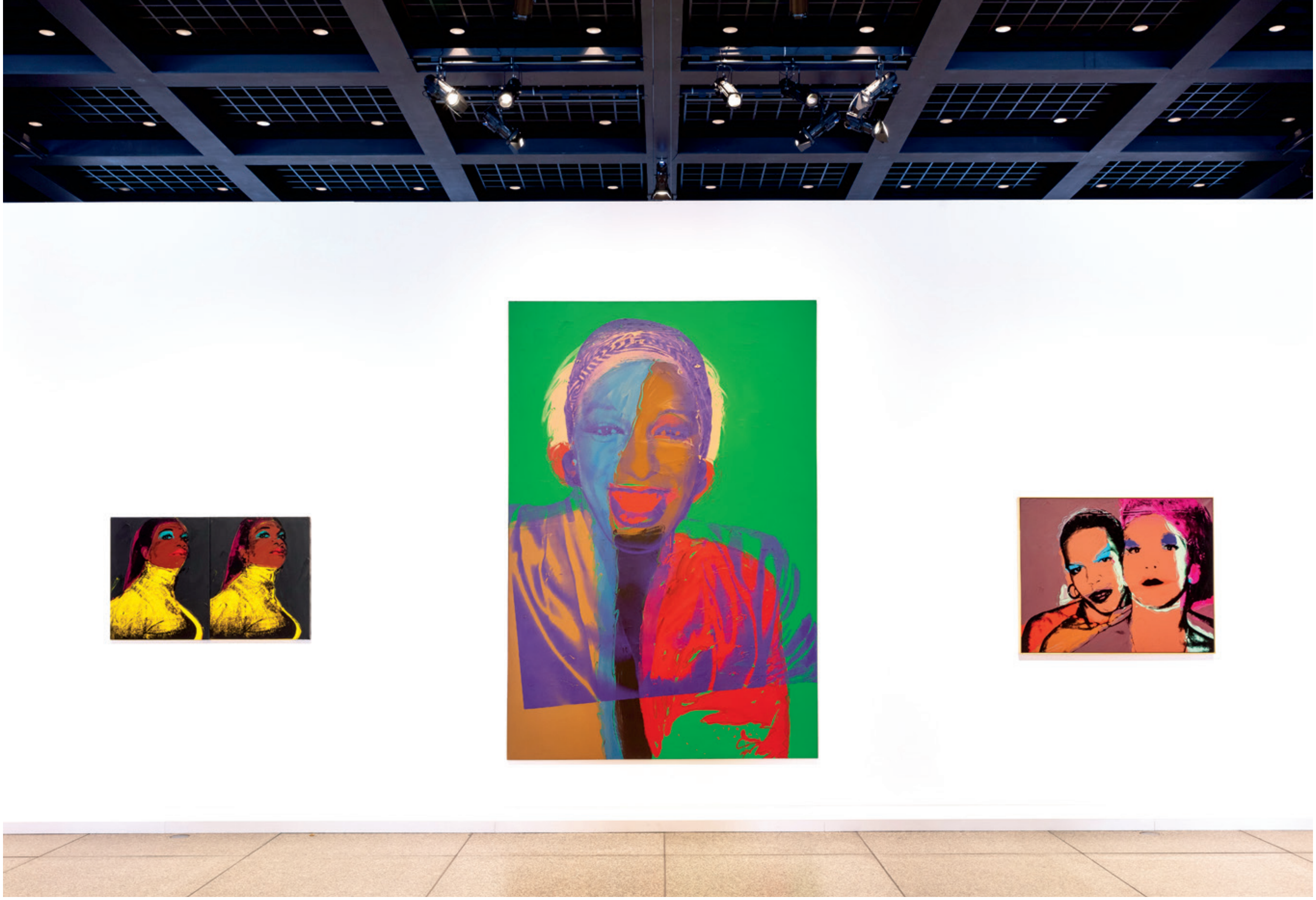
In retrospect, consent was likely a smoke screen for the brasher provocation of depicting unhoused men as nude, occasionally aroused, and self-possessed. Like much of DeGenevieve's work, *The Panhandler Project* troubles our rote notions of what's unacceptable. Other projects raised questions that even now feel flammable. Can a sexual experience between an adult and a child ever be addressed in terms beyond abuse? "It's easier to blame child or adolescent sexuality on an instance of molestation than entertain the idea that children are interested in sex, might like it, and might actually be the agent in making it happen," DeGenevieve said about *Steven X and Barbara C*. Can pornography ever be sublime in the grand Romantic sense? For three decades, DeGenevieve critiqued and dismantled political correctness, letting her colleagues' sanctimony and insulated self-righteousness indict themselves. She wasn't just trolling. She understood that political correctness often muzzles whatever it is that makes us uncomfortable or anxious or ashamed, and she seized on this dynamic as a source of potent imagemaking. "Embracing the need to objectify and be objectified, to fetishize and be fetishized, to play the willing victim as well as the victimizer, opens up a mine field that will be difficult to traverse, but it is a more intellectually provocative and honest terrain from which to understand who we are as complex sexual beings," she wrote.

DeGenevieve was diagnosed with cervical cancer in October 2013. She continued to work nonstop. According to friends, she was afraid, as anyone would be, but she also expected to survive. Labb flew with her to Houston in July 2014 to discuss experimental treatments, and when the doctor asked what her goals were, she said: "I have to teach for three more years." She died a month later. Her memorial at SAIC was so large that two spillover rooms were required. A stripper performed. There was choreography with a pink boa. "Desire is like memory, it takes up residence in inconvenient places," DeGenevieve once wrote. She would have loved the spectacle she left behind. □

JEREMY LYBARGER IS A WRITER AND EDITOR IN CHICAGO. HE IS WORKING ON A BOOK ABOUT THE LATE ARTIST ROGER BROWN. (SEE CONTRIBUTORS.)

DOUBLE VISION

RICHARD MEYER ON “ANDY WARHOL: VELVET RAGE AND BEAUTY”



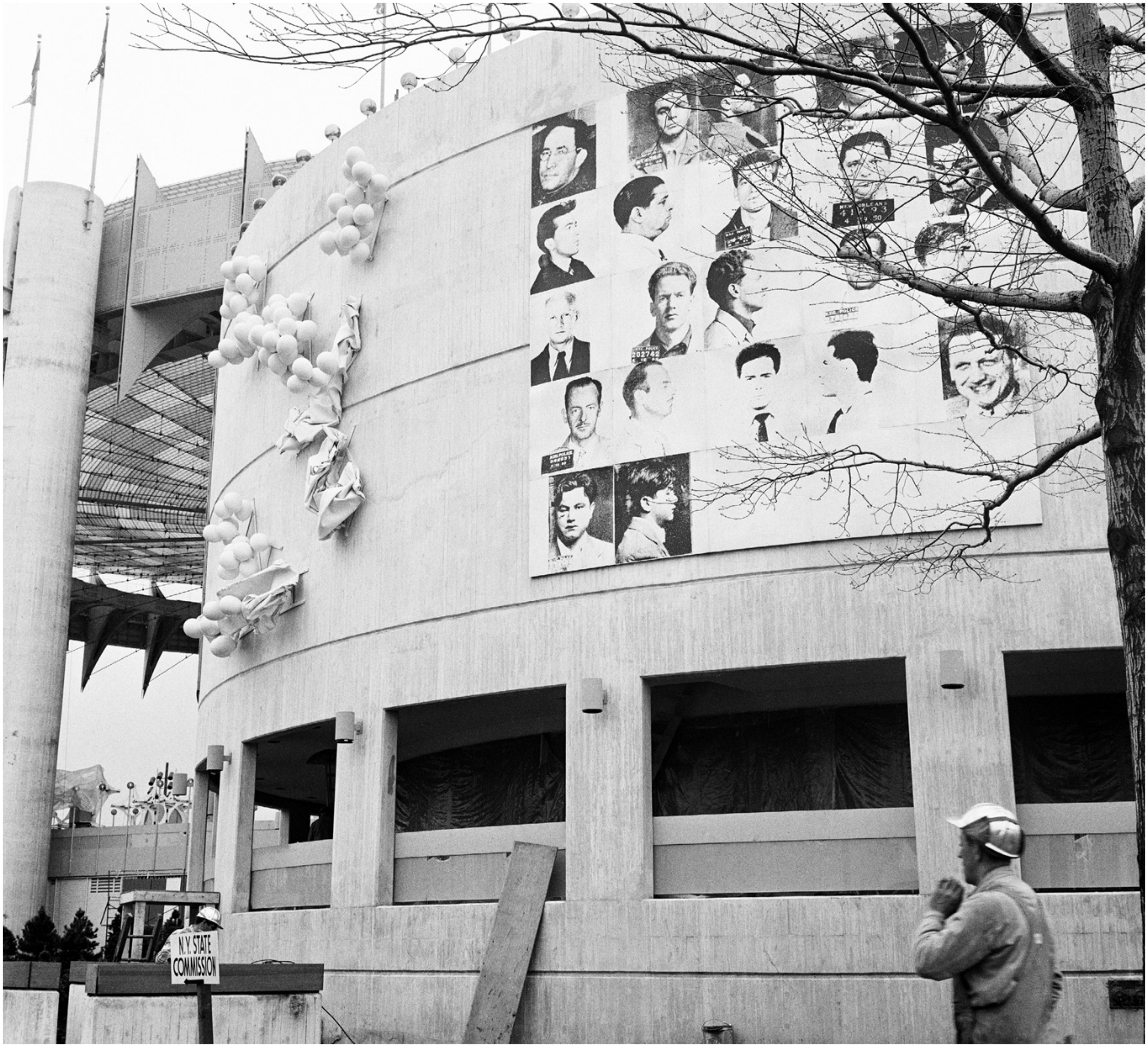
Opposite page: **View of "Andy Warhol: Velvet Rage and Beauty," 2024**, Neue Nationalgalerie, Berlin. Center, hanging: *Blow Job*, 1964. Photo: David von Becker. Above: **View of "Andy Warhol: Velvet Rage and Beauty," 2024**, Neue Nationalgalerie, Berlin. From left: *Ladies and Gentlemen*, 1975; *Ladies and Gentlemen (Wilhelmina Ross)*, 1975; *Ladies and Gentlemen (Ivette and Lurdes)*, 1975. Photo: David von Becker.

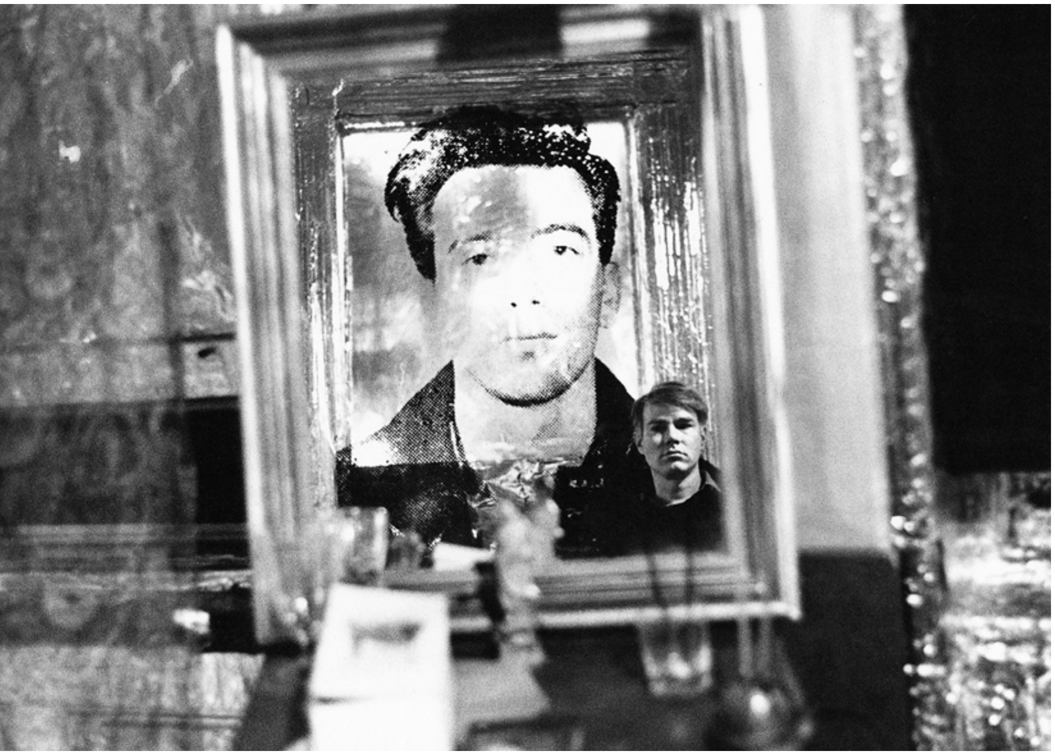
WARHOL'S *BLOW JOB* appears on a screen near the ceiling of the Neue Nationalgalerie in Berlin. Museum visitors look up at the face of a young man in a leather jacket experiencing alternating moments of pleasure, anticipation, and self-abandon. Because the camera remains fixed at eye level, we sense but never see the activity that the man seems to so enjoy. Though hardly new to Warhol's film, I had not previously conjured the act beneath the flickering screen so forcefully. For a moment, it was as though the modernist steel-and-glass Mies van der Rohe museum were yielding to a larger-than-life-size scene of gay sex—a scene all the more captivating for its elusiveness.

Blow Job, 1964, was on view at the Nationalgalerie as part of the exhibition "Andy Warhol: Velvet Rage and Beauty," conceived by the museum's director, Klaus Biesenbach, and cocurated with Lisa Botti. The show traced the artist's erotic and aesthetic desires across four decades of drawings, paintings, prints, films, posters, album covers, Polaroids, and 35-mm photographs. Works on display included Warhol's sexually explicit and rarely shown series of screen prints "Sex Parts," 1978–80, alongside the euphemistically titled "Torsos," 1977, which focus on genitals and buttocks. The 1975 "Ladies and Gentlemen" paintings of drag queens and trans women of color, including Stonewall rioter and legendary activist Marsha P. Johnson, were also given a full-court treatment.

"Velvet Rage and Beauty" is surely the queerest Warhol show ever mounted by a museum. This is partly to do with the sheer number of works on display (more than 280) that defy normative views of gender and sexuality through reference to camp, drag, transgender visibility, anonymous sex, hustling, pornography, same-sex romance (particularly the artist's own with Jed Johnson and Jon Gould, respectively), and other forms of embodiment and desire. My experience of the show was also queer in the original sense of the word as meaning peculiar and extraordinary. As I savored art rarely shown during Warhol's life, I could not but recall the previous conditions of its compromised visibility. The plenitude of works on display alternated with a history of partial erasure. The result was a kind of double vision in which the past both illuminated and obscured the present.

What if the velvet rage of the show’s title were a reference not to Warhol himself but to the history of his queer work? Might the title speak to a shame the exhibition itself sought to overcome?


NEW ORLEANS
N.Y. STATE
COMMISSION



Opposite page: **Andy Warhol, *Thirteen Most Wanted Men*, 1964,** silk screen on canvas. Installation view, New York State pavilion, World's Fair, Queens, NY, 1964. Photo: Bettmann/Getty Images. Above: **Andy Warhol with his *Most Wanted Man No. 11* (1964), *John Joseph H.*, the Factory, New York, 1964.** Photo: Billy Name.

WANTING MEN

Blow Job provides a case in point. The film premiered at the Washington Square Art Gallery in a 1964 program referred to as "film titles not revealed." This evasion was a response to a recent police crackdown on the city's queer and underground film culture as part of a "cleanup" in advance of the New York World's Fair. Four art-house cinemas were shuttered, as was virtually every gay bar in New York. During a raid on the New American Cinema, police confiscated Jean Genet's *Chant d'amour*, 1950; Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures*, 1963; and Warhol's short *Andy Warhol Films Jack Smith Filming "Flaming Creatures,"* 1963. Warhol's film, his only copy, was never returned and remains missing to this day. Queer history is marked by such losses but not confined to them. *Andy Warhol Films Jack Smith Filming "Flaming Creatures"* now exists as an imagined, rather than filmic, tribute paid by one fabulously nonnormative artist to another under the conditions of censorship. The police crackdown on queer culture in 1964 was never entirely successful, in part because it misread the desires of out-of-town visitors. As poet Frank O'Hara reported in a letter to John Ashbery, "New York has been undergoing a horrible cleanup. (I wonder what they think people are *really* coming to NYC for, anyway?)"

A few weeks after the raid, Warhol contributed a silk-screened mural of police mug shots, titled *Thirteen Most Wanted Men,* to the exterior of the New York State pavilion at the World's Fair. The title of the mural turned on a double entendre. It was not only that the men pictured were wanted by the police but that the very act of "wanting men" might constitute a form of criminality if the wanter was also male; if the wanter was, say, Warhol. Just before the opening of Flushing Meadows to the public, New York governor Nelson Rockefeller ordered the mural overpainted. Muffled under a silver monochrome, the work remained on view for several months, looking for all the world like a geometric abstraction.

The source for the mural was a pamphlet, "The Thirteen Most Wanted," published by and for the exclusive use of the New York City Police. The question of how the artist secured a copy has been answered by the poet John Giorno, Warhol's occasional lover and film subject. Giorno sets the scene at a small dinner party thrown by painter Wynn Chamberlain. After Warhol mentioned he didn't know what to do for his World's Fair commission, Chamberlain suggested he use the most wanted men. " 'My boyfriend is a cop,' said Wynn. 'He can get you all the mug shots you want. He brings a briefcase of them home every night,' " Giorno wrote. "Wynn Chamberlain had a lover, Jimmy O'Neill, who was gay and a New York City policeman, half Italian and half Irish, and he was gorgeous. Jimmy was a third-generation cop. His grandfather was a captain. Jimmy was hip. He gave Andy a big manila envelope filled with crime photos, mug shots, archival photographs, and the Ten Most Wanted Men [*sic*]."

Giorno's account hinges on the coincidence that a "third-generation cop" should also be a "hip" homosexual who brings his briefcase of mug shots home to his painter-boyfriend each night. A social and sexual network of gay men linked Warhol, however surreptitiously, to a New York City police officer. The covert link between Warhol and O'Neill suggests the presence, within the very space of law enforcement, of outlaw desires and secret commitments.

As *Thirteen Most Wanted Men* attests, queerness cannot be understood outside the constraints imposed on it by the law. Such constraints are not merely repressive; they are also, unwittingly, productive of representation and strategies of visibility. Warhol saved the silk screens for his World's Fair mural, and some months after their overpainting, he produced full-scale, individual portraits of each outlaw. A photograph by Billy Name catches Warhol and *Most Wanted Man No. 11, John Joseph H.*, 1964, in the reflection of a framed mirror. Within the space of the Factory, artist and outlaw have come to mirror each other. It is as though the overpainted mural has flipped back into visibility, now surrounded by silver paint rather than silenced by it. This reappearance did not undo the censorship of the World's Fair mural. It did demonstrate, however, that Warhol's outlaw desires would not so easily be snuffed out.

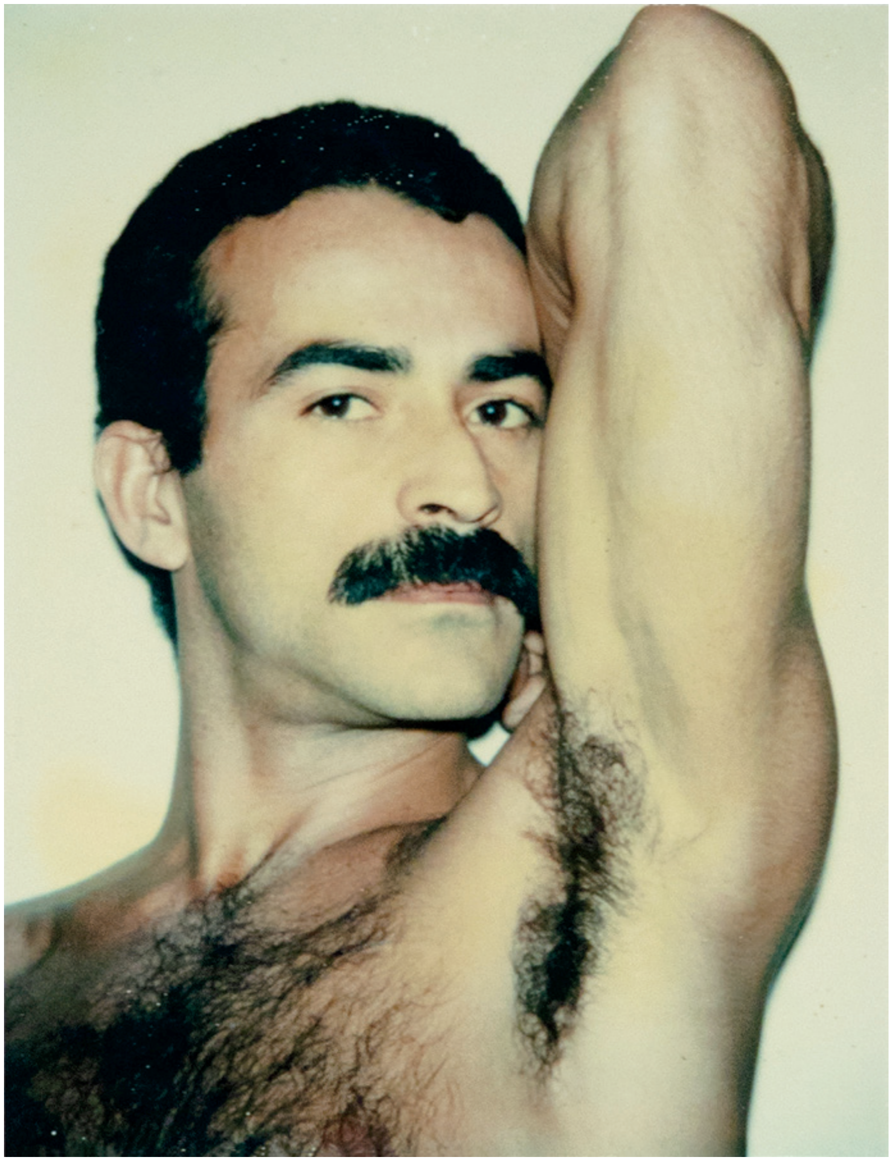
"HER MEDAL"

In the gallery over which *Blow Job* presided, a group of 1950s drawings and collages offered a range of young men in the nude or nearly so. Two of these originated in a little-known project pursued by Warhol throughout much of the decade. At social gatherings, in small groups or one-on-one encounters, the artist would ask male friends and acquaintances to, in his words, "let me draw your cock." The request seems to have substituted for small talk, as though the artist were skipping incidental matters to inquire about what was really on his mind. Hundreds of drawings resulted, one of which shows a penis festooned with hearts and flowers. When asking men to pose for him, Warhol often mentioned his plan to compile the drawings into a "Cock Book." That no such book was ever published (or even self-published) is hardly surprising given the prevailing public ethos in the 1950s. The idea of the book nevertheless positioned each drawing as part of a unified project fueled by the accumulation of ever more instances of male sexual exposure. An imagined "Cock Book" provided a meeting space, as it were, for the members of the men who agreed to unzip for the artist.

During the decade when Warhol created the cock drawings, he was one of the most successful commercial illustrators and window decorators in New York. Warhol's commercial work of the 1950s was almost always tailored to and closely associated with the female body. From drawings of hand-embroidered stockings to window displays devoted to the pleasures of potpourri, Warhol's commercial work did not simply address female consumers; it seemed to delight in the feminine. The artist's professional association with femaleness occasionally shaded into camp. When he was awarded the Art Directors Club Medal in 1952, it was inscribed to "Andrew Warhol, her medal." The inscription undercut the official decorum of the award by suggesting that its recipient was so effeminate (or "swish," to use a term that Warhol employed at the time) as to merit a female pronoun. The assignment of female names and pronouns to gay men was referred to as "camp talk" in the 1950s. The inscription on Warhol's certificate was not, as one might expect, written by a fellow member of the Art Directors Club. It was instead penned either by Warhol himself or, yet more unexpectedly, by his mother. (At her son's request, Mrs. Warhola often provided the lettering, including the signature, of his early work.) If the artist enlisted his mother to write "Andrew Warhol, her medal" on the award, he would have been sharing his camp, cross-gender sensibility with the most significant "her" in his life at the time.

An unorthodox approach to naming in relation to gender extended to Warhol's collages of slippers and boots from the same moment. Incorporating gold leaf, embossed foil, and candy box decorations, the collages were devoted to celebrities ranging from James Dean to "Za Za Gabor" to Elvis "Presely" (the imperfect spelling was Mrs. Warhola's). The style of the shoes was frequently misaligned with the gender of the celebrity—Judy Garland, for example, was represented by a male cowboy boot with a feather and foil crest, while Truman Capote was awarded a woman's shoe decorated with flowering vines. The transsexual Christine Jorgensen was the only celebrity honored with two shoes—a set of golden pumps with mismatched buckles. A fabulous collage of a gilded foot, rather than a shoe or boot, was included in the show. It was inscribed to character actress Margaret Rutherford, known for her association with the work of Noël Coward and Oscar Wilde as well as for her "lavender marriage" to a homosexual man who also served for some years as her private secretary.

Ranging from the "Cock Book" drawings to "her medal" to Margaret Rutherford's foot, Warhol's pre-Pop work refuses to remain within normative confines of gender or sexuality. Throughout his career and for decades after his death, Warhol's 1950s art was little shown or known. But when displayed in depth, as in Berlin, its shape-shifting queerness all but sparkles.



Above: **Andy Warhol, *Victor Hugo*, 1977**, Polaroid Polacolor, 4¼ × 3⅜".

Opposite page: **Andy Warhol, *The Wrestlers*, 1982**, gelatin silver print. Installation view, Neue Nationalgalerie, Berlin, 2024. Photo: David von Becker.

MARBLES

The interior space of the Neue Nationalgalerie is set off by two rectangular monoliths clad in emerald-green marble swirled with white. Mies's uncharacteristic use of colored marble was meant to enliven the museum's steel-and-glass interior. The pillars were intended as sculptural and geometric forms in their own right rather than as supports for the display of art. I was surprised, therefore, to see a photograph placed on one of them. With no other works to keep it company, the picture looked oddly small and disproportionate to the structure on which it hung. From a distance, I could make out two entwined male figures in the photograph. When I got closer, I discovered that they were naked wrestlers who were sculpted rather than fleshly. They were, in fact, marble. Photographed in 1982, the sculpture, owned by Warhol's friend Stuart Pivar, was a marble copy of a late-seventeenth-century French copy at the Louvre of an ancient Roman copy at the Uffizi of a Greek original, now lost, thought to have been made by the sculptor Lycippus in the third century BCE. This elaborate relay of copies without a surviving original echoes Warhol's intense attraction to copying as a form of creative reinvention. To copy was not, in his eyes, derivative or deficient. It was instead a way of acknowledging one's part in a long-running dialogue of visual desire and duplication.*

The photograph of a marble sculpture displayed on a marble wall at the Nationalgalerie was more than a clever conceit. Warhol photographed *The Wrestlers* from a different vantage point than that presented by the Uffizi and the Louvre on their current websites. Both museums offer perspectives closer to the heads of the wrestlers, such that the facial expressions of the figures are clearly visible. (The wrestler on the bottom appears unhappy.) Warhol, by contrast, stands behind and slightly to the right of the buttocks of the wrestler on top, occupying a position that gives a greater sense of the force with which

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* The production of copies of *The Wrestlers* remains in full force today. A concern called littlegorgeousthings.com offers nine-inch "marble-like resin" replicas of the Uffizi *Wrestlers* for $54.95. I half wonder if replicas of it might become twenty-first-century versions of the plaster casts of Michelangelo's *David* of the 1950s and '60s that signaled one was "among friends" in gay bars and private homes. (When Fe-be's, an early leather bar in San Francisco, opened in 1966, it featured a plaster cast of the *David* in a biker jacket and leather pants.)

that figure presses down upon his opponent. The wrestling move depicted in the sculpture is known in modern parlance as a "cross-body ride," wherein one wrestler inserts his leg between those of his opponent so as to dominate his rival's body from above. The sexual suggestion of the pose would hardly have been lost on Warhol. Several years earlier, in fact, he had taken photographs of naked men enjoying the cross-body ride (or close variations on it) for purposes rather different than winning a wrestling match.

Warhol's alternative perspective on the sculpture draws out its homoerotic appeal. Homoeroticism is of course constitutive of a great deal of classical statuary. Nevertheless, to focus too insistently on the bare asses of *The Wrestlers* might be seen as déclassé in the galleries of the Louvre or Uffizi. At the Neue Nationalgalerie, by contrast, Warhol's eccentric view of the sculpture looked just right on a green marble monolith not meant for the display of art. Paraphrasing the artist's description of the denizens of the Factory, we might say that *The Wrestlers* and the marble wall misfit together.

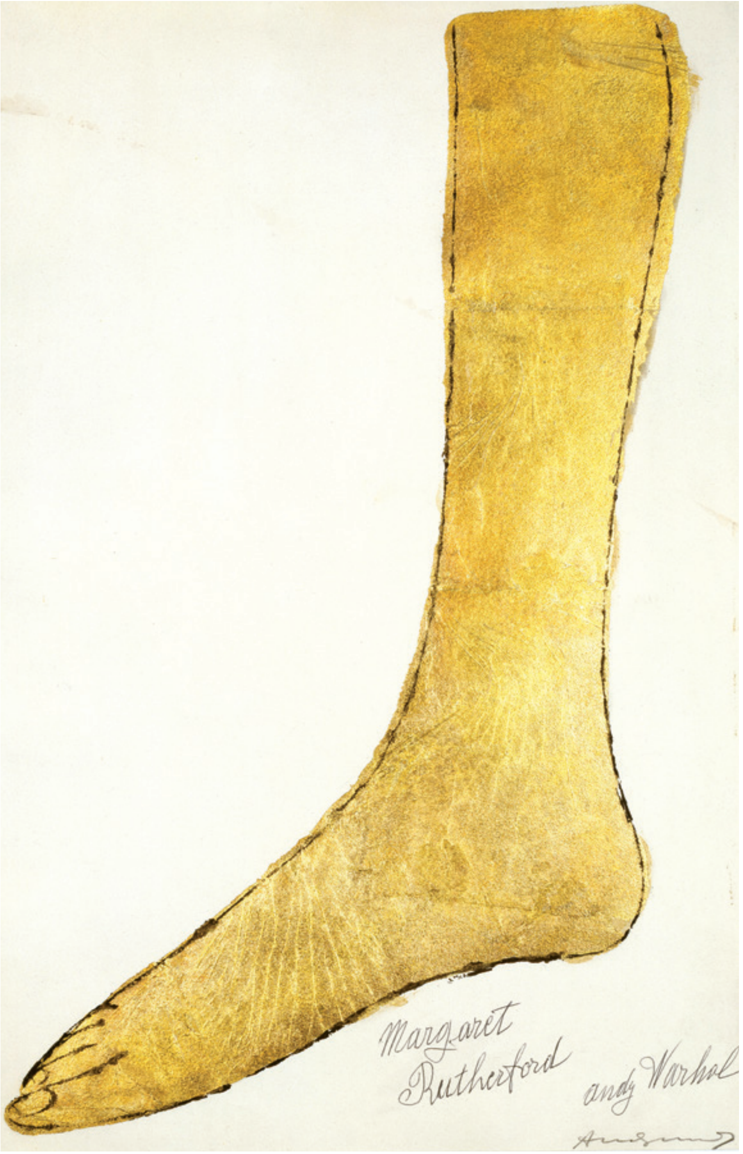
LANDSCAPES

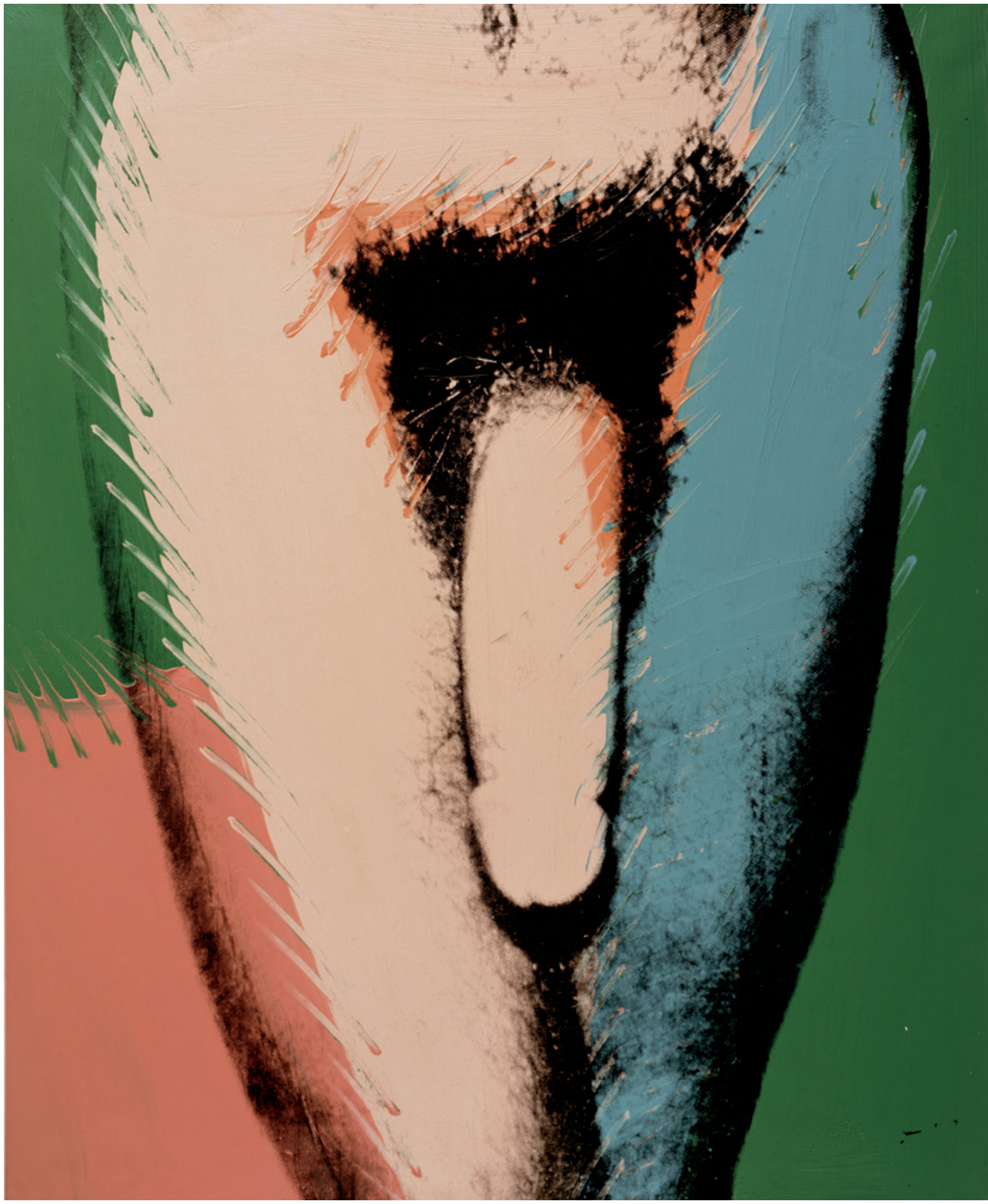
In a 1977 diary entry, Warhol reports that "I'm having boys come and model nude for photos for the new paintings I'm doing. But I shouldn't call them nudes. It should be something more artistic. Like 'Landscapes.'" I have always found this comment amusing, but also a bit confusing. Why should landscapes be considered "more artistic" than nudes, when the latter refers to an aesthetic genre no less time-honored than the former? "Landscapes" is so wildly imprecise a description that it sounds like a parody of the need to closet the content of the paintings. As though speaking in code, Warhol referred to the series as "landscapes" only to those who knew that it depicted

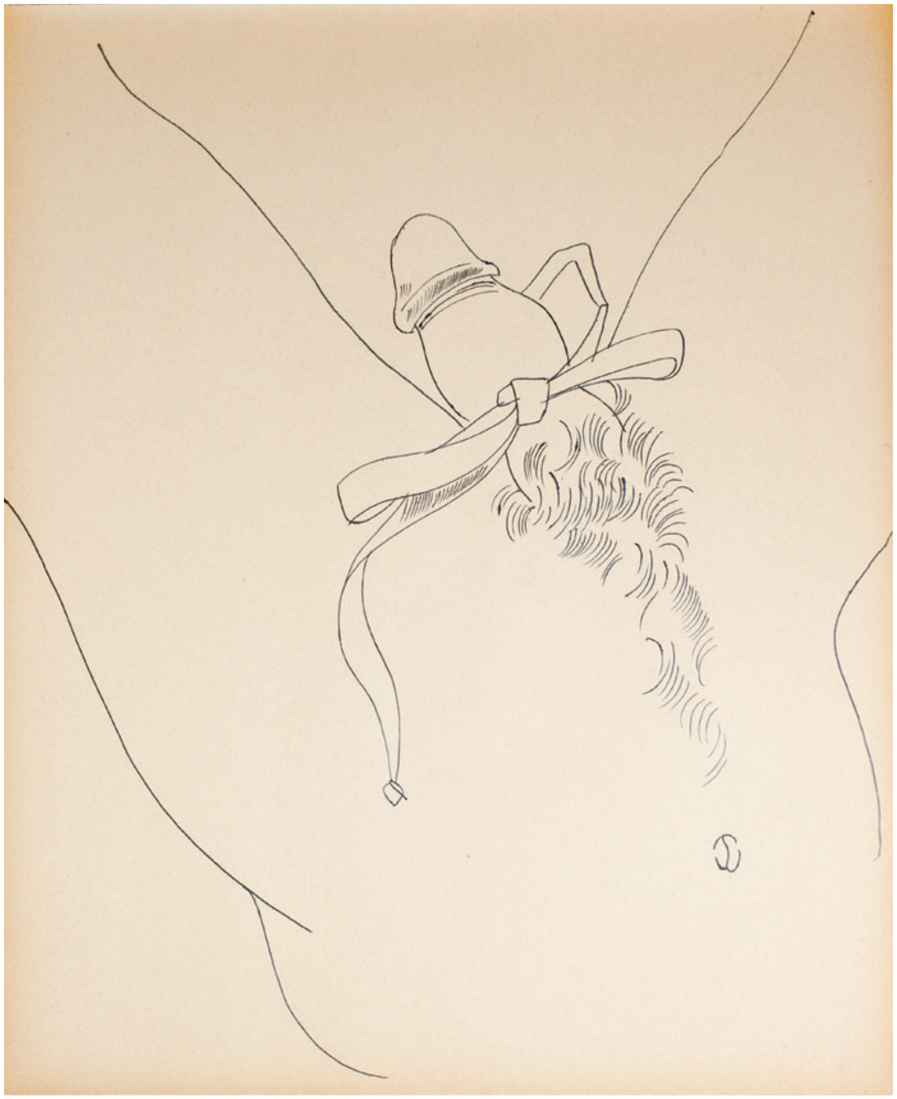
Below: **Andy Warhol, *Margaret Rutherford*, 1957,** gold leaf and ink on heavy cardboard, 20 × 13".

Right: **Andy Warhol, *Torso (Male Genitals)*, 1977,** acrylic and silk-screen ink on canvas, 50 × 40". From the series "Torsos," 1977.

Opposite page: **Andy Warhol,** page from ***Whole Sketchbook: Male and Female Portraits, Male Upper Torso*, ca. 1950s,** ballpoint pen on manila paper, 16⅞ × 14".







anything but. Far from portraying a group of traditional nudes, the series focused insistently on penises, buttocks, and occasionally but notably, vulvas. In sharp contrast to the decorous "Landscapes," the artist also referred to the series as "Cocks, Cunts, and Assholes." Though far more accurate than its predecessor, this title obviously could not be used for the purposes of public display and marketing. Perhaps as a compromise between these two options, the decidedly neutral "Torsos" was ultimately chosen. The paintings do not sit well under this anodyne title. Rather than respectability, the pictures insist on Warhol's commitment to "Cocks, Cunts, and Assholes."

The central gallery of "Velvet Rage and Beauty" was given over to "Torsos." However viewers navigated the show, they were drawn back to a room of genitals and buttocks silk-screened in contrasting colors. Some were small enough to appear nearly abstract from a distance, while others were larger than life-size, their motifs instantly recognizable from across the room. Falling into the latter category is a painting of a penis extending well down the thighs of its subject, *Torso (Male Genitals)*, 1977. Perhaps more than any other painting in the series, this work capitalizes upon its oversize scale: By my rough measure, the penis is twenty-five inches long. This outsize endowment reflects the initial inspiration for the series: According to the Andy Warhol Museum, "a man approached Warhol boasting of his large penis. Warhol agreed to photograph the man's genitals and the photographs were placed in a box casually labelled 'Sex Parts.'" There is something unapologetically exhibitionist about the series, the man's request inverting Warhol's repeated solicitation some twenty years earlier to "let me draw your cock."

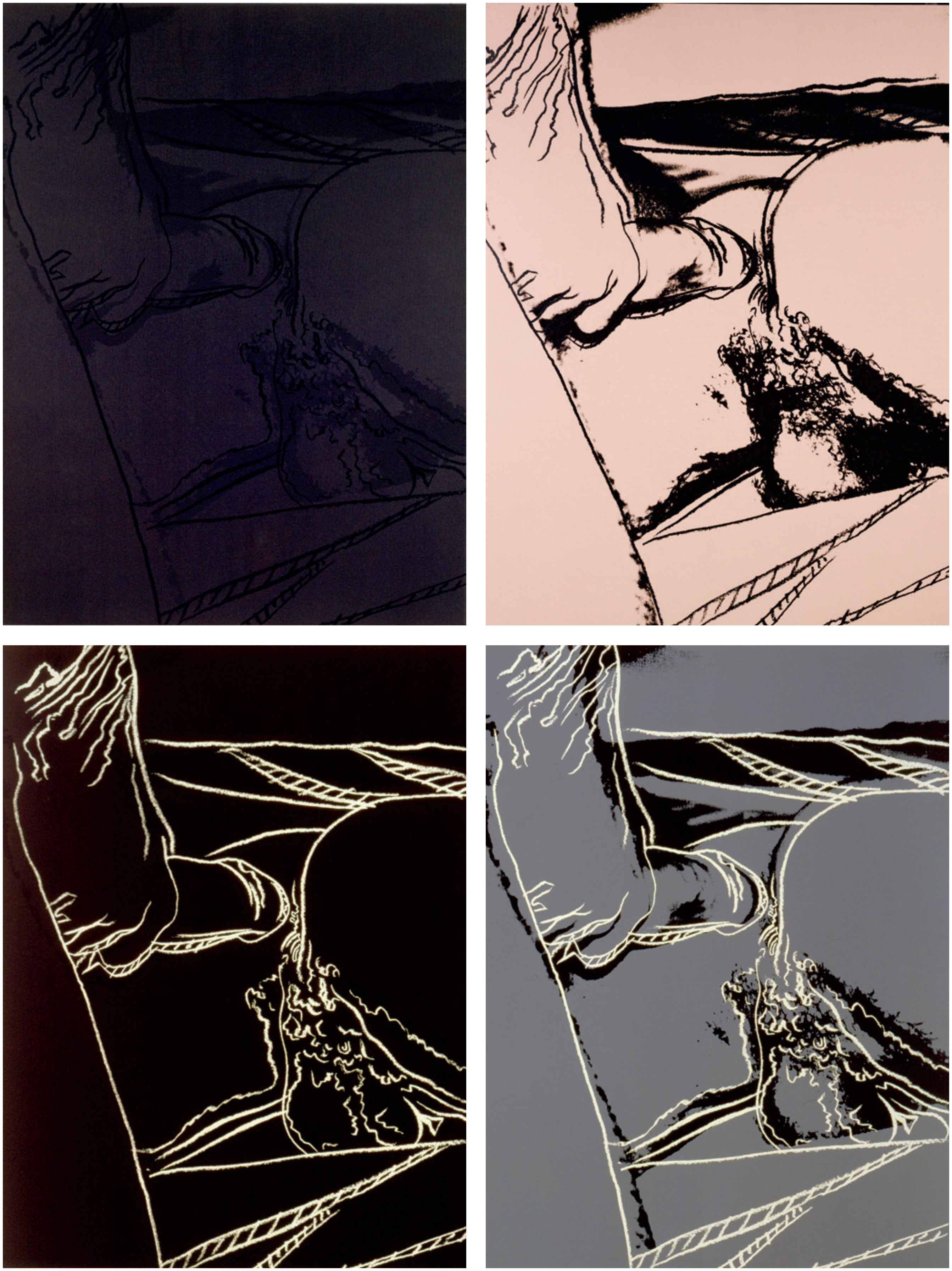
In his diary entry for April 6, 1977, Warhol reports that he "took 'landscape' pictures of an ex–porno star . . . who it turns out has a shop on Madison Avenue that sells Lalique." Warhol notes, but is not particularly surprised, that a former porn star should have become the purveyor of luxury glass on Madison Avenue. Warhol was well versed in both porn and high-end retail. He was, in fact, a collector of gay pornography as well as Lalique glassware (among other Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects). He likely purchased vases, decanters, or perfume bottles from the former adult film star he photographed for *Torsos*. Like the proprietor of the Lalique store, Warhol knew that sexual and decorative desires were by no means mutually exclusive.

SEX PARTS IN SCHOOL

In the 1970s, Warhol became close friends with Halston and his boyfriend, a Venezuelan window dresser and former hustler improbably named Victor Hugo (né Rojas). Drawing on his wide circle of sexual acquaintances, Hugo occasionally brought men to the Factory to be photographed for "Torsos." This process gradually gave way to Hugo having sex with various men while Warhol photographed them. These photographs would become the basis for a sexually explicit series the artist had in mind. (The title for the series—"Sex Parts"—was not far to seek.) He sometimes arrived directly from a gay bathhouse with a newly acquired partner in tow. At the studio, the sex occurred in a back room containing a mattress on the floor. Warhol shot photographs of Hugo and his partners in a wide array of acts and positions. From these pictures, he chose just six as the basis for a portfolio of prints. While the source images often include the full bodies, including faces, the finished prints zoom in tightly on "sex parts." The visual field of each print is almost entirely taken up by spread legs, muscled bellies, erect or semi-erect penises, yielding buttocks, and hands in motion. The viewer is positioned so close to the sexual activity on display as to be almost near enough to join in on the action. In this context, we should remember that while "Sex Parts" depicts sexual contact between two men, there was always a third man present on the scene—the photographer at work, who was presumably experiencing a range of responses, including arousal, as a result of what he saw through his lens.

Warhol never showed or sold any of the "Sex Parts" prints. According to his former studio assistant Ronnie Cutrone, "we always understood that it was one of the portfolios that would sit primarily in the back room." Until Warhol's death, the prints remained in the very space where they were taken. This is not to say, however, that the artist aimed to keep them forever restricted. Warhol editioned and signed the prints as well as the large-scale sketches he made of their photographic sources, suggesting he intended for them to have a public life. It is almost as though "Sex Parts" was awaiting a moment when a wider audience was ready to see it.

This moment has occurred, haltingly, over the past decade or so. In 2018, the series was included in an exhibition of Warhol prints at the Palm Springs Art Museum. They were shown in a space curtained off from the rest of the exhibition. After stepping through the curtain, visitors found themselves in a dimly lit area with the "Sex Parts" screen prints spotlit in a long row against one wall. An internal museum memo on the display noted that "this gallery will be draped and installed in such a way that images are not visible without physically entering the room." As I stepped behind the curtain to look at



Four versions of Andy Warhol's *Sex Parts*, 1978, acrylic and silk-screen ink on canvas, each 40 × 30". From the series "Sex Parts," 1978–80.

images of gay sex within a darkened room, I was reminded both of the back room in Warhol's studio and of the back rooms in gay bars where anonymous sex is permitted. Rather than simply cautioning viewers as to the explicit content of the art on display, the museum theatricalized its taboo appeal.

The Warhol retrospective at the Whitney Museum in 2019 also included four prints from the "Sex Parts" series. The pictures were stacked on the narrow side of an exhibition wall, such that they were difficult to view from a proper distance or for a sustained period of time. Visitors were meant to pass by the works rather than to look at them in detail. Close-ups of hand jobs, spread asses, and hard cocks are difficult, however, to overlook. On each of my visits to the show, viewers gathered in front of "Sex Parts" despite the unaccommodating space afforded them.

I have my own story about institutional concerns and "Sex Parts." In 2019, the performance studies scholar Peggy Phelan and I curated "Contact Warhol: Photography Without End" at the Cantor Arts Center at Stanford University in California. The exhibition introduced a remarkable archive gifted to the university by the Andy Warhol Foundation, comprising 3,600 contact sheets containing 130,000 individual exposures made between 1976 and the artist's unexpected death in 1987. Phelan and I felt strongly that photographs from "Sex Parts" should be included in the show, in part because there were roughly five hundred exposures made for potential use in the series, far more than had been shot for any other project by the artist, suggesting its significance to him. Prior to the show's opening, a high-ranking Stanford administrator expressed "concern" about the images and requested a letter of justification for their inclusion, as well as proposed text for cautionary signage. Here is the cautionary text I proposed:

> Warhol's photography reflected his wide-ranging interest in gay culture of the 1970s and 80s. In addition to photographs of drag queens and Fire Island parties, *Contact Warhol* includes several of the artist's sexually explicit images. We invite adult visitors to review these materials and provide appropriate guidance to younger viewers.

The administrator responded that my last sentence was "not explicit enough" in its advice. (The irony of his word choice was, I am certain, unwitting.) The sentence was therefore changed to "This section is recommended for adult viewing only."

During the run of the show, the museum received only one complaint about "Sex Parts." Posted on social media by an elementary school teacher, the complaint in its entirety read: "My 5th graders saw gay pornography today. This is not acceptable." To illustrate the claim, the teacher reproduced a high-res image of a screen print from the series depicting a man's semi-erect penis grazing the buttocks of his partner. The print was not included in "Contact Warhol." The teacher had therefore hunted down and recirculated a picture that she defined as pornography without concern for the large number of viewers (including young ones) who might now encounter it. As in this case, those who denounce art as obscene often reproduce and redistribute the very work they say should be removed from view. They participate, however unconsciously, in what Carol Vance has called the "pleasures of condemnation." Which is to say, the teacher's condemnation of "Sex Parts" as pornography justified her transgressive pleasure in looking at it.

VELVET

The title of the Berlin show cites *The Velvet Rage*, a 2005 book by psychotherapist Alan Downs, which argues that gay men reroute the shame of growing up in a homophobic culture into an abiding anger, or "velvet rage." The goal, as Downs sees it, is to move from shame to authenticity, from submerged rage to self-acceptance. This would seem an ill-fitting narrative for Warhol, who questioned the idea of authentic individuality. And there is barely a hint of rage, velvet or otherwise, in Warhol's work. But what if the velvet rage of the show's title were a reference not to Warhol himself but to the history of his queer work? Might the title speak to a shame the exhibition itself sought to overcome?

In a refreshing change from convention, the exhibition catalogue contains no full-length essays. Taking a cue, perhaps, from Warhol's *Interview* magazine, it features four conversations between Biesenbach and prominent curators and writers: Jessica Beck, Donna de Salvo, Blake Gopnik, and Wayne Koestenbaum. The catalogue is unexpectedly personal in tone. In conversation with Gopnik, Biesenbach recalls that when he first started going out to bars and clubs in Berlin, it still felt illegal to be gay: "The same paragraph 175 that put gay people into concentration camps was still on the lawbooks. Being gay was still punishable." Biesenbach elsewhere mentions that until he heard a Berlin mayoral candidate publicly describe his own gay identity as "a good thing" in 2001, he connected that aspect of his life with shame. Coming from a powerful figure in the art world, these statements seem to me unusually vulnerable. Struggles with sexual identity are not something that museum directors are apt to discuss in print.

Biesenbach told me that he was grateful for the strong support of the Warhol exhibition by his board of trustees. His sense was that many museums would find it difficult to endorse the queer sexual content of the show openly and without compromises. In the catalogue, Biesenbach mentions that he could "only do the show here and now. Perhaps not in three years, perhaps not five years ago. Perhaps the show cannot travel." The show will not, in fact, travel. In an interview with me, he glossed this comment in the context of the US: "I think America is not, at the moment, very open for an exhibition like this." Our conversation took place a few weeks before the 2024 US presidential election, by which time the political and legislative attacks on transgender people and the criminalization of drag were in full swing. As Biesenbach and I discussed, these assaults will become yet more ferocious under the next administration and will almost certainly widen to target additional LGBTQ communities.

In the preface to the catalogue, Biesenbach recalls that, while preparing the exhibition, "we were often asked if we were embarrassed or uncomfortable about showing these works so publicly." As a scholar and teacher of queer art, I have occasionally faced similar questions from students, parents, even colleagues. These questions are not really about my feelings of discomfort or embarrassment, but about the questioner's own. Rather than acknowledge such feelings, the questioners project them onto me or, in the case of "Velvet Rage and Beauty," onto Biesenbach and Botti.

There will always be a schoolteacher, university administrator, museum board member, or elected official who denounces, suppresses, or seeks to criminalize alternative gender and sexual expression. As Warhol demonstrates, however, these would-be censors need not be given the last word. From *Blow Job*'s largely invisible sex act to the outlawry in *Thirteen Most Wanted Men* to the preservation of "Sex Parts" in the back room of his studio, Warhol incorporated the constraints imposed upon him into the creation, content, and display of his art. This was the most important lesson I took away from "Andy Warhol: Velvet Rage and Beauty." Prohibitions on our desires exist both in our heads and in the world we inhabit. These prohibitions are not where queer art ends but where it begins. ☐

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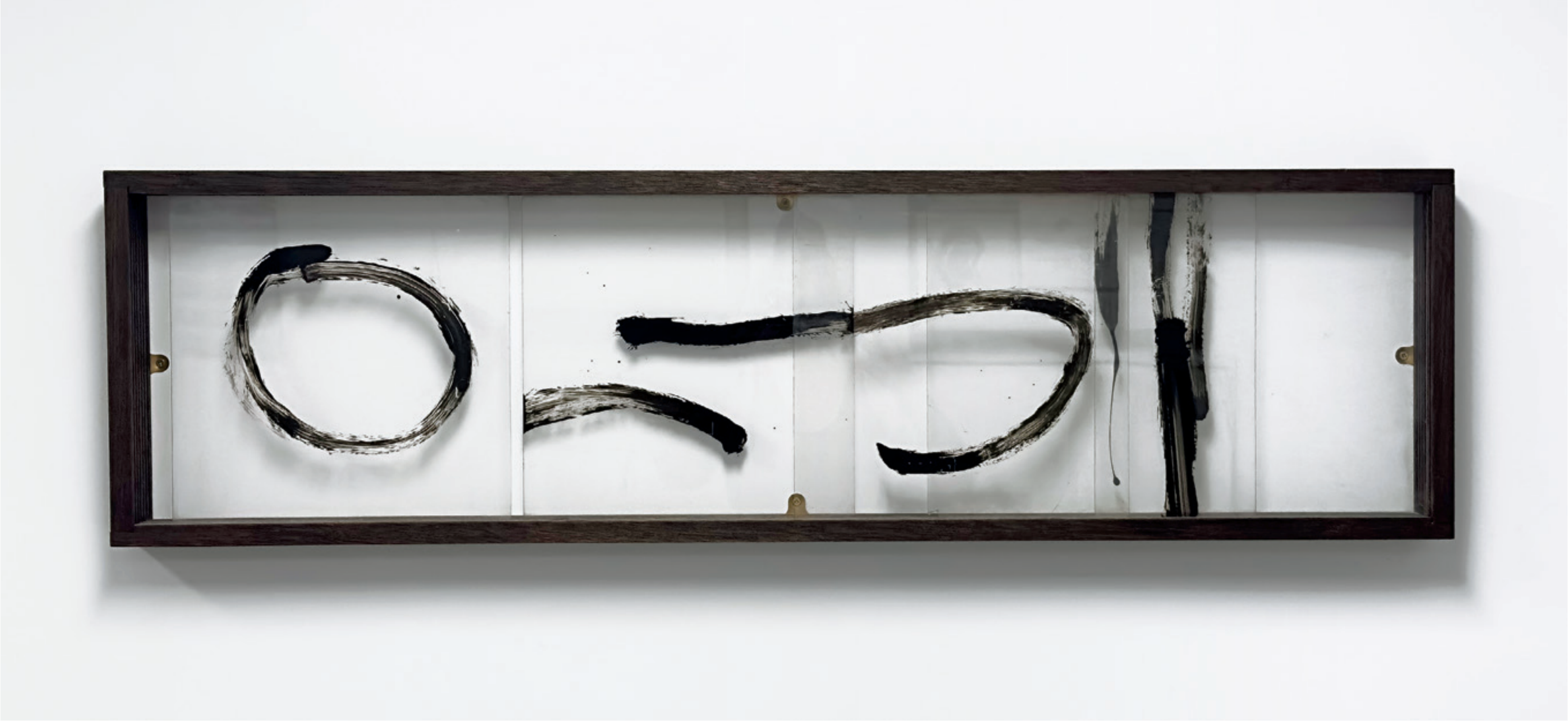
GIVE AND TAKE

ROY ASCOTT IN CONVERSATION WITH HANS ULRICH OBRIST



Above: **Roy Ascott**, ***Change Painting***, **1959–60**, oil on Plexiglas, wood, 21 × 66⅛". Opposite page, from left: **Students in Roy Ascott's Groundcourse Behavioral Project, Ipswich Civic College, Suffolk, England, 1965. Lord Snowdon**, ***Roy Ascott with Students at Ealing Art School***, **1963**, gelatin silver print, 11⅞ × 15".

THE PIONEERING British media artist ROY ASCOTT, who turned ninety last fall, has been at the forefront of creative experimentation with interactivity since the late 1950s. Equally influential is his work as an educator, beginning with the radical "Groundcourse" he developed at the Ealing School of Art in 1961. In this conversation with curator HANS ULRICH OBRIST, artistic director of the Serpentine Galleries in London, Ascott reflects on his career and on his works' renewed relevance amid current debates around AI and the effects of technology on art and society.

HANS ULRICH OBRIST: You've inspired so many people through your teaching, both in the UK and at the San Francisco Art Institute in the '70s. Brian Eno, who you taught at Ipswich College of Art, told me the amazing thing was that people went into all kinds of disciplines, not just art, once they'd been taught by you. There would be people who went into engineering, people like him who went into music, people who went into politics, people who went into art. You must have some kind of secret, and I'm curious to know what it is.

ROY ASCOTT: I was Victor Pasmore's favorite student at King's College in Newcastle, so he got me this job to set up a two-year introductory course at Ealing School of Art, called the Groundcourse. In the stacks of the university library, I came across some remarkable books dealing with cybernetics—not Norbert Wiener, but biological cybernetics and things like that. And I developed a way of teaching that always looked at identity and behavior and environment. So one of the various attack modes that I would use to get into the minds of these young students and help them to become more expressive and creative was to get them to design and build these devices we called calibrators, which could be carried either on the wrist or on the

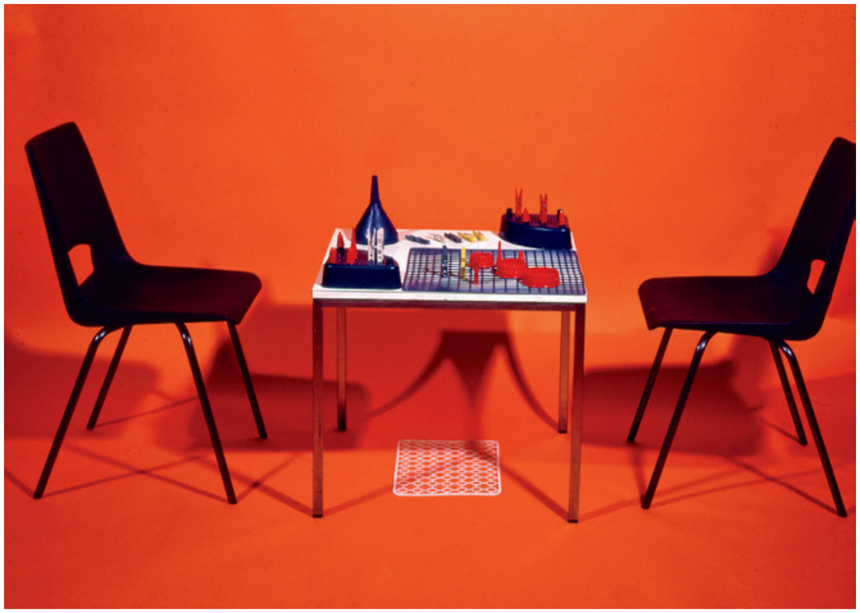
clothing, or built as a structure. They were intended to allow students to act out different personalities by generating behavioral responses to different kinds of inputs: The point was to have input about identity, about a place and situation, and then to be able to say, "As the location changes, identity changes, behavior changes," and so on and so on.

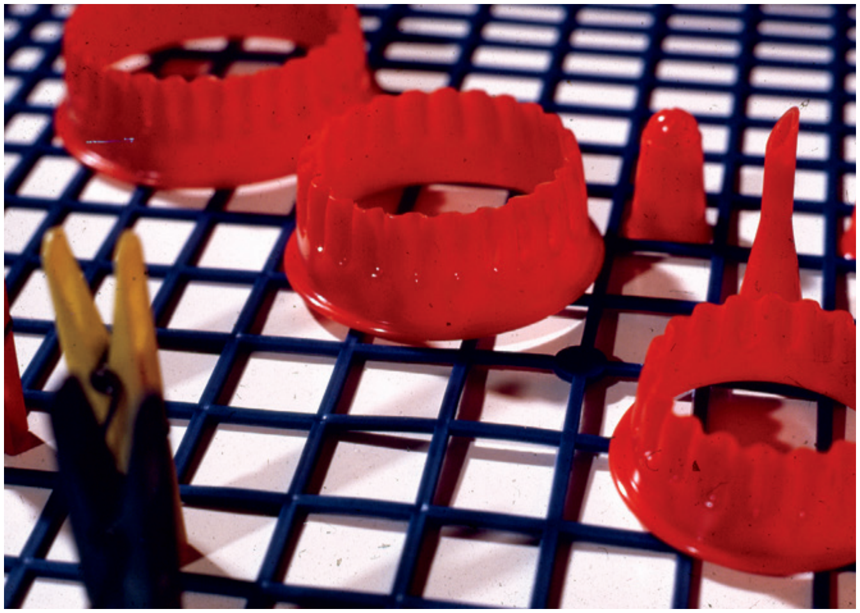
HUO: And the idea of cybernetics and these feedback loops, to what extent was that important for your artwork? I'm thinking of your "Change Paintings" [1959–61], which allowed viewers to rearrange a series of overlapping painted Plexiglas panels to create a new composition. What triggered the epiphany that led you to the "Change Paintings"? You started engaging with cybernetics from 1961 onward, but was it already there somehow?

RA: The "Change Paintings" came earlier than that. I graduated art school in 1959. And then for two years I was an assistant to Victor Pasmore at the university, and during that time I was very interested in Japanese calligraphy. I did some rolls of lining paper with all these things on them. And then I thought, "Well, if I put each of these gestures on separate, transparent sheets of glass, you could endlessly alternate them, and the viewer becomes part of the work."

HUO: In 1964 you published an essay, "The Construction of Change," in which you somehow seem to have integrated all these different elements and aspects: your artwork, your interest in cybernetics, and your teaching. In his introduction to a book of your collected writings, *Telematic Embrace: Visionary Theories of Art, Technology, and Consciousness* [2003], Edward Shanken writes that you came to see both artworks and the classroom as "creative systems, the behavior of which could be altered and regulated by interactive exchange via the feedback loops." Can you talk about some examples of these early systems?

RA: The classroom is very much a system. The whole way it operated was with students taking on change. The centerpiece, really, was the building





Above, left and right: **Roy Ascott, *Plastic Transactions*, 1971,** chairs, table, plastic objects, dimensions variable. Opposite page: **Contributors to Roy Ascott's 1983 *La plissure du texte* (The Pleating of the Text), Paris, San Francisco, and Alma, Quebec, December 11–23, 1983.** Top right: Roy Ascott, Paris.

of the calibrators, which each student did as part of the Groundcourse. Now they could be computerized systems, but it couldn't be that sophisticated in those days in Ealing: They were analog devices then, ranging from handheld to whole environmental structures. And the students were never just themselves. They engaged in constructing things together as new kinds of organisms: four, five, six people, designing, say, a three-dimensional game, and these six people would engage with it together as a new kind of creative mind. They'd also be aware of changes in their environment. Hence you had the Who's Pete Townshend as a student, shooting down a corridor of the art school on a trolley because he wasn't allowed to use his legs. But it was basically about the interaction between identity, behavior, and environment. And that informed the whole way the work developed.

HUO: One thing I'm also curious about is your time at the San Francisco Art Institute, which you ran in the '70s. I found in their archives quite interesting documents in which you wrote your manifesto as the dean. You write, "The San Francisco Art Institute, for more than a hundred years, has served as a focal point of art at its source. A visual art institution serving the dual purpose of a higher education in the fine arts and the exhibition of contemporary fine art work." The idea that it would be both a school and an exhibition space reminded me of the Städelschule in Frankfurt, where I worked early on in my career. What are your memories of SFAI? Was it a good time?

RA: I'm afraid they're not very happy. I was teaching at the time at Minneapolis College of Art and Design. I must say it was a rather cold climate. And then one day this beautiful poster arrived in the mail. And we opened it up, and it was of the most glorious flowers on a hillside, from the San Francisco Art Institute, and an invitation to interview for the dean of fine art and assistant president there. I got the job. But the man who was the newly appointed president, Arnold Herstand, was, I hate to say it, a fool. He went to the press as the new president of the San Francisco Art Institute and said he was going to clean it up. For example, the numbers on the doors were not uniform—he had this unbelievable kind of wretched thing about how it was going to have better lettering on the doors. Very un–San Francisco Art Institute! He was utterly hated. We had a formal meeting, with everybody from the Bay Area, all the painters, all the students, in this huge auditorium, where I was introduced as the new dean. It was filmic almost—he was screamed out of the building. He never came back in the building again. So he left me there as now the acting president in front of all these people. And some guy at the very top said, "I know you, Ascott. I know all your fucking 'Change Paintings,'" and all this, in such a way that made me very, very angry. So I kind of lost it and stormed up these steps to this bloke and just punched him in the nose. And there was blood. [*Laughter.*] The whole place erupted. Then Ray Mondini and some other people came in and shook my hand or hugged me. One guy kissed me and said, "Man! . . ."—all this sort of stuff. [*Laughter.*]

HUO: But the text you wrote is very beautiful. You talk about the "growth of the artist as a lifelong process." You also wanted it to be open twenty-four hours a day.

RA: Exactly, yes. I thought for a metropolitan place like that, it should be. And we would see new kinds of art emerging from that kind of situation.

HUO: And it's interesting—you also wrote, "Our history of innovation and artistic fecundity is well established, but in espousing artistic and intellectual freedom we are not without a structure calling for disciplined study and practice. The framework for this study is based on concerns. And then comes the necessity for stimulation, variety, and reciprocity. There is no house style here. We seek a full range of artistic attitudes in our richly varied faculty, a reciprocal relationship.” This idea of reciprocity and variety in a school is so fascinating.

RA: There should be give and take. The idea that the artist just pushes out and you receive was less interesting than the systems in which the receiver could also be the producer. There would be a reciprocity between the two, within this context of something creative emerging. And this interactivity was endemic to that. So it was really trying to enlarge the field of creativity—making the observer less a passive viewer and more an active participant.

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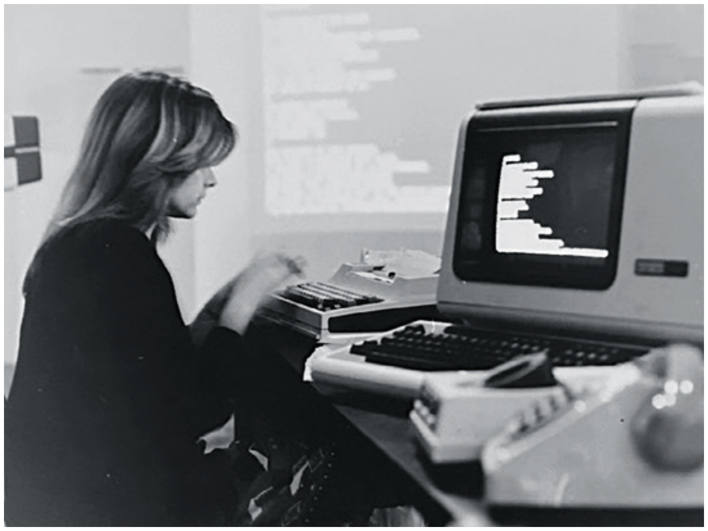
HUO: One thing that is notable about your work is that it seems you already foresaw the impact of computer communications on every aspect of our lives in the ’60s, well before Tim Berners-Lee invented the World Wide Web in 1989.

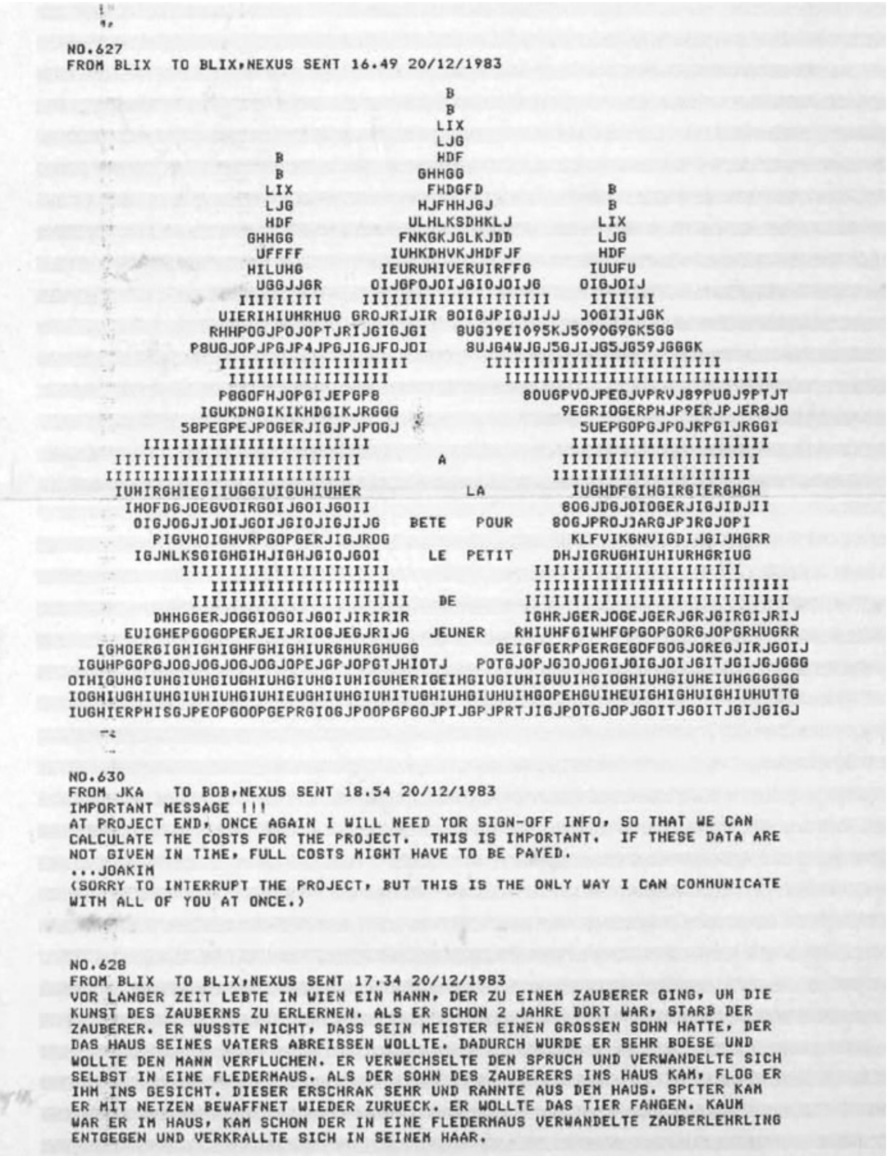
RA: Oh, yes. I did some early projects before the World Wide Web. In early 1983, I was invited to propose a work for the 1983 exhibition “Electra: Electricity and Electronics in the Art of the Twentieth Century,” organized by Frank Popper for the Musée d’Art Moderne de la Ville de Paris. My proposal, *La plissure du texte*, was a collective global fairy tale, with characters interacting through the ARTEX network, a pre-Web internet used by artists for the creation of a worldwide distributed narrative.

HUO: I read that you consider that your most radical piece. Can you talk about the epiphany of *La plissure du texte*?

There should be give and take. The idea that the artist just pushes out and you receive was less interesting than the systems in which the receiver could also be the producer.



So the media could be moist, could be more than rigid screens and computers and all that sort of thing.



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NO.630
FROM JKA   TO BOB,NEXUS SENT 18.54 20/12/1983
IMPORTANT MESSAGE !!!
AT PROJECT END, ONCE AGAIN I WILL NEED YOR SIGN-OFF INFO, SO THAT WE CAN
CALCULATE THE COSTS FOR THE PROJECT.  THIS IS IMPORTANT.  IF THESE DATA ARE
NOT GIVEN IN TIME, FULL COSTS MIGHT HAVE TO BE PAYED.
...JOAKIM
(SORRY TO INTERRUPT THE PROJECT, BUT THIS IS THE ONLY WAY I CAN COMMUNICATE
WITH ALL OF YOU AT ONCE.)

NO.628
FROM BLIX  TO BLIX,NEXUS SENT 17.34 20/12/1983
VOR LANGER ZEIT LEBTE IN WIEN EIN MANN, DER ZU EINEM ZAUBERER GING, UM DIE
KUNST DES ZAUBERNS ZU ERLERNEN. ALS ER SCHON 2 JAHRE DORT WAR, STARB DER
ZAUBERER. ER WUSSTE NICHT, DASS SEIN MEISTER EINEN GROSSEN SOHN HATTE, DER
DAS HAUS SEINES VATERS ABREISSEN WOLLTE. DADURCH WURDE ER SEHR BOESE UND
WOLLTE DEN MANN VERFLUCHEN. ER VERWECHSELTE DEN SPRUCH UND VERWANDELTE SICH
SELBST IN EINE FLEDERMAUS. ALS DER SOHN DES ZAUBERERS INS HAUS KAM, FLOG ER
IHM INS GESICHT. DIESER ERSCHRAK SEHR UND RANNTE AUS DEM HAUS. SPETER KAM
ER MIT NETZEN BEWAFFNET WIEDER ZURUECK. ER WOLLTE DAS TIER FANGEN. KAUM
WAR ER IM HAUS, KAM SCHON DER IN EINE FLEDERMAUS VERWANDELTE ZAUBERLEHRLING
ENTGEGEN UND VERKRALLTE SICH IN SEINEM HAAR.
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RA: I identified a number of people I'd been working with through the computer, mostly in North America and in Europe, particularly in Holland. I got these people together, as it were, online, and then distributed the characters in a fairy tale, such that eleven locations in the network would represent one character, by whatever means. So in one location, they would develop a story from the point of view of the wicked witch, and then someone somewhere else would be the magician or some other fairy-tale character. And the story emerged in this way, with each group contributing to the narrative and posting updates electronically. So the story would develop over a period of five or six weeks. The work was publicly available in the Musee d'Art Moderne: You'd go to the exhibition and log on and see the story; there was also a printout of it. People would come by and see the story on the screen and sit down and talk with you and suggest, "Why don't you have so-and-so do this and this?" And you'd say, "Oh, yes. It's a good idea. Type that in." [*Laughter.*] So it became quite socially interactive as well. I'm very proud of it.

HUO: Another important piece is, of course, the 1989 selection for the festival Ars Electronica, *Aspects of Gaia: Digital Pathways Across the Whole Earth*. It's kind of a *Gesamtkunstwerk*, a total work of art.

RA: I wanted to explore—and this was very important to me at the time—these massive questions like, "What is the Earth? What are planets?" And then I thought, "Well, let's go to various places." I sent by fax—and where there was email, by email—invitations to quite remote communities here and there, in Africa, Japan, and all sorts of places. I asked: "What are the aspects of Gaia that are beautiful, important, or valuable to you?" and requested that they send a video or some slides in response. And then I had this idea of building a railway, a lot of tunnels all the way around the Brucknerhaus in Linz, where Ars Electronica was housed in those days, under the flower beds. Peter Weibel very kindly raised the money for me to get a kind of trolley thing and a rail set up and actually persuaded the Ars Electronica authorities to let us get away with this. So we built this tunnel all the way around, with various stops that people could look into. You got in and sat in the trolley, and it moved forward. At various points of this underground railway were big screens, from the ceiling down, with the videos and slides that had come in as an expression of "Aspects of Gaia." And then upstairs in the exhibition were a couple of interactive displays that visitors could use to contribute, to do drawings or whatever you wanted to do within the context of Gaia. So the public could get engaged.

HUO: Later, you developed the idea of "moist media" in another text, the "Moist Manifesto" [2000]. What is moist media?

RA: I was interested in the idea that artists could be involved in more than simply electronic systems, that there are living systems in nature itself. That there can be interaction beyond the computer that can lead to creative work. How organic elements could exhibit the sort of behavior of storage and construction and so on that computers were valued for. So the media could be moist, could be more than the sort of rigid screens and computers and all that sort of thing. To open it all up.

Now, as I'm approaching my ninetieth year, my interactive work is largely focused on my DeTao Technoetic Arts studio in the Shanghai Institute of Visual Arts. I define Technoetics as a field of practice that explores consciousness and connectivity through digital, telematic, chemical, and spiritual means, embracing both interactive and psychoactive technologies, and the creative use of moist media.

HUO: You've done so many things, but do you have any unrealized projects? We know a great deal about architects' unrealized projects because they publish them all the time, but we rarely hear about artists' unrealized projects. Are there things you dreamed about doing?

RA: I always wanted to see the implication of "Change Paintings" on an environmental level, even if it was simply at the level of sliding doors or something in public space. My dreams would have been sitting around with Will Alsop and thinking up architectural possibilities with him.

HUO: Did you do any architectural projects with Will?

RA: There was a very wealthy art collector who bought land in America, and his plan was to build lots of very expensive houses. The idea was that the people there, who would be at the top of their games, would be able to interact telematically in the fullest sense—not just with little handheld devices, but with a whole setup there. And Will was hired to design this enclave. He brought me on as the artist for it, as well as various other people. And then after about a year of meetings and all kinds of planning, this fellow, out of the blue, just pulled the plug.

HUO: Finally, I'm curious about your take on AI. Your "Change Paintings" are really relevant now for a lot of artists, because there's so much discussion about the idea of making an artwork as a living organism so that it's always changing rather than a finite thing—particularly now with AI. You anticipated a lot of these ideas and concerns.

RA: AI will find its way in the world. Like interactivity, it will grow. I don't see it as a threat, but I do see that it could be taken up in a superficial way by people who would like to be artists. ☐

Opposite page: **Roy Ascott, *La plissure du texte* (The Pleating of the Text), 1983,** print of collaborative text. Opposite page: **Roy Ascott, *Aspects of Gaia: Digital Pathways Across the Whole Earth*, 1989,** mixed-media interactive art installation and telematic project. Installation view, Brucknerhaus, Linz, Austria.

OUT OF ORDER

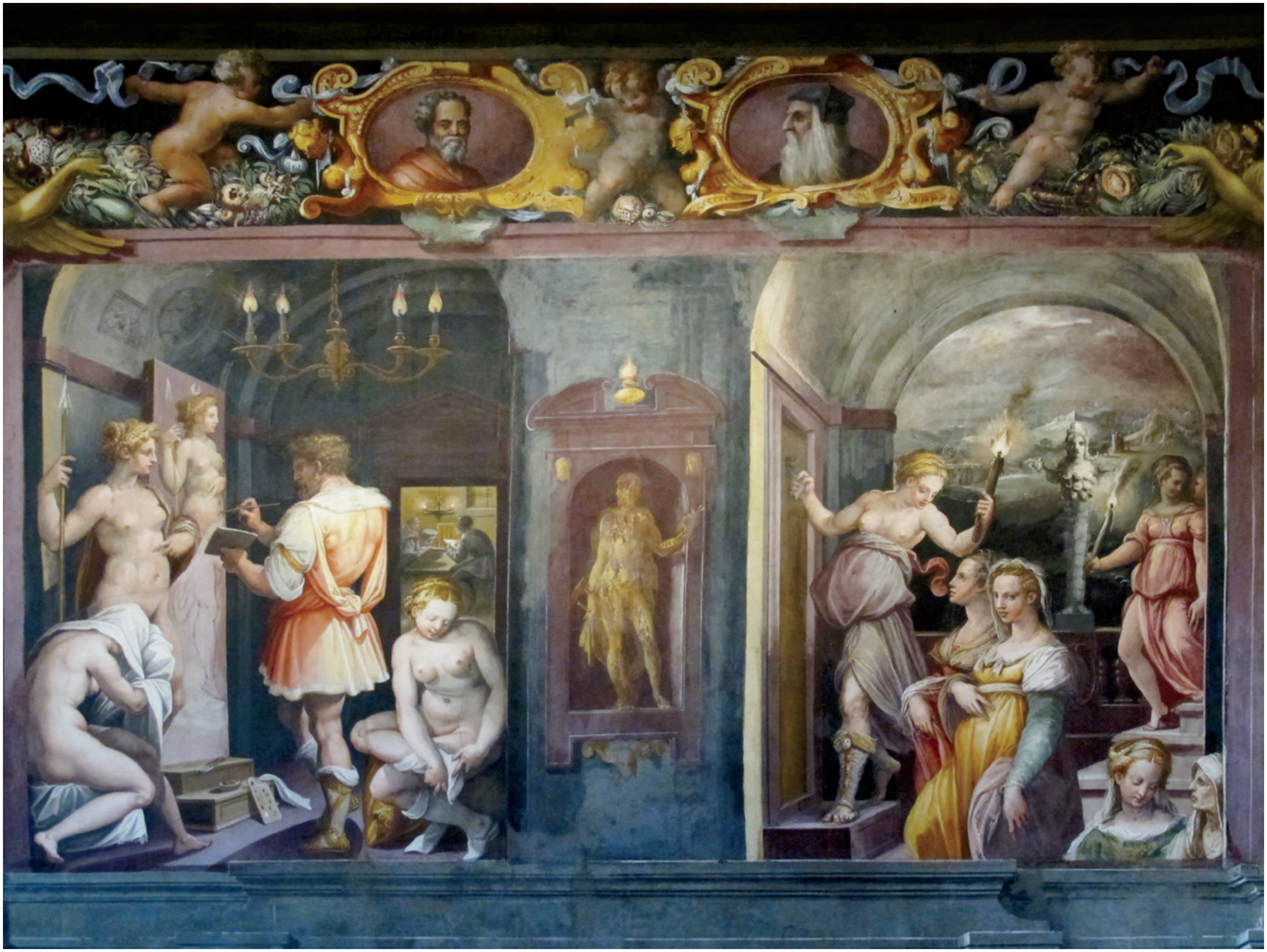
MARIO CARPO ON MANNERISM, THE CANON, AND GENERATIVE AI

MANNERISTS CAN NEVER CATCH A BREAK. It doesn't help that the man who started it all, Giorgio Vasari (1511–1574), was a terrible writer and an uninspired artist. Yet in retrospect one cannot help but concede that he may have been on to something. When he wrote *Lives of the Artists* (released twice, in 1550 and 1568, and often hailed as the first history of art), he divided artists into separate groups, or sets, based on common features in spite of the artists' individual differences, and he called those sets "manners"—thus anticipating today's notion of artistic styles. Vasari's general story line was that, starting with Giotto and Cimabue at the end of the thirteenth century, painters rediscovered that their primary task was the imitation of nature, and once that course was set, they never stopped improving their imitative skills. Painters first learned to draw nature as it is—and it took a couple of centuries for Italian, mostly Tuscan, painters to master that trade. Then came perfection in the art of mimesis, which, following the anecdote of Zeuxis's five Crotonian maidens, is achieved by picking the best out of many models, thus rendering nature not as it is, but as it should be. This, Vasari argues, is the *bella maniera*, the good style, which painters of his time, from Leonardo to Raphael to the best of all, Michelangelo, had finally mastered in full.

The problem with teleological models of history is that once the final station is reached, the story is over, and nobody knows where to go next. The consensus among art historians is that late-Renaissance painters, having concluded that everyone had already learned how to imitate nature, started imitating one another—in particular, imitating one another's style, regardless of content. This is the modern meaning of Mannerism, which, as of the nineteenth century, acquired distinctly "sinister" connotations.[1] Mannerists came to be seen as painters who had lost their footing, forsaken Renaissance naturalism, and traded that worthy mandate for a futile game of endless self-referentiality. For the same reasons, some in the twentieth century started to see the Mannerists as heroes, not as villains.

None of the above applies, or ever applied, to architecture. Vasari deals with painting, sculpture, and architecture in similar terms (and he actually pioneered the notion of these three arts as closely related "arts of drawing"). But architecture, unlike painting and sculpture, does not imitate nature—at least, not directly. The mimetic principles already outlined in Vitruvius (primarily the idea that the classical orders imitate the structure of a primitive wooden construction) were, from the start, fig leaves, and widely understood as such. Renaissance architects were not meant to copy nature; their real business was to imitate ancient architecture. In that regard, Renaissance architects were much closer in spirit to Renaissance writers than to Renaissance painters: Renaissance writers, too, tried to revive a classical language—mainly Cicero's Latin—by imitating a corpus of extant ancient sources.

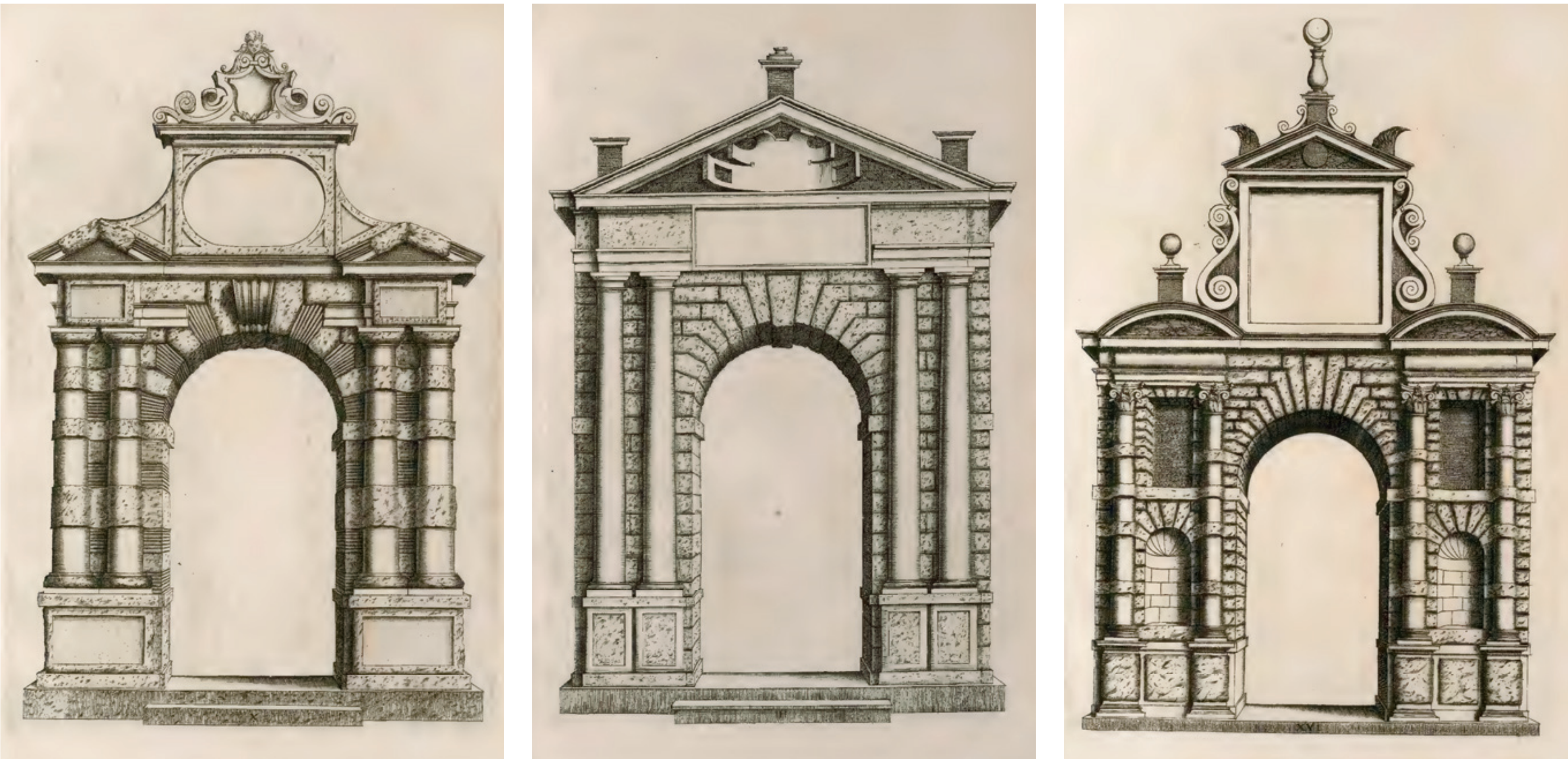
Not surprisingly, Renaissance architects and writers ended up contriving very similar imitative strategies. Architects and writers alike had to compile catalogues of reliable models, then find ways to imitate them without replicating them verbatim. One of the best methods they found consisted of looking for common features, or regularities, in the models they chose, and extrapolating from those regularities a set of usable rules. For writers, these were the rules of grammar and syntax; for architects, these were the rules of the classical orders, published in handbook form as of 1537. Writers and architects, working in different media, ended up formulating, respectively, rules for imitating the style of ancient writers and rules for imitating the style of ancient builders. Insofar as Renaissance writers and architects were imitating manners, or styles, and not nature, all Renaissance writers and architects were, in a sense, Mannerist from the start—without knowing it.



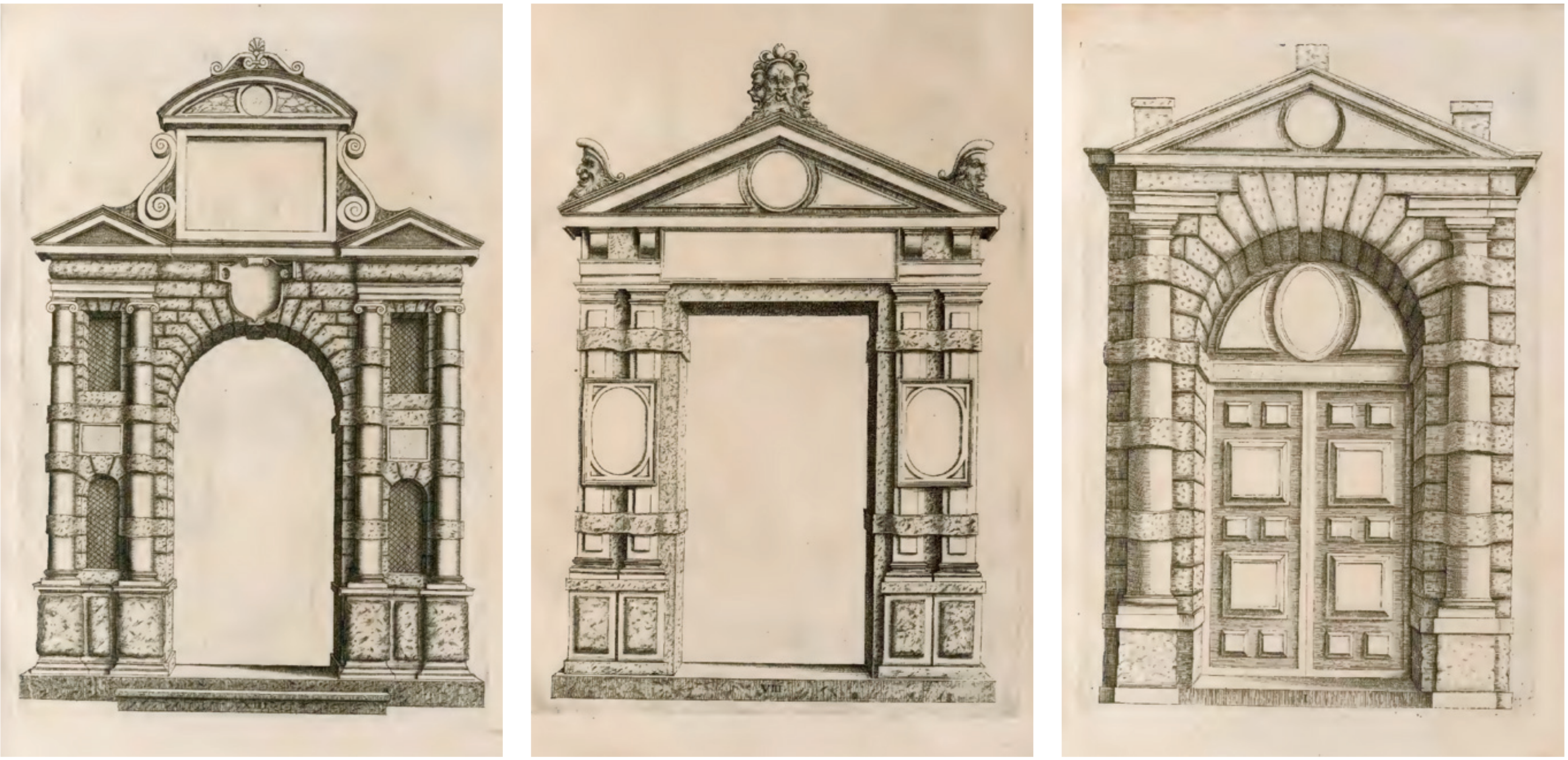
Giorgio Vasari, ***Zeuxis and the Five Maidens*, ca. 1572**, fresco. Installation view, Casa Vasari, Florence, 2011. Photo: Wikicommons/Sailko.

In fact, architects did know it. From the beginning, alongside the rules for building in the style of the ancients, Renaissance architects set forth rules for transgressing them. The idea was that once one knows the rules, one may also break them, but only if the rules that are being broken are still visible or intelligible, thus implying that showing the awareness of a rule, and at the same time its deliberate infringement, could by itself be a message and convey meaning. The Italian architect Sebastiano Serlio was the first to theorize various ways of breaking design rules—the very same rules he had so carefully spelled out in his own books; he called these transgressions "licenses," using a term he borrowed from coeval moral theology, meaning something venial you do knowing you shouldn't. Giulio Romano is often seen today as the master of Mannerist licentiousness, but it was Vasari, again, in 1568, who offered the best formula: License is what is outside of the rule, but can be subsumed under the rule without creating confusion or breaking the overall order.[2] More than three centuries later, Ferdinand de Saussure could not have said it better.

Early in the twentieth century, Saussure famously posited that all languages evolve through a dynamic interplay between established norms and use, convention and invention, code and creativity (*langue* and *parole*); in the 1960s and '70s, Roland Barthes and Umberto Eco, among others, popularized an artsy version of Saussure's linguistics, asserting, almost as a scientific principle, that breaking some rules of a language would make most messages more meaningful (or, to be precise: would increase the amount of information being conveyed).[3]



Above and below: **Six pages from Sebastiano Serlio's *Extraordinario libro di architettura* (Extraordinary Architecture Book)** (Per Giovan di Tournes, 1551). Opposite page, from left: **Peter Eisenman, House VI, 1975, Cornwall, CT. Peter Eisenman, House II, 1970, Hardwick, VT.**



This version of modernist semiotics was hugely popular among avant-garde artists and designers of that period, and this is how, improbably, the classical theory of Mannerist licentiousness and the structuralist theory of language imperceptibly merged, as they both led to the same plan of action, which was as follows: First, choose a language; next, learn its rules—its code; then, break or tweak some of those rules, but not all, and not in full, so the language will keep functioning, and you can avail yourself of all of its subtleties and nuances to express your difference, detachment, distance, or disagreement. As a consequence, courtesy of semiotics, twentieth-century Mannerism became an explicit critique of precedent, which classical Mannerism had always been—without saying so.

And sure enough, as soon as the social and political priorities of architectural modernism abated, and designers could again express their interest in form, Mannerism was primed for prime time. Robert Venturi's seminal *Complexity and Contradiction in Architecture*, first published in 1966, was reportedly meant to be titled *Mannerism in Architecture*; the title was changed at the last minute, but the picture on its cover page remained that of Michelangelo's Porta Pia gates in Rome.[4] Venturi kept reiterating his interest in Mannerism throughout his long and influential career, but what he and Denise Scott Brown meant by *mannerism* changed over time, shifting from a direct reference to historical Mannerism to a general idea of eclecticism and multiplicity of sources. It is, instead, with the work of the so-called New York Five (Peter Eisenman, Michael Graves, Charles Gwathmey, John Hejduk, and Richard Meier) that the general principle of what I would call critical Mannerism was solidly established: The New York Five chose architectural modernism, not classicism, as their precedent of reference; and they creatively reinterpreted, critiqued, and transcended the formal rules of their language of choice.[5] In other words, they did to early Le Corbusier what Serlio had done to Bramante.

Though the spirit of this Mannerist game was eminently clear in most work of the New York Five, the protagonists did not directly invoke Mannerism itself—not even Colin Rowe (who prefaced the original publication of *Five Architects* in 1972) or Manfredo Tafuri (who prefaced a related Italian publication), both great experts on all things Mannerist.[5] Yet, as Joan Ockman has recently pointed out, both Rowe and Venturi had precociously embraced "the inevitability of historical precedent as a source of formal invention,"[6] and from this springboard came the leitmotif of Peter Eisenman's lifelong endeavors: Historical precedent is key to all formal invention, because without precedent there is no language; but so is the critical disturbance of precedent, because without that disturbance there is no innovation, hence no meaning. License is what turns copy into creative imitation.

If this idea of Mannerism has been variously embedded in architectural theory for the past fifty years, there are some reasons for its recent revival. As I pointed out in a 2023 essay in *Artforum*, the technical logic of generative artificial intelligence oddly vindicates some core principles of the classical

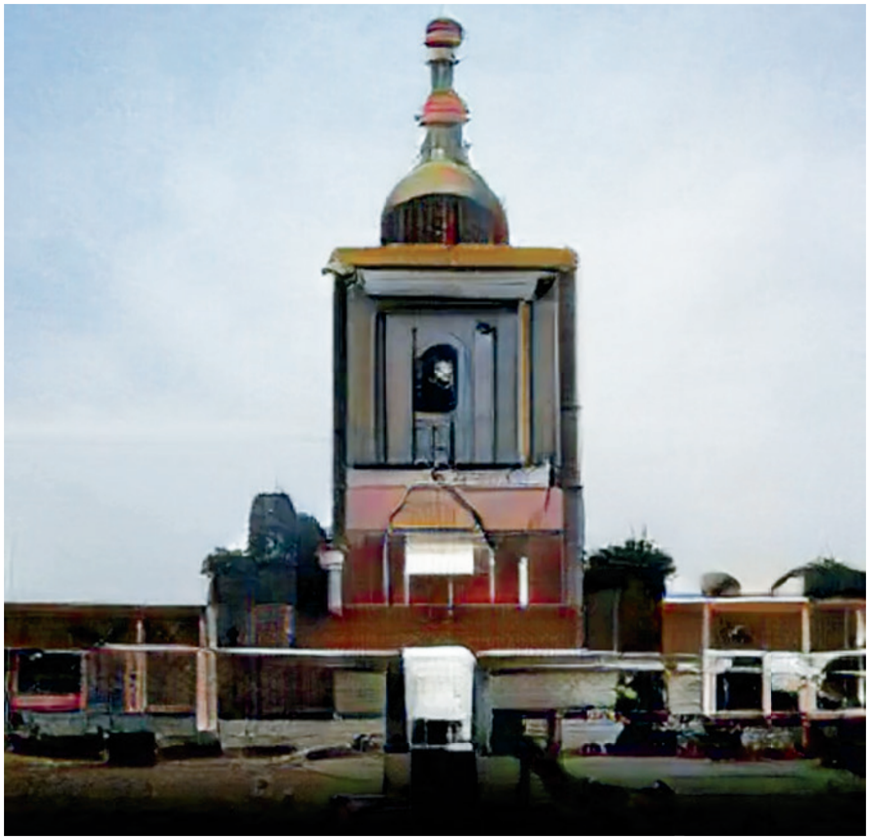
We can critique a language we did not choose. We can use our *parole* inside and against a *langue* we do not like.

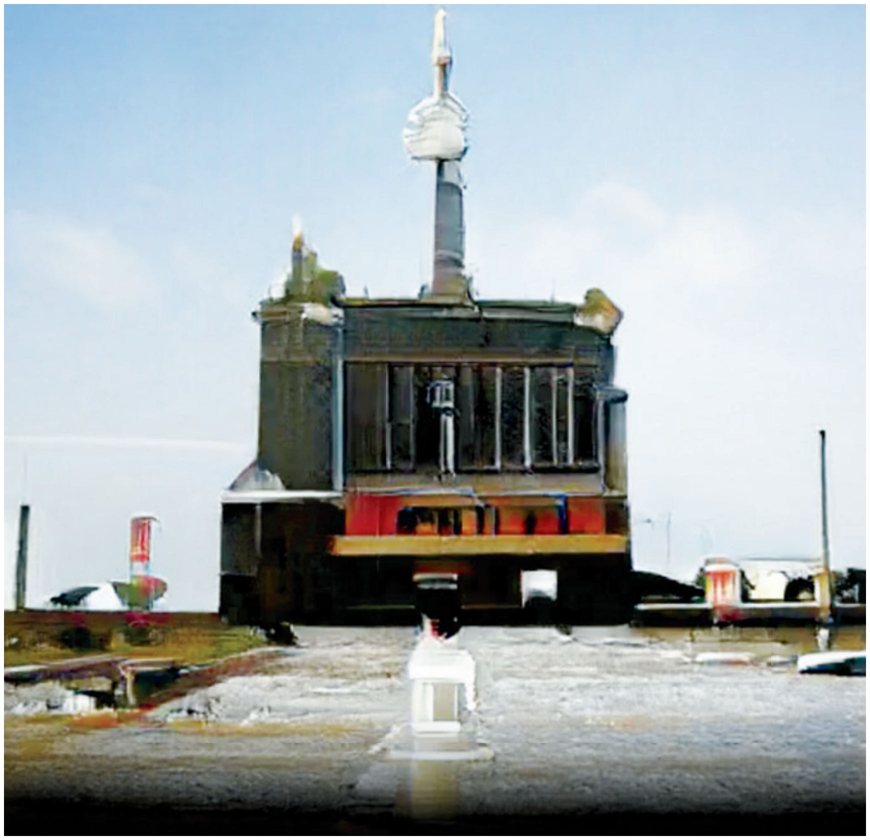
tradition in the visual arts.[7] Generative adversarial networks (GANs) and more recent, GPT-based crossmodal generators, like Dall-E and Midjourney, create new images derived from a dataset of existing images used to "train" the system. In art-historical terms, AI-based image generators *imitate* the datasets they have been fed. But this is imitation in the classical, not in the modernist, sense of the term: While for modernists all imitation was about copying, replication, and plagiarism, in the classical tradition, imitation was about working from models, seen as a source of inspiration to be creatively transfigured and transcended. Likewise, today's generative AI produces new images that are meant to be recognizably similar, but never identical, to the exemplars from which they derive—never mind if the original dataset is custom-made (as in the old GAN systems) or ready-made and generic (as in today's GPT systems).

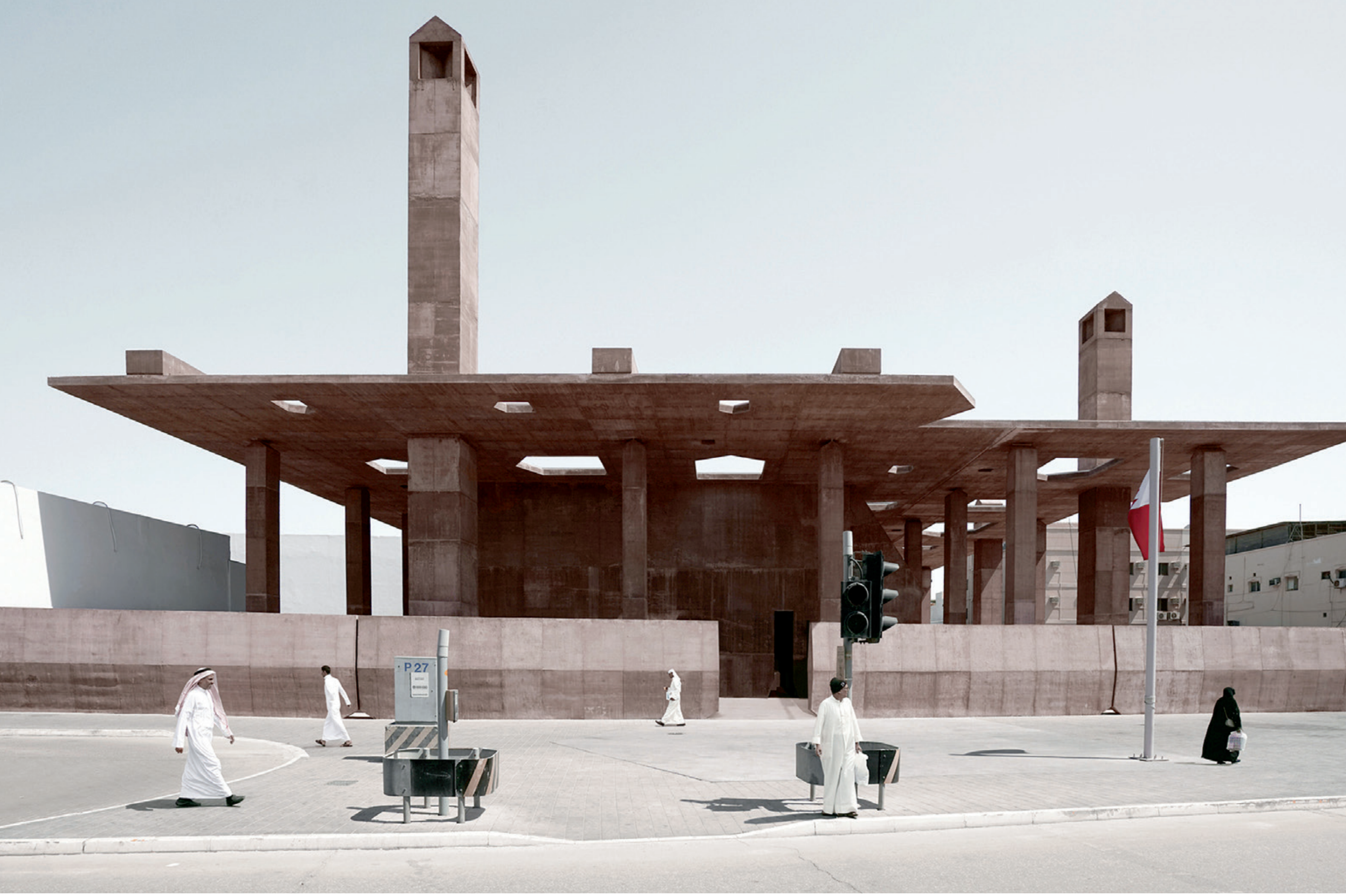
As everyone who has tinkered with generative AI knows, the computational process of imitation (i.e., of interpretive transformation) of any chosen set of models happens within the "black box" of a machine; the only way to change the output is to tweak the input, changing the datasets (or, in more recent systems, the verbal prompts, which in turn tweak the subsets of data being brought into play). But regardless of the technical tricks one needs to master to play the game well, the general spirit of that game is always brutally transparent: When generative AI creates images, everything is generated out of something that already exists—something that is already out there: The traditions, codes, conventions, or languages we use and refer to are the *precedent* that makes our creation possible and our message understandable. Thus, by the way it works, generative AI also reminds us that, regardless of technology, all artistic expression starts with the awareness, acknowledgment, invocation, and selection of our precedent of reference—and of our reference to precedent. Precedent is that canon into which we inscribe ourselves, and which gives meaning to our voice. And we know full well today that every canon is based on preference, and that preference is often a proxy for prejudice. Datasets are by definition exclusionary: When we make a dataset, or even when we just use one, we put something in to kick someone out. It is as simple as that.

And let's not beat around the bush: Precedent, or a dataset, in architecture and design means tradition and history. And every time that architects in particular invoke history, we have reasons to be alarmed. Architectural traditions have often served as signposts and standard-bearers of nations, cultures, and civilizations; and of all canons and traditions, the classical language of architecture has more often been used or invoked as a *signe identitaire* (identity marker) of a certain idea of Europe—and as such it was in some cases even mandated by law, in some Western countries, as recently as a few years ago. Fascists, Stalinists, racial supremacists, and bigots of all times and places typically endorse architectural canons—that one, or any other—for similar discriminatory purposes.

But this is the uncomfortable truth: In spite of all the above, we still need canons, and always will, because without canons—without languages—we can neither speak nor be heard. We must use the languages we know, because we know no other. Yet when we do so, there is one more thing we can still and always do: We can at least try to make it clear that we are conscious of the rules of the languages we are using. We can critique a language we did not choose. We can use our *parole* inside and against a *langue* we do not like. Generative AI cannot do that—not now, based on the current state of the art, or I would suggest, for some time to come. But if generative AI, which is a technology, reminds us of the inevitability of precedent,







Opposite page: **Two stills from Kyle Steinfeld's untitled, 2020,** digital animation generated with Artbreeder. Above: **Valerio Olgiati Architects, Pearling Path Visitor and Experience Centre, 2019, Muharraq, Bahrain.**

Mannerism, which is an idea, reminds us that we can deal with precedent and still do the right thing.

Classicists endorse canons; Mannerists critique canons. And if these two terms I use here for ease of reference, *classicism* and *Mannerism*, belong to the European tradition, the idea of canon now applies to every tradition. Generative AI is a global technology, and it works the same everywhere, regardless of what we train it on. At any rate, even without reference to that technology, many designers of our time have already ended up being Mannerist, sometimes deliberately; a recent book by the architect and educator Francisco Gonzáles de Canales brilliantly surveyed many of them, from Office Kersten Geers David Van Severen to Lütjens Padmanabhan Architekten—a list to which I would also add the great master of late-modernist rule-breaking, Valerio Olgiati.[8] In the West, generative AI may beget even more totalitarian classicism—either of the pre-Mannerist or of the post-Mannerist ilk. But in between these two extremes—between Bramante and Bernini, so to speak—lies the narrow path of reason; and it is a notoriously difficult path. The sad destiny of Mannerists of all times, of all who choose a critique of precedent instead of endorsement or excess, is that many will see you as a nobody, and many will see you as a turncoat. But if anyone has better ideas for these nefarious times, please tell me. ☐

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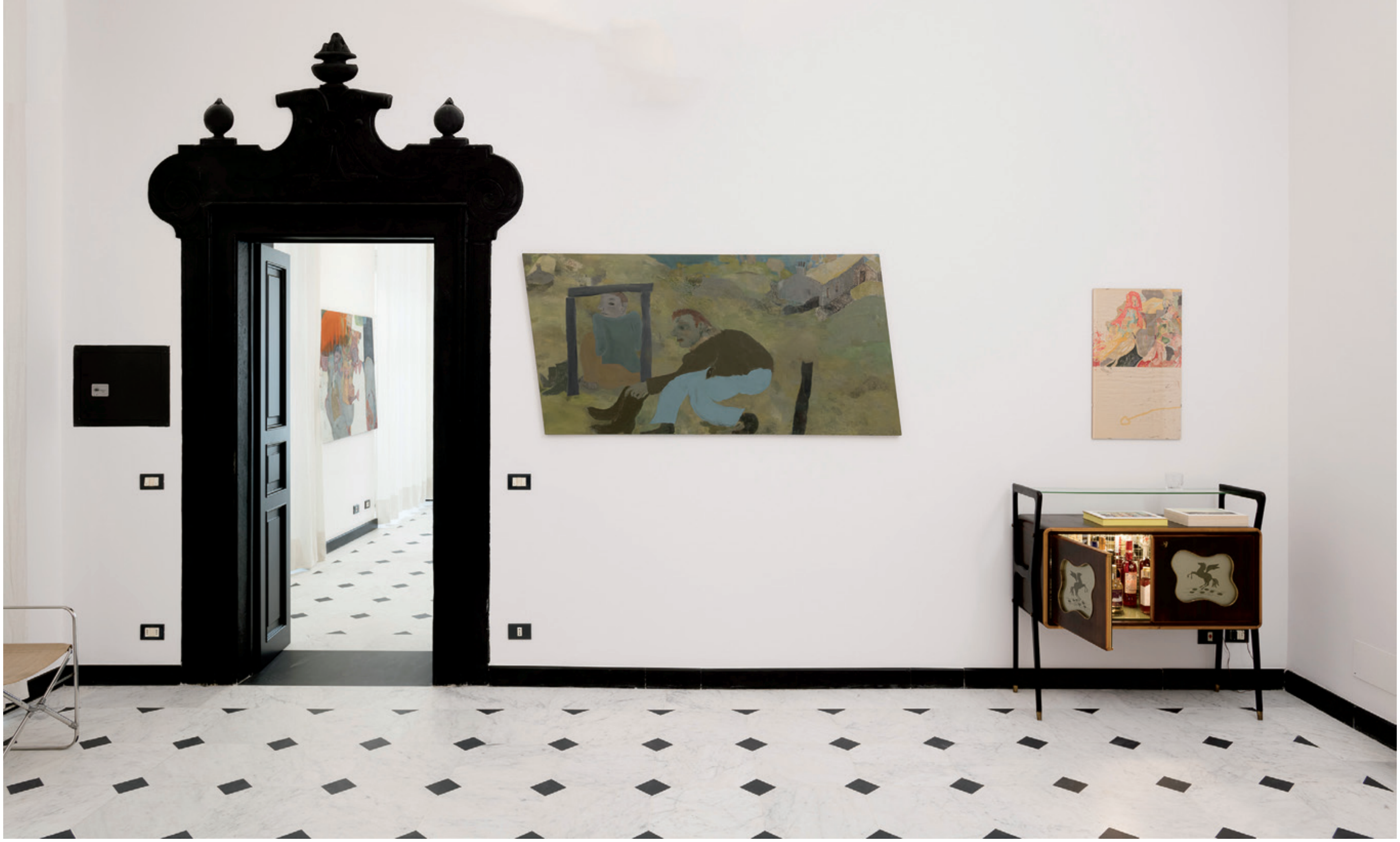
For notes, see page 145.



Above: **View of “Kai Althoff: *Di costole*”** (**Of Ribs**)**, 2024**, nervi delle volpi, Genoa. Photo: Stefan Korte. Opposite page: **Kai Althoff, *Untitled*, 2024**, oil on linen, 20⅛ × 28¾".

CLOSE-UP

KAI ALTHOFF’S “*DI COSTOLE*” (OF RIBS), 2024

MICHAEL BRACEWELL

EXHIBITIONS BY KAI ALTHOFF are rare and strange things. They tend to comprise work in many different forms and media, with the artist paying great attention to the setting, installation, lighting, and furnishing of the show. The exhibition itself becomes a work of art: intense, deeply felt, and wildly atmospheric—the evocation of a time and place that is as familiar yet unfamiliar as a dream.

Grammarians have developed a concept of “irrealis moods”: the conditional, optative, subjunctive, and so on, which deal with unknowns and counterfactuals—and which, as André Aciman recently put it, are “best expressed as the might-be and the might-have-been.” Althoff’s exhibitions always seem in sympathy with such distinct rearrangements of actuality, time, and temper.

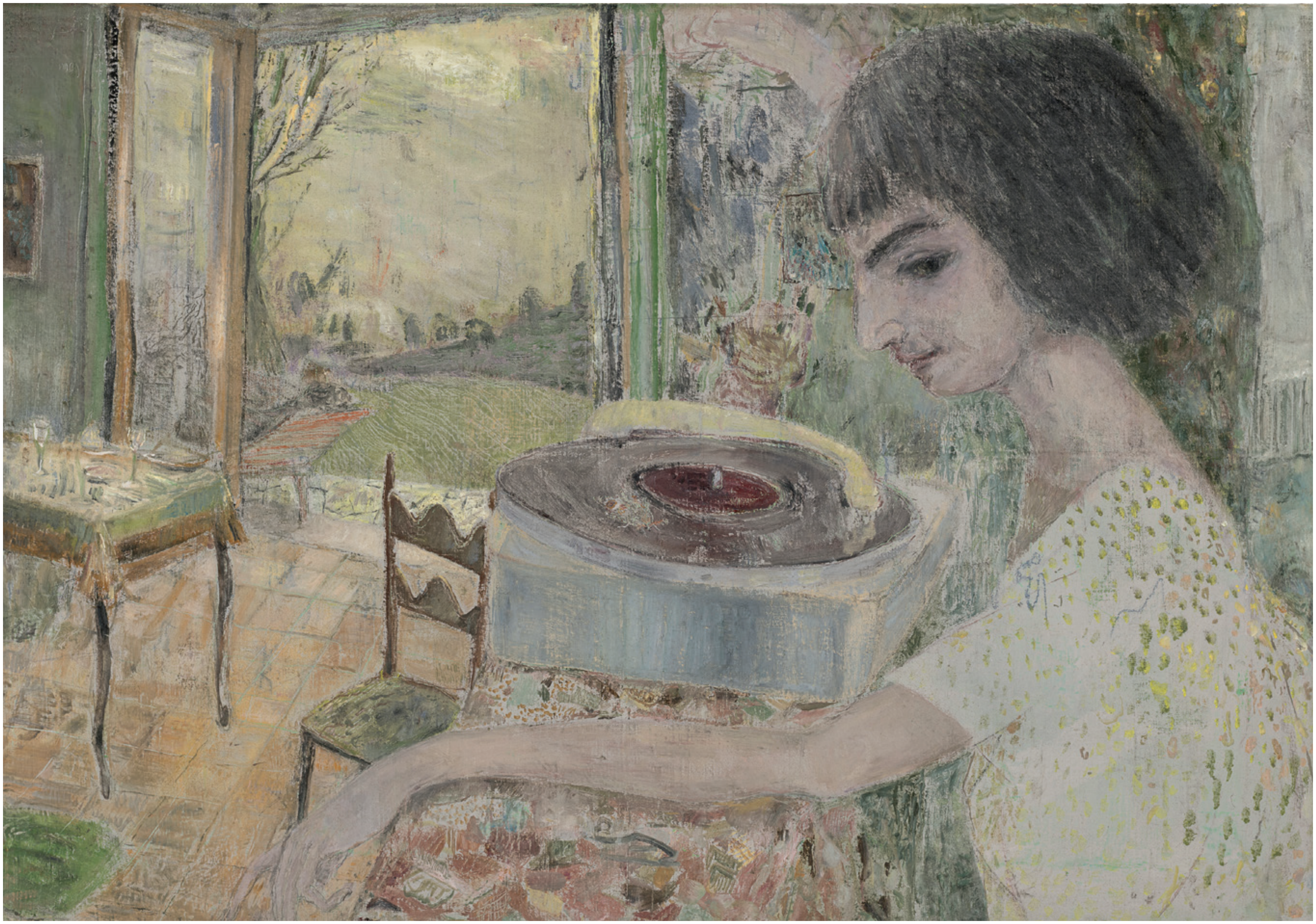
“*Di costole*” (Of Ribs) comprised fifteen paintings and four drawings in felt-tip pen or gouache on newsprint, all made in 2024. The exhibition was held in three elegant high-ceilinged adjoining rooms on the second floor of a sixteenth-century palazzo in the center of Genoa. The name of the space, nervi delle volpi—meaning, roughly, “the nerves of the fox”—was invented by Althoff. Until recently, these majestic rooms were used as offices, and for all their grandeur they retain a somewhat faded bureaucratic air. This was offset in Althoff’s exhibition by pieces of exquisite modern and antique furniture, some of which were selected and in some cases modified by the artist. Among these were two daybeds reupholstered in a murky yet refined shade of chocolate-mauve; a low sofa with dark brown cushions (with some stains left visible at the artist’s request); and an ornate cocktail cabinet, on which were two boxes of sweets from the celebrated Genoese confectionery Romanengo.

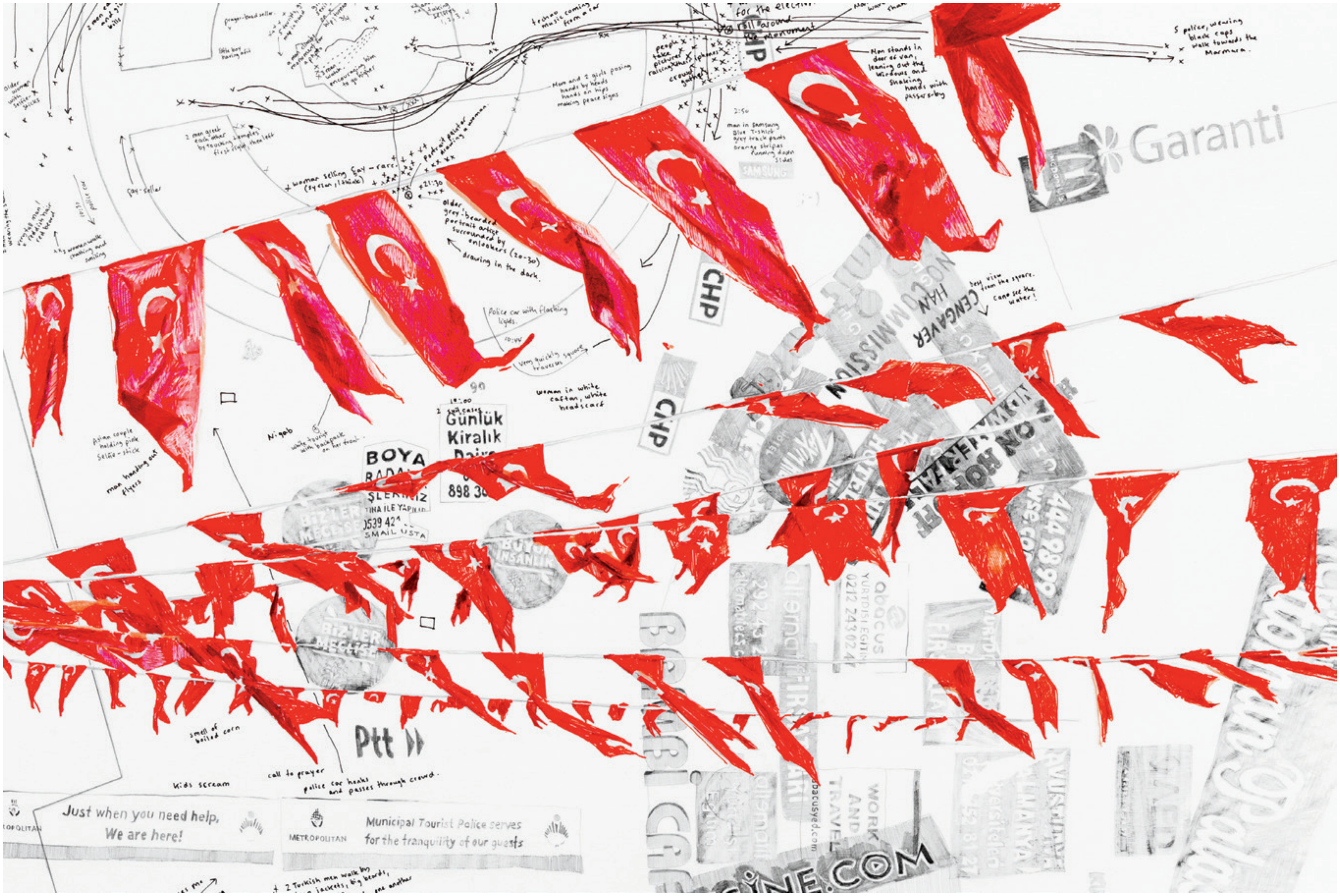
Do such meticulously chosen details lend an air of welcoming domesticity? Or provide the opportunity for the visitor to become what Oscar Wilde called a “critic as artist,” for whom contemplation in exquisite repose is itself a work of art? Certainly, they augment the viewer’s experience of the works on the walls. Within the irrealis mood, moreover, they trip the temporal switch from what is to what might be. The works and their installation, brought together so carefully, proposed the condition of nostalgia for an experience that perhaps never happened, but was no less real for that.

Spending time with the works on display, the viewer might have felt that the "rib" of the exhibition title was Adam's in the biblical account of God's creation of man and woman. Many of the paintings depict young people—boys and girls. Their situations seem at once commonplace and touched with mystery. The expressions on these youthful figures are intent and heartfelt: obedient, frightened, absorbed, wary, withdrawn, cruel, proud, sly, or shy. The situations that elicit those expressions seem to be moments of being and becoming. And like the psychology of such occasions, the paintings are complex and densely worked. In one or two there are sudden slabs or shapes of rich bright color. Elsewhere, inquisitive faces loom up from hazy backgrounds; a straight fringe frames a determined expression. A little girl buys a hunting rifle. Another leans over a turntable in a room looking out on a garden. A small boy kneels before two other boys and a fair-haired girl, his hands and feet bound. The biggest boy, who is wearing a heavy orange jacket, seems to be cutting the cords with a curved, cruel-looking knife. The three felt-tip-pen drawings maintain the ludic aspect of childhood: doodles that might be fantasy landscapes, dream-maps, or intuitively created hybrid imaginary figures—creatures of a wet afternoon. They cover only about half the sheet of paper. The remainder has a few stray lines, marks, and smudges.

The exhibition catalogue is prefaced by a poetic yet sharply descriptive text by Giulia Ruberti, which gives just one version of the stories that some of the works might depict, with their protagonists named by single initials. We read of K. (perhaps Kai himself, but perhaps not), a believer in "spirits" who "wants to go to Nervi delle Volpi to awaken the ghosts of the missing children. That night, secretly, he runs away." No further interpretation of the works feels needed or meaningful. The paintings and drawings work their own profound magic, without assistance. ☐

MICHAEL BRACEWELL'S MOST RECENT BOOK IS A NOVEL, *UNFINISHED BUSINESS* (WHITE RABBIT, 2023).

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Günlük
Kiralık
BOYA
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CENGAVER HAN
Ptt
Just when you need help, We are here!
METROPOLITAN
Municipal Tourist Police serves for the tranquility of our guests
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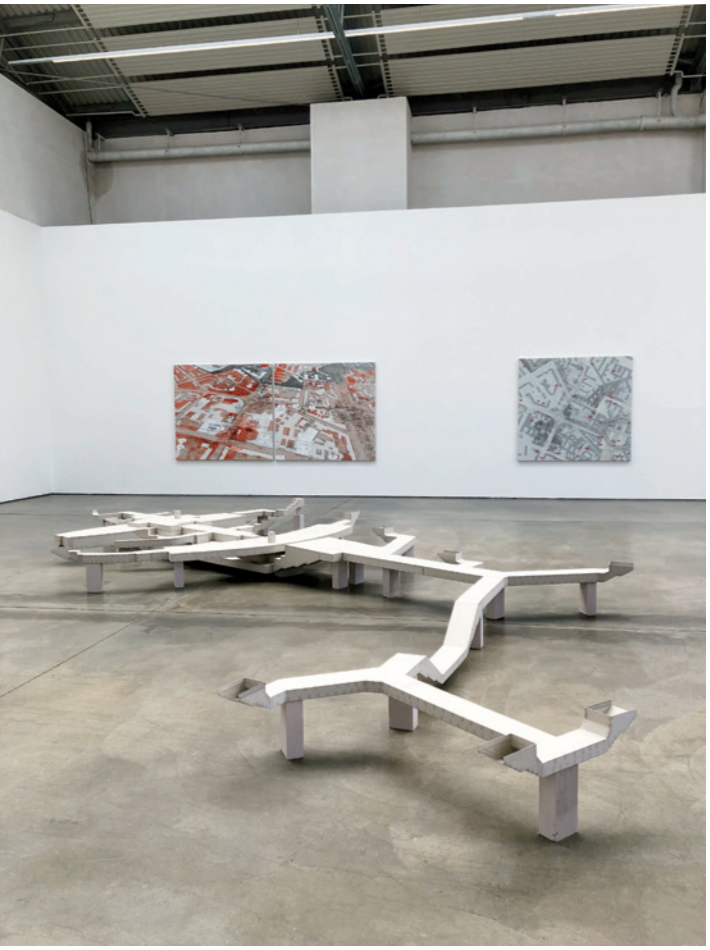
0212 243 02 4
444 9899
INE.COM
Police car with flashing lights
woman in white caftan, white headscarf
Asian couple holding pink selfie-stick
man handing out flyers
smell of boiled corn
call to prayer
kids scream
police car heads and passes through crowd.
drawing in the dark.
5 police, wearing black caps walk towards the Marmara.

SPOTLIGHT

LARISSA FASSLER

MARA HOBERMAN

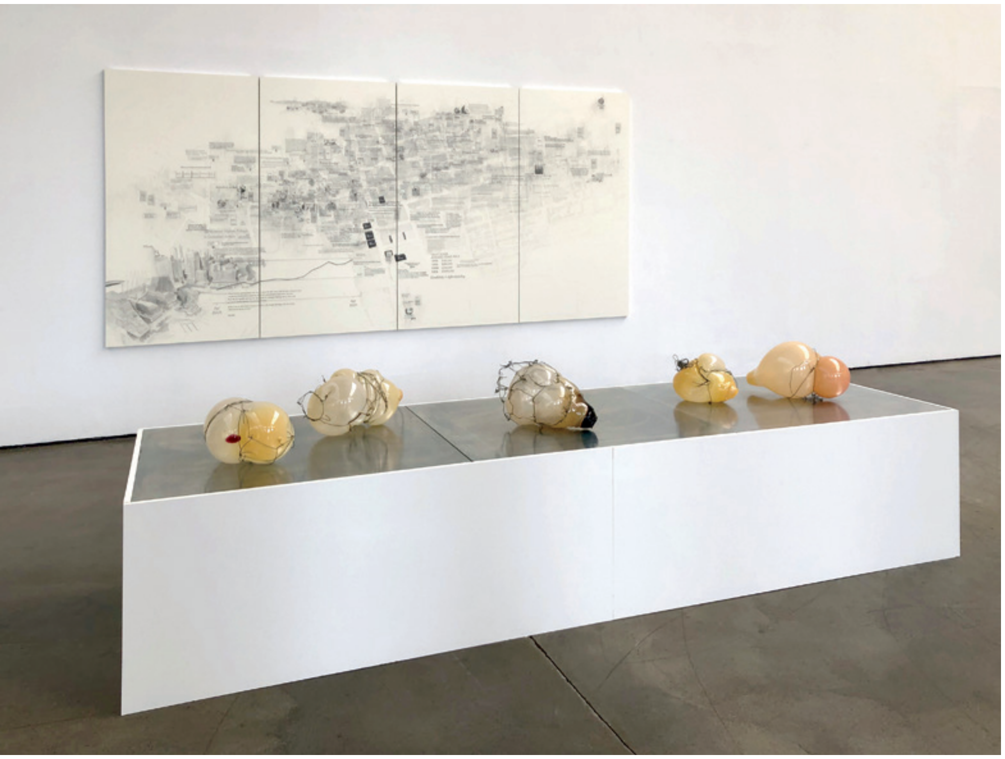
LOOKING BOTH INSIDE OUT and outside in, Larissa Fassler has spent more than two decades scrutinizing plazas, train stations, monuments, and entire city neighborhoods across Europe, Canada, and the United States. Many of the artist's subjects are urban public spaces in cities where she has lived: Vancouver, where she was born, in 1975; Montreal; Paris; London; and Berlin, her base since 1999. As a Berliner, Fassler routinely passed through the city's Alexanderplatz station before deciding to map the underground transportation hub, using her own body as a measure to create the cardboard model for *Alexanderplatz*, 2006. But the artist has also focused her attention on places where she is more of a tourist, like Istanbul's Taksim Square. Three large pencil drawings titled *Taksim Square, May 3–June 9 I*, *II*, and *III*, all 2015, summarize the ten politically charged days between the second anniversary of the Gezi Park protests condemning Recep Tayyip Erdoğan's conservative government and the general election results announcing that, for the first time in thirteen years, Erdoğan's party had failed to capture a majority in parliament. Engaging viewers who have intimate knowledge of a place as well as those who have never visited, Fassler's diverse two- and three-dimensional maps



Opposite page: **Larissa Fassler, *Taksim Square, May 31–June 9, III* (detail), 2015,** pen and pencil on paper, 47¼ × 55⅛".

Left: **View of "Larissa Fassler: Building Worlds," 2024**, Kunsthalle Lingen, Germany. Floor: *Alexanderplatz*, 2006. Wall, from left: *Moritzplatz—Forms of Brutality*, 2019; *Moritzplatz (Licht, Luft und Sonne/Light, Air and Sun)*, 2017. Photo: Larissa Fassler.

Below: **View of "Larissa Fassler: Building Worlds," 2024**, Kunsthalle Lingen, Germany. Floor: Works from the series "Vancouver Glass Objects," 2023. Wall: *Vancouver DTES*, 2021–22. Photo: Larissa Fassler.



and models speak both broadly and specifically to issues including gentrification, migration, racism, sexism, homophobia, homelessness, wealth disparity, and surveillance.

Fassler goes to great lengths to capture and integrate culture, politics, history, current events, and even personal associations in each of her scrupulously detailed renderings. In addition to her primary research—days, weeks, and months of on-site observation—the artist digs deep into historical and sociopolitical context. On the surfaces of her paintings and drawings, handwritten snippets of conversation, descriptions of smells, and accounts of human interactions commingle with timelines and statistics referencing historical events and socioeconomic data. Fassler typically layers these texts on top of bird's-eye-view drawings of plazas, stations, and city blocks. The results may resemble heavily annotated blueprints, but the artist's notes are anecdotal and analytical, rather than architectural. Playing with the visual language of architecture and urban planning, she challenges both practices' lofty ideals. *Les Halles*, 2011, for example, is a detailed maquette of a destroyed shopping mall in central Paris that she made out of dirty found cardboard and gaffer tape. Eschewing rulers and other traditional drafting tools, Fassler sketches freehand and makes floor plans subjectively scaled to the size and shape of her own body. The results, intentionally imperfect and tenderly humanized, reinforce certain shortcomings of urban planning while bringing us closer to the lived experience of a place.

The artist's familiarity with architecture stems from her childhood. Her father, Rainer Fassler, is an architect who worked with the influential Canadian architect and urban planner Arthur Erickson on major commissions including the main courthouses at Robson Square in Vancouver. Completed in 1979, this three-block complex encompasses public spaces and government offices. It is precisely the kind of urban development the architect's daughter would go on to explore and critique in her own creative practice. Notably, however, when Fassler did turn her focus to her hometown, she chose to study Vancouver's impoverished Downtown Eastside neighborhood.

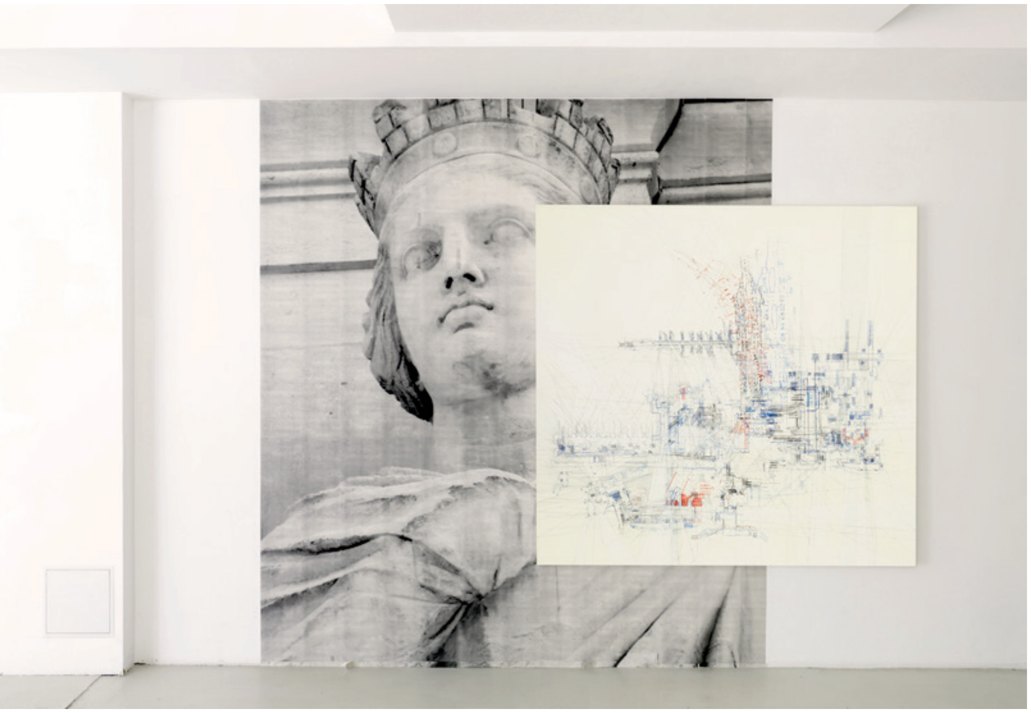
Vancouver DTES, 2021–22, is one of Fassler's most ambitious projects. The area of its focus, one of the city's oldest districts, was home to a vibrant, socially engaged working-class community until as recently as the 1970s. Over the years, however, the opioid crisis and a shortage of affordable housing led to increases in homelessness, crime, sex trade, and drug addiction. Fassler's quadriptych pencil drawing, nearly twelve feet long, depicts an overhead view of a roughly eight-by-six-block area. The groundwork is a light pencil sketch of the area's streets and buildings, which Fassler has overlaid with dense textual commentaries. In a departure from the artist's usual approach, *Vancouver DTES* does not include any firsthand observations. At the time of Fassler's field study, in 2021, the effects of the Covid-19 pandemic had plunged the neighborhood into such a distressed state that loitering there felt unsafe.

Much of *Vancouver DTES* was therefore created in the studio, where Fassler researched the neighborhood's history and pored over action reports by local aid groups and news articles by beat reporters. The results of her research stretch across the four panels. Newspaper headlines describe the deinstitutionalization of mental health facilities and the privatization of SROs. Google Maps–style "pins" show locations of new "fine dining" restaurants, while a DTES Central Kitchen logo indicates where social service organizations provide free meals. Another logo, PHS, identifies affordable housing and contrasts with a line graph charting Vancouver's rising real estate prices between 2005 and 2021. Bringing in historical layers, Fassler's notes reference the Expo '86 world's fair and the 2010 Olympics, both of which led to evictions and to the criminalization of poor and homeless communities. The unusual lack of human presence in the drawing led Fassler to make a companion series, using an entirely new medium. The "Vancouver Glass Objects," 2023, comprise five cloudy white-and-brownish handblown glass sculptures shaped and punctured by rusty metal armatures. Giving form to breath and sickly in appearance, these sculptures capture the vulnerability of the DTES community.

This past fall, *Vancouver DTES*, the "Vancouver Glass Objects," and more than a dozen other works were on view at Germany's Kunsthalle Lingen. "Building Worlds," Fassler's most comprehensive show to date, was conceptualized as an extension of her practice. Working with Meike Behm, the director and curator at Lingen, Fassler transformed the skylighted industrial space into a meta-mapping project, integrating studies revealing the peculiarities of diverse urban spaces into a holistic topography. Because Fassler's finished works are so deeply connected to their sites—specifically, to the dirt and din of urban hubs—encountering them in white-cuhe exhibition spaces can be jarring. While the artist initially balked at Behm's suggestion of eggplant-painted walls, which felt too regal for her more rugged style and subject matter, in the end she embraced purple as an appropriately sensitive chromatic link between the disparate locations she tends to render using lots of red and blue pen and paint. In addition to the painted walls, the show's scenography included pedestals, platforms, floor graphics, benches, and curtains. Evoking what it might feel like to inhabit one of Fassler's drawings or paintings, this multilevel and multitextured mise-en-scène emphasized how architecture, decor, and signage affect our experience of space and place.

Even viewers who have never visited the locations Fassler depicts will find them somewhat familiar. Their relatablity is owing in part to visual and conceptual connections the artist makes between urban spaces and the human body. In drawings from the "Place de la Concorde" series, 2011–17, thin red and blue lines trace the flow of people through the titular plaza. The colors and fluid forms the artist uses to record foot traffic evoke the circulation of blood through the body. The thrum of life in this central Paris square is further underscored by handwritten notes. Quoting posters and banners observed during various protests that marched through the Place de la Concorde over the course of her weeks-long field study, Fassler integrates such phrases as *TOUCHE PAS À MA FRANCE* (Don't touch my France), WE ARE ANONYMOUS, *AGRICULTEURS SURTAXES = CHÔMAGE ASSURÉ* (Overtaxed farmers = Guaranteed unemployment), and HOMOPHOBES! into the landscape. While aptly capturing a specific mood, place, and activity, the "Place de la Concorde" drawings also convey a universal sense of élan vital. The drawings' vitality is rooted in their subject (the bloody past of the Place de la Concorde, which was the main location of the guillotine during the French Revolution) and expressed in the artist's corporeal drafting style, whereby she relates actions in the plaza to our own lifeblood.

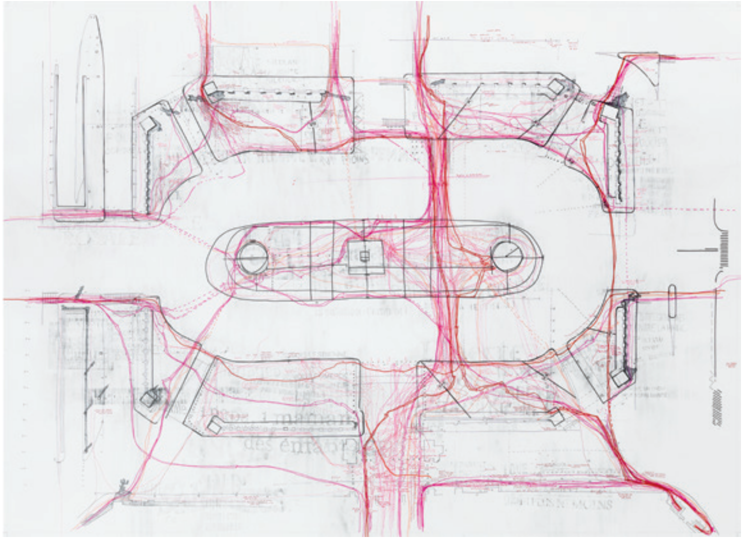
An urgent here-and-now quality to Fassler's work makes the when, where, and how it is exhibited integral to its interpretation. When her "Gare du Nord" paintings, 2014–15, were first shown in Paris, in a 2016 show titled "Worlds Inside" at Galerie Poggi, Fassler hung these interior studies of the station, revealing all its chaos and cacophony, against a wallpaper of enlarged black-and-white photos showing parts of the station's exterior, specifically several Neoclassical allegorical female statues representing different towns served by the original railway. The superimposition highlighted a disconnect between the idealism of modern train travel in the nineteenth century and the station's actual ambience. The real-life backdrop for the exhibition, however, was France's ever-worsening migrant crisis. During the time that Fassler's "Gare du Nord" was on view, the news was dominated by reports from a far less glamorous French transit hub—Calais (a port city on France's northern coast), where an encampment dubbed "the jungle" acted as a dismal temporary home for thousands of refugees from Afghanistan, Sudan, Iraq, and other countries as they awaited entry into the UK. In this context, Fassler's depiction of Europe's largest train station as home to MAN BEGGING/ASKING/PLEADING/CRYING FOR MONEY FOR A COFFEE. SEEMS IN DESPAIR. (*Gare du Nord II*) and WHITE BRITISH FAMILY BESIDE ME GOING TO DISNEYLAND (*Gare du Nord III*), both 2014–15, spoke urgently to vast inequities when it comes to border crossing. At Gare du Nord, Eurostar patrons pass through UK/France border control and go on to enjoy their work or leisure time in Paris while crossing paths with a class of undocumented migrants who do not have the same luxury of international travel. Like most of Fassler's work, "Gare du Nord" is political



Left: **Larissa Fassler, *Gare du Nord I*, 2015**, pen, pencil, and paint on canvas. Installation view, Galerie Jérôme Poggi, Paris, 2016. From the series "Gare du Nord," 2014–15. Photo: Nicolas Brasseur.

Below: **Larissa Fassler, *Place de la Concorde IX*, 2017**, pen and pencil on paper, 54⅜ × 75⅝". From the series "Place de la Concorde," 2011–17.

Opposite page: **Larissa Fassler, *Columbus Circle, NYC II*, 2017–20**, pen, pencil, and acrylic on canvas, 70⅞ × 51⅛".



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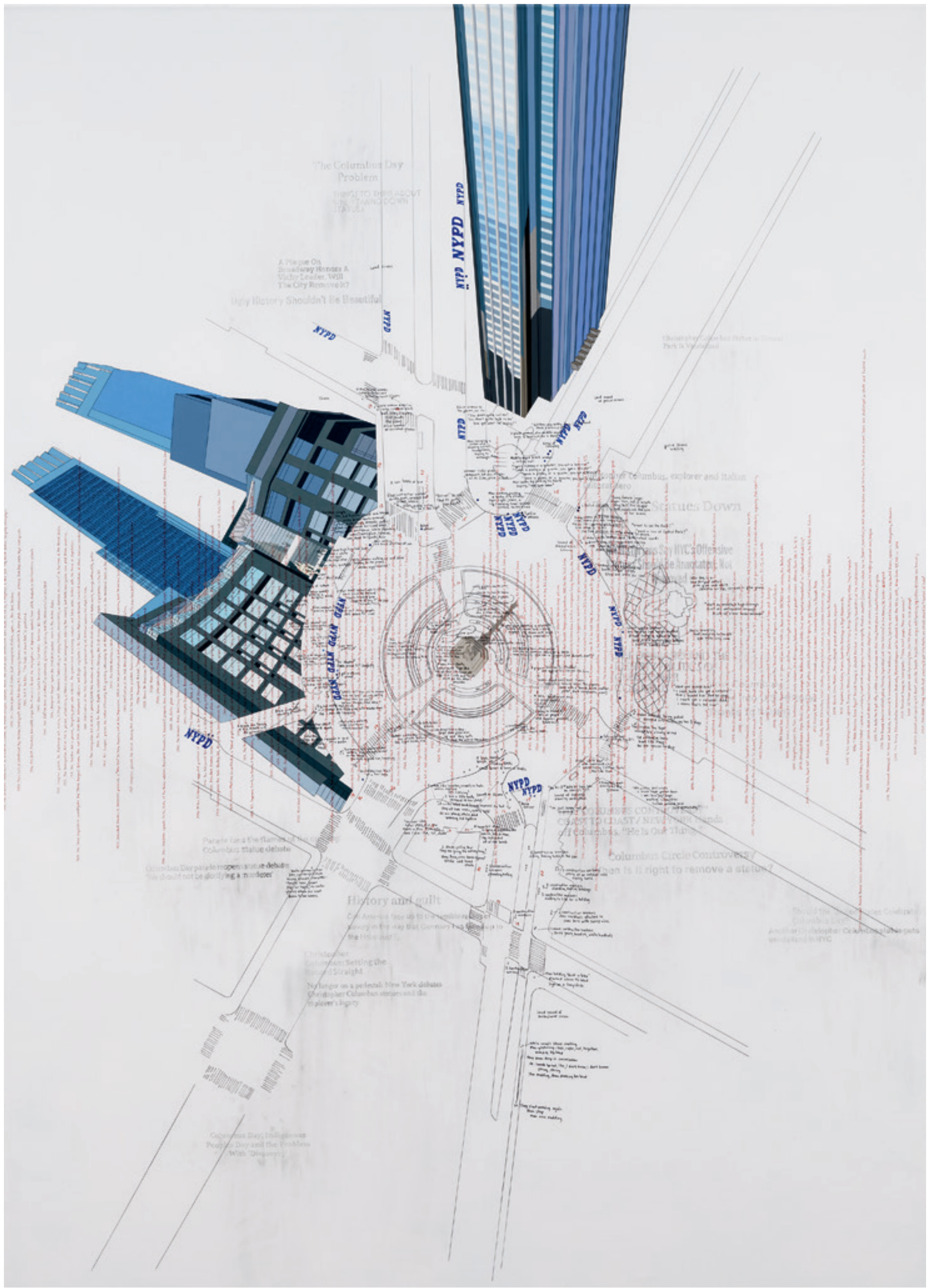

without pointing fingers or making demands. Inasmuch as her exhibition was "about" the immigration crisis, it likely resonated just as strongly with those in favor of curbing immigration as with those condemning the government's inhumane treatment of refugees and asylum seekers. The stark contrast between well-heeled travelers and beggars in the "Gare du Nord" drawings is incendiary, but not insurrectionary. More akin to a journalist than to an op-ed columnist, Fassler reports the facts and lets her sources speak for themselves.

The pendent works *Columbus Circle, NYC I* and *II*, both 2017–20, also describe a nation divided. Here the underlying image is a sweeping, but somewhat rudimentary, aerial view of the Christopher Columbus statue at the southwest corner of New York's Central Park, where it is ringed concentrically by a pedestrian plaza, a traffic circle, and two high-rise towers. Across the nearly six-foot-tall *Columbus Circle, NYC II*, small *x* marks and annotations in black pen indicate observations from a two-week field study in 2017. These notes describe sounds (INCREDIBLY LOUD BLAST OF A TAXI HORN), physical descriptions (OLDER BLACK WOMAN TALKING TO HERSELF WEARING HOUSE SLIPPERS), and social interactions (5 CONSTRUCTION WORKERS SITTING, HAVING LUNCH IN THE SUN). Written larger, in blue pen, NYPD logos appear nineteen times throughout the drawing, indicating sites where police officers were stationed.

Another layer of text speaks directly to this heavy police presence and broadens the context beyond this particular urban plaza. Fassler's Columbus Circle field study coincided with a resurgence of the Black Lives Matter movement, specifically calls from citizens and politicians to remove statues commemorating the Civil War or otherwise associated with racial injustice. To address this, Fassler made a timeline of events in US history between 1892 (when the statue of Columbus was installed) and 2020 (by which time, according to CBS News, more than thirty Christopher Columbus statues had been, or were in the process of being, removed). The chronology is handwritten, in red pen, across the entire composition of *Columbus Circle, NYC II*.

The events in Fassler's timeline relate to freedoms (denied and protected) and discrimination (applied and fought against). Her nonexhaustive account of the battle for equal rights in America includes more than one hundred laws, court rulings, murders, assassinations, books, films, protests, and riots. The two final entries in the timeline reference Donald Trump:

> 2020: President Trump tweets that painting Black Lives Matter on street would be a "symbol of hate."
>
> 2020: President Trump issues an order to purge the federal government of racial sensitivity training that his White House called "divisive, anti-American propaganda."

Trump's outsize presence in this scene is incarnated by the Trump International Hotel and Tower, which Fassler boldly painted in shades of black and blue. Looming over the plaza, street, and statue below, the Goliath extends beyond the frame of the painting, serving as a reminder that the future is yet unknown. As studies of how places are reshaped (physically, psychologically, and sociologically) over extended periods of time, Fassler's works are themselves time capsules. Acknowledging that her brackets can only cover so much terrain, the artist directs our gaze beyond the artwork and back to life. □

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View of “Harmony and Dissonance: Orphism in Paris, 1910–1930,” 2024–25, Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, NY. From left: Francis Picabia, *Edtaonisl (Ecclésiastique)* (Edtaonisl [Ecclesiastic]), 1913; Robert Delaunay, *Soleil, lune, simultané 2* (Simultaneous Contrasts: Sun and Moon), 1913; Sonia Delaunay, *Prismes électriques* (Electric Prisms), 1914. Photo: David Heald

“Harmony and Dissonance: Orphism in Paris, 1910–1930”

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, NEW YORK

CURATED BY TRACEY BASHKOFF AND VIVIEN GREENE

Rachel Wetzler

“THE REIGN OF ORPHEUS IS BEGINNING,” declared the poet-critic Guillaume Apollinaire in his review of the 1913 Salon des Indépendants in Paris. Less a movement than a loose constellation of Parisian painters in the same orbit, Orphism, according to Apollinaire, variously denoted the “art of painting new compositions with elements not taken from reality as it is seen, but entirely created by the artist and invested by him with a powerful reality”; a school of painters who had “arrived at a more internal, less intellectual, more poetic vision of the universe and of life”; and an art of “pure aesthetic pleasure.” This elastic definition, largely articulated in response to exhibitions, could accommodate a range of painters with distinct approaches. Most closely associated with Robert Delaunay’s luminous disks, the Orphist label was also attached to Marcel Duchamp, František Kupka, Fernand Léger, and Francis Picabia, artists who seemed to have little in common stylistically but who shared an interest in pushing their work into the realm of pure abstraction.

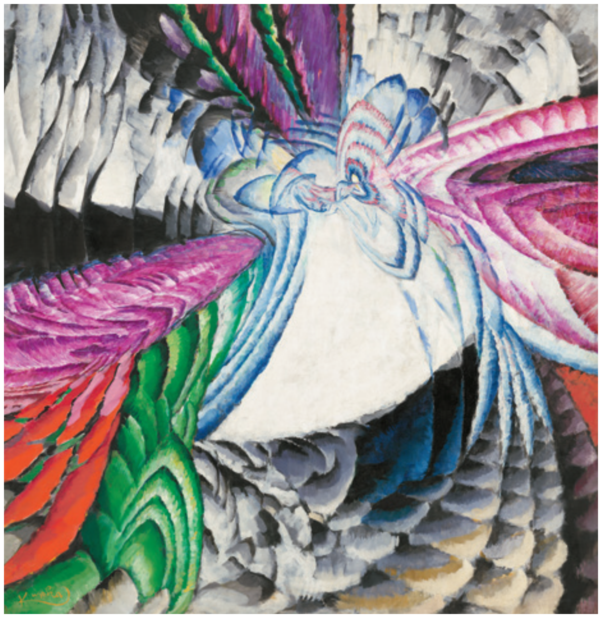
In fact, by the time of Apollinaire’s pronouncement, the end was already near. Orphism’s supposed adherents mostly denied belonging in the first place, but the onset of World War I the following year put an end to whatever incipient collective spirit the critic discerned in the salons and studios of Paris. For some artists, like Duchamp and Picabia, Orphism was merely a way station they passed through en route to the mature work for which they are best known; others, like Delaunay and Kupka, kept painting in a similar idiom throughout their careers, without ever fully recapturing their prewar momentum.

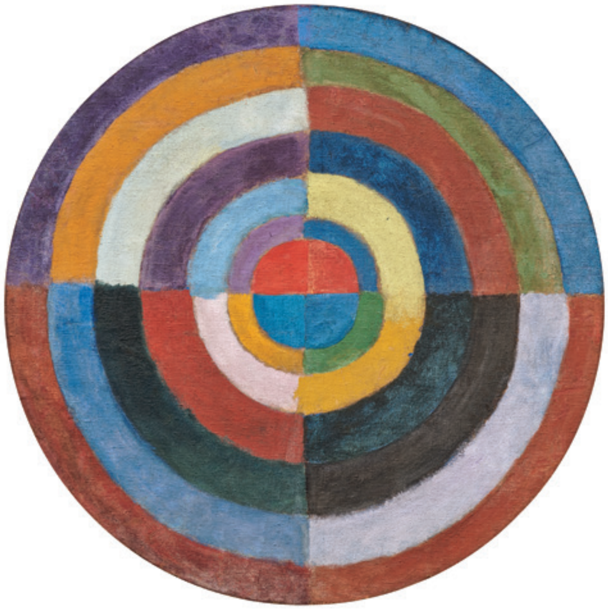
Hence the art-historical problem posed by Orphism: It is impossible to disregard the profound accomplishment of a painting like Kupka’s *Amorpha, fugue à deux couleurs* (Amorpha, Fugue in Two Colors), 1912, or Delaunay’s *Premier disque* (First Disk), 1913, which rank among the first abstract works exhibited in Europe (*First Disk* being the most radically nonobjective of its moment), yet it is difficult to pinpoint where that accomplishment led, eclipsed as it was by the antics of Surrealism and Dada, on the one hand, and the architectonic abstraction of De Stijl, Constructivism, and the Bauhaus on the other. As Gordon Hughes points out in his 2014 study of Delaunay, Orphism is the only dead end in Alfred H. Barr Jr.’s infamous genealogy of modernism, the ism that “goes exactly nowhere.”

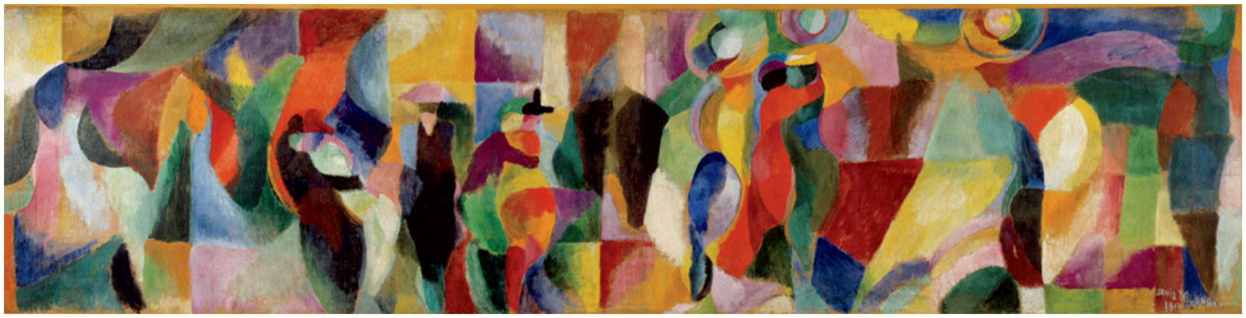
“Harmony and Dissonance: Orphism in Paris, 1910–1930” at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum in New York never quite finds its way out of this quandary. The show opens with the promising suggestion of coherence, presenting a tight grouping of greatest hits. Delaunay’s *Soleil, lune, simultané 2* (Simultaneous Contrasts: Sun and Moon), 1913, a radiant tondo evoking celestial bodies in orbit, is placed high on one wall, hovering to the side of his wife Sonia Delaunay-Terk’s *Prismes électriques* (Electric Prisms), 1914, whose banded disks of color were influenced by the electric lamps newly installed on the streets of Paris. Facing the Delaunays are Kupka’s *Localisation de mobiles graphiques II* (Localization of Graphic Motifs II), 1912–13, a whirling vortex of bladelike forms in a wild palette of fuchsia and emerald, and Picabia’s *Edtaonisl (Ecclésiastique)* (Edtaonisl [Ecclesiastic]), 1913, a jigsaw arrangement of twisting coils and irregular planes with a suggestively mechanical sheen, supposedly inspired by an encounter with the notorious dancer Stacia Napierkowska. (The seemingly nonsense title is a mash-up of the words *étoile* and *danse*.)

The paintings are stylistically dissimilar, but the relationship is familial. You can sense, in this room, why Apollinaire instinctively believed these artists belonged together, even if they themselves were not so sure. To begin with the obvious, each one rejected the dour monochrome palettes of Cubism in favor of brilliant color contrasts and traded angular grids for interpenetrating arcs and disks. But the more profound difference from the Cubists in their milieu was a willingness to let go of representation altogether. Though objects and entities in the world might serve as a point of reference, none of these artists—at least at this moment—were interested in depicting it outright, let alone legibly. Instead, they aspired to capture the sensation of light and motion itself, evoked in each of these four paintings through pulsing rhythms radiating from a central node. But as the show proceeds up the Guggenheim’s rotunda, this initial impression of cohesion falls away, pushing the already hazy picture of Orphism in multiple, perhaps irreconcilable directions.

Orphism was cast by Apollinaire as a Cubist offshoot (he refers to it initially as “Orphic Cubism” in his 1913 essay collection *Les Peintres Cubistes* [The Cubist Painters]), but in many respects it was more akin to a Post-Post-Impressionism. Though inflected by Cubism’s decisive break with the model of perspectival illusionism that had reigned since the Renaissance, Orphism ultimately prioritized a more extreme version of the Impressionist and Post-Impressionist interest in the optical effects of light and the science of color, in particular the color theories of Michel-Eugène Chevreul, Charles Henry, and Ogden Rood. (The Delaunays were explicit about their debt to Chevreul’s 1839 treatise *De la loi du contraste simultané des couleurs* [Laws of Simultaneous Color Contrasts], which described how the







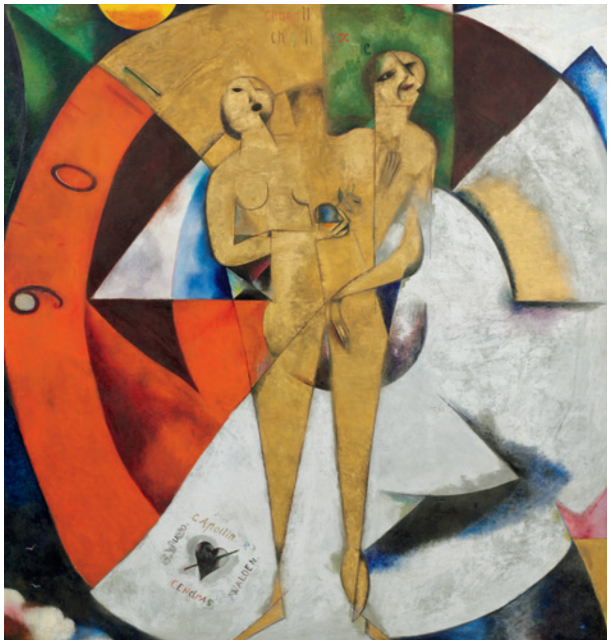
perception of a given color is affected by adjacent hues.) In place of the semiotic play underpinning the Cubism of Picasso and Braque—an exploration of the limit case of representation—or the Salon Cubists' systematic use of faceting to deconstruct objects in space, the painters affiliated with Orphism focused on optical and perceptual sensation.

In particular, they captured the sensorium of modernity: the dizzying speed of the new Paris Métro, the pulse of electric light at night, the flickering movement of a film strip, all of which seemed to dissolve and penetrate form. Alongside these tangible landmarks of the technological revolution underway were any number of recent scientific discoveries pointing to a teeming world of matter lurking beneath the visible: subatomic particles, radio waves, X-rays. In Delaunay's earlier Cubist depictions of the Eiffel Tower, 1911–12, two of which are included here, the structure appears as the jagged and fragmented centerpiece of a cityscape, pitched forward and pulled back at once to capture a sense of its vertiginous height. By contrast, in the majestic *L'équipe de Cardiff* (The Cardiff Team), 1913, based on a newspaper photograph of a rugby match, silhouettes of the tower, the Great Wheel, the athletes' bodies leaping through the air after the ball, and the spectators cheering them on are all arrayed on the same plane, dissolving any sense of foreground and background to form a kind of interlocking pattern across the surface. Sonia Delaunay's *Le Bal Bullier*, from the same year, translates the atmosphere of the Paris dance hall the couple frequented into a prismatic panorama, with dancers performing the tango loosely rendered as serpentine silhouettes, while Picabia's *Culture physique* (Physical Culture), 1913, is an even more fully abstract evocation of athletes in motion, the figures altogether absent except as flesh-tone ribbons winding across the canvas.

The so-called Orphists were hardly alone in these interests. There is considerable overlap, aesthetically and interpersonally, with not only Cubism but also Futurism and Expressionism, among other, more marginal isms (e.g., Synchromism, Rayonism). Apollinaire's own idiosyncratic categorization doesn't help the curators, Tracey Bashkoff and Vivien Greene, in their attempts to define the contours of a movement that no artist really claimed as their own. Kupka, whose work at the 1912 Salon d'Automne was anecdotally reported to be the initial inspiration for the term *Orphism*, is written out of Apollinaire's account entirely after he publicly rebuffs the critic's praise for his work as misguided, while Duchamp's somber *Nu [esquisse], jeune homme triste dans un train* (Nude [Study], Sad Young Man in a Train), 1911–12, is explicitly mentioned, despite its total lack of the radiant color whose presence would become Orphism's defining characteristic.

The show's most important historical contribution is returning Sonia Delaunay to the center of the story. Unmentioned by Apollinaire and long treated as a historical footnote in Robert's career, she emerges here as the more inventive artist, adopting a transmedial, multidimensional approach to the style she and her husband called *simultanéisme* in an attempt to make it a truly living art. Accompanying her painting of the Bal Bullier are sketches for one of the "simultaneous dresses" she intended to be worn there, its surface activated through the ecstatic movements of a patron's dancing body, and the jubilant toy box she designed for her young son. Best of all is the exquisite "simultaneous book" she coproduced with poet Blaise Cendrars, *La Prose du Transsibérien et de la Petite Jehanne de France* (The Prose of the Trans-Siberian and of Little Jehanne of France), 1913, interlacing Cendrars's fragmentary narrative of a journey on the Trans-Siberian Railroad with Delaunay's vibrant arcs of color. Printed vertically and bound accordion style, the book displays text and image cascading down the page like a train hurtling through the countryside, culminating in the Eiffel Tower's diminutive silhouette floating atop the paper's lower edge.

> **Hence the art-historical problem posed by Orphism: It is impossible to disregard its profound accomplishment, yet it is difficult to pinpoint where that accomplishment led.**



Opposite page, clockwise from top left: **František Kupka, *Localisation de mobiles graphiques II* (Localization of Graphic Motifs II), 1912–13**, oil on canvas, 78¾ × 76⅜". **Robert Delaunay, *Premier disque* (First Disk), 1913**, oil on canvas, 53⅛ × 53⅛". **Sonia Delaunay, *Le Bal Bullier*, 1913**, oil on mattress ticking, 3' 2¼" × 12' ⅝". Above: **Marc Chagall, *Hommage à Apollinaire* (Homage to Apollinaire), 1913**, oil on canvas, 78⅞ × 74⅝".

Other inclusions are more questionable. In the show's second half, in particular, the focus shifts from giving shape to Orphism, as a set of overlapping formal and theoretical concerns among a specific cohort of Parisian artists in the years leading up to World War I, to charting the diffusion of those aesthetics across Europe and the United States. The idea that the Paris-based American painters Stanton MacDonald-Wright and Morgan Russell's Synchromism was in a semi-rivalrous conversation with Orphism seems convincing enough, despite their loud protestations to the contrary. Less clear is the relevance of a work like David Bomberg's *In the Hold*, ca. 1913–14, a hard-edge geometric abstraction organized around an orthogonal grid, inspired by the dock workers in London's East End, or Alexander Archipenko's static sculptures of a stylized Pierrot. And what exactly do the curators mean when they say, in a wall label, that Giacomo Balla's *Mercurio transita davanti al sole* (Mercury Passing Before the Sun), 1914—a depiction of a specific astronomical event (the transit of Mercury on November 17, 1914) as seen through the artist's telescope—is "aligned more with Orphism" than with Italian Futurism, the movement to which he avowedly belonged, "if perhaps unwittingly"?

For the Delaunays and Kupka in particular, the invocation of simultaneity was not just a matter of rendering the impression of speed and movement through dynamic compositional and formal elements (for instance, Futurist force lines trailing behind a rearing horse or sprinting cyclist), but also the perceptual sensations that the paintings literally produced in the viewer. Somewhere along the line in the exhibition, this more specific concern with exploring how optical effects could be marshaled toward compositional ends is dropped in favor of a more generic understanding of modernist simultaneity as representing the multiplicity of time and space. Here, *Orphism* comes to mean virtually any instance of an artist exploring colorful abstraction in the teens and beyond, sidestepping the thorny but valuable work of defining what, if anything, set Orphism apart from other, apparently similar tendencies—and if the curators' answer is Nothing, really, then why call the show "Orphism in Paris" at all?

Perhaps ironically, a more or less convincing picture of what Orphism was does ultimately emerge in the exhibition, through comparison with what it is almost certainly not. Marc Chagall's *Hommage à Apollinaire* (Homage to Apollinaire), 1913, for example, which sets an angular nude against a spinning colored disk, is self-evidently indebted to Robert Delaunay, but the effect of its broad areas of mottled, opaque color is heavy and emotive where the Delaunays' works are vibratory and atmospheric. Despite the description of Jean Metzinger's *Danseuse au café* (Dancer in a Café), 1912, as "demonstrating an interest in the simultaneity typical of Orphism and Italian Futurism," its schematic dissection of a café-concert has little in common with Sonia Delaunay's pulsing *Bal Bullier*; or Kupka's *Disques de Newton (Étude pour "La fugue à 2 couleurs")* (Disks of Newton [Study for "Fugue in Two Colors"]), 1912, whose title nods to both the structure of music and the science of color, the painting part of a series of works that progressively distill the movement of his stepdaughter's ball arcing through the air in the family's garden into pure abstraction. A baffling "coda" featuring postwar works by Albert Gleizes—late canvases that mash together various Cubist and post-Cubist idioms—and his justifiably obscure Irish student Mainie Jellett illustrates not so much Orphism's vital afterlife as its obsolescence. Not every movement has a hidden transnational, intergenerational history to uncover, or uncannily anticipates the concerns of the present: In their attempts to expand the Orphist orbit, the show's curators reveal how narrow it actually was. ☐

"Harmony and Dissonance: Orphism in Paris, 1910–1930" is on view through March 9.

RACHEL WETZLER IS A SENIOR EDITOR OF *ARTFORUM*.

“Seeing Is Believing: The Art and Influence of Gérôme”

MATHAF: ARAB MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, DOHA, QATAR

CURATED BY EMILY WEEKS, GILES HUDSON, AND SARA RAZA

Maya Jaggi

THE FRENCH ARTIST Jean-Léon Gérôme (1824–1904) was a phenomenally influential painter. His Orientalist depictions of North Africa, Asia, and Southern Europe—both imitated and derided in his day—made him one of the most widely reproduced and commercially successful European artists of the second half of the nineteenth century. As a professor at the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris for forty years, he mentored more than two thousand art students. US patrons extended his influence. Almost two centuries after he transformed the way in which his audiences imagined the Islamic world and other cultures, his lingering impact on how the “East” is represented, in media ranging from fine art and photojournalism to Hollywood films, remains a source of bitter controversy.

The bicentennial exhibition “Seeing Is Believing: The Art and Influence of Gérôme,” at Mathaf: Arab Museum of Modern Art in Qatar’s capital, revisits Gérôme’s art and legacy in three distinct sections. The roughly four hundred works are drawn from Qatar Museums’ national collections, amassed by the gas-rich Gulf emirate over forty years, and loans from institutions ranging from New York’s Metropolitan Museum of Art to the Islamic Arts Museum Malaysia. Yet on the twentieth anniversary of Qatar’s ambitious museum-building program, launched in 2005 to diversify the fossil-fuel-dependent economy through investment in the cultural tourism sector, this sprawlingly ambitious show, which claims to provide a “space to critically reassess Gérôme’s influence,” inadvertently undermines the emirate’s credibility as a global center for art.

The exhibition in Mathaf, a repurposed school building, was organized by the future Lusail Museum (formerly called the Orientalist Museum), under construction on an island north of Doha. The Lusail’s core collection of nineteenth-century European painting and photography of the MENASA region (Middle East, North Africa, and South Asia) is possibly the world’s largest hoard of Orientalist art—that genre of visual art created mainly in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries (especially by French and British artists) that depicted a culturally diverse region conflated as the “Orient” from an outside, often imaginary, perspective. The subject matter of Orientalist art ranged broadly, from desert landscapes to pious prayers at the mosque—both represented among Gérôme’s paintings here. Another popular subject was the harem: Under the influence of Antoine Galland’s early-eighteenth-century French translation of *The Thousand and One Nights*, harems—women’s private spaces within the home that would have been barred to male artists—were frequently reimagined as bordellos.

The power of these made-up images, playing on ignorance, fears, and desires about an “East” against which Europe could define its own identity, persists today. In 2019, Gérôme’s *Slave Market*, 1866—a composition depicting a turbaned man thrusting his fingers into the mouth of a pale, naked woman as other men look on approvingly—appeared on posters put up by the German far-right Alternative für Deutschland party with the xenophobic slogan “So That Europe Won’t Become Eurabia.”

So how is this contentious body of art to be reframed for the twenty-first century, and sense made of the fact that some of the most avid collectors of Orientalist art are in the Arab world? The show’s opening section, “A Wider Lens, A New Gérôme,” curated by the independent Gérôme scholar Emily Weeks, presents the artist’s life and work in a midnight-blue interior redolent of a Paris salon. “Try . . . to forget all the politics that surrounds [these paintings] today,” the curator’s audio guide intones, as we are urged to look closely at the works’ aesthetic appeal and painterly mastery, in what, according to Weeks, is the first museum exhibition to explore Gérôme’s style and technique. He was in his teens at the advent of photography; a photograph here shows him as an imperious figure with a turned-up mustache. As other artists turned to Impressionism—a style he abhorred—he opted for hyper-realism, vying with the new lens-based medium through a technically accomplished academic style of oil painting, using invisible brushstrokes to create a smooth, glassy surface. Inspired by David Roberts and Eugène Delacroix, he used this realism to make neoclassical history paintings. In *Pollice Verso* (With a Turned Thumb), 1872, a Roman swordsman stands triumphant in an arena with his sandaled foot on a man’s neck while looking to a row of ghoulish women, whose livid faces and downturned thumbs conjure a spectacle of bloodlust. With its immersive drama and almost Technicolor realism, the painting is described by Weeks as a catalyst for Ridley Scott’s 2000 Hollywood blockbuster *Gladiator.*

A map in the first section charts how Gérôme ventured beyond the Grand Tour of Italy and Greece into Turkey, Algeria, Palestine, and Egypt. After each journey, he returned to his Paris studio to paint, creating a signature style that deceived critics and others into believing his paintings were a window onto scenes of daily life he had witnessed. The show emphasizes his seamless studio “bricolage,” which relied for its seeming authenticity on photographs, costumes, and other props—many supplied by his art dealer and father-in-law, Adolphe Goupil, a collector of Islamic art. The same costume from a photograph inspired both Albanian and Egyptian figures in different paintings. Gérôme’s *Femme circassienne voilée* (Veiled Circassian Lady), 1876, a fair-skinned beauty with a luscious hand pointing toward her cleavage, was a Parisian model.

In the show, we see how Gérôme’s artistic liberties spawned sensationalist imagery, from *La mosquée El Assaneyn, les têtes coupées* (The Mosque El Assaneyn, The Severed Heads), 1866, featuring severed heads piled outside a mosque, to *Derviches hurleurs/Le Dervish Tourneur* (The Whirling Dervish), 1899, with its crazed spectators. Yet

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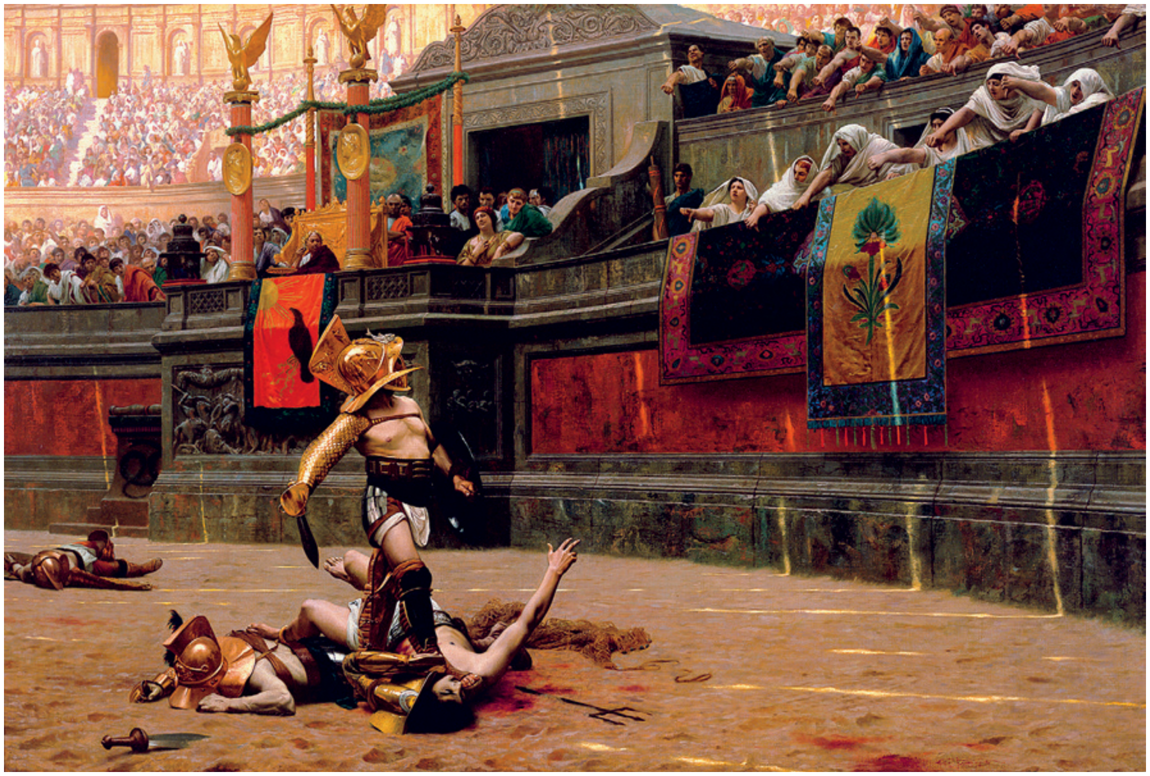
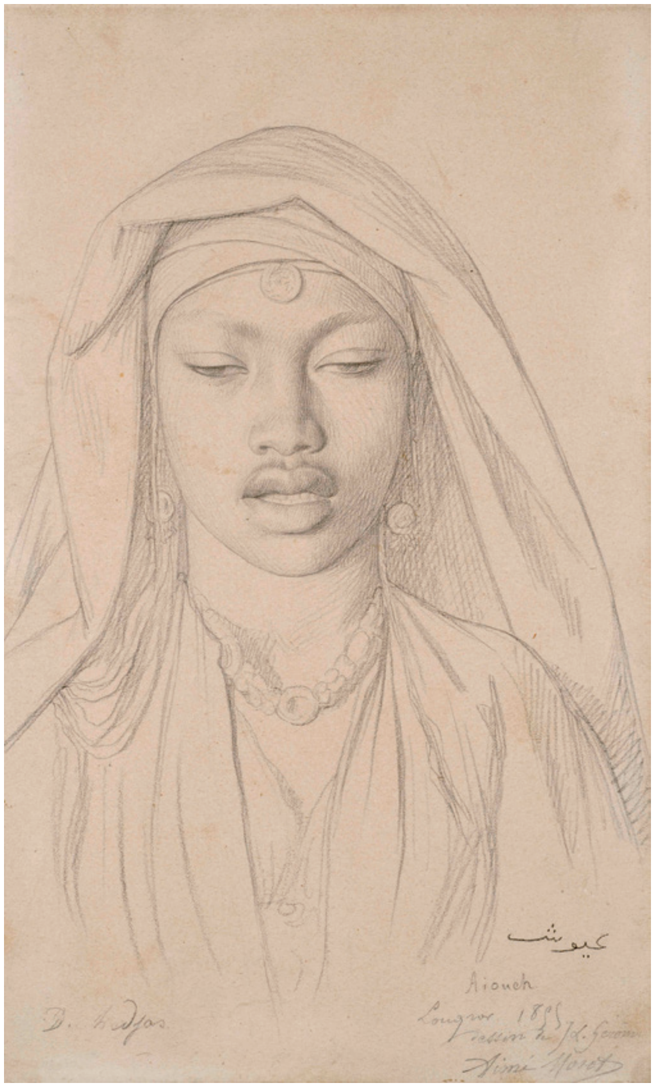


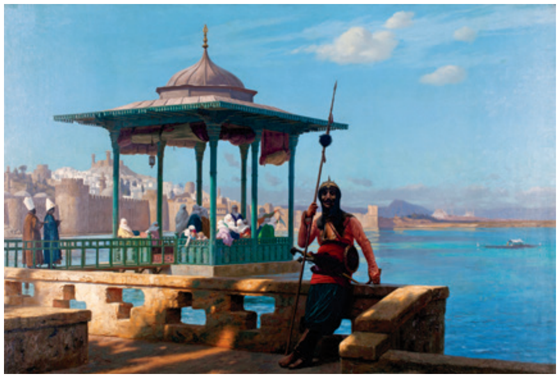
portraits of named individuals, such as the sketch of a full-lipped North African or Arab woman, *Portrait of a Woman (Aiouch)*, ca. 1855–56, are displayed to counter criticism of Gérôme's art as portraying ethnographic types. The relatively few examples here of Gérôme's many harem paintings are presented as subtle genre paintings of everyday life. Study for *Femmes dans un kiosque* (The Harem in the Kiosk), ca. 1870–75, depicts women on an outing. The label is worth quoting in full:

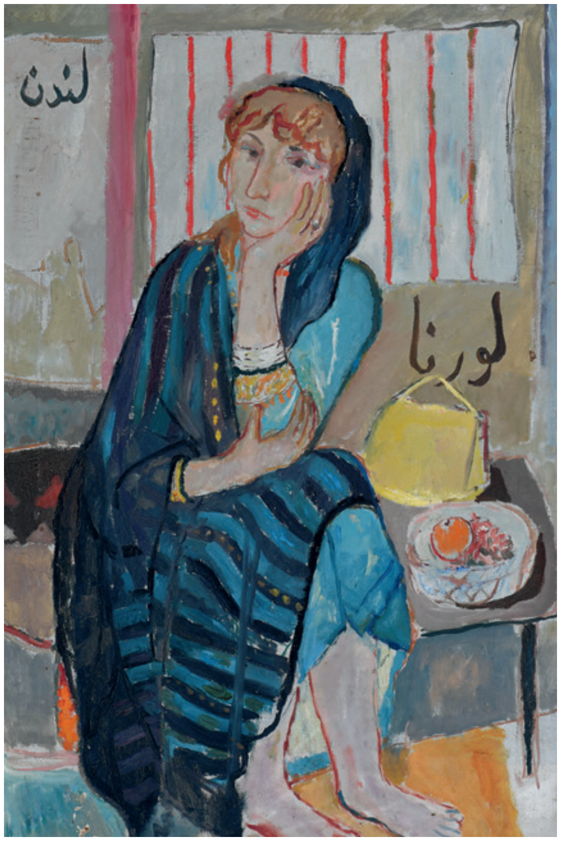
> This study for a finished painting shows Ottoman women of the harem with their children, enjoying the cool breezes off the Bosporus. Though most 19th-century artists depicted harem women as seductive and unclothed odalisques in dimly lit interiors, here Gérôme challenges his contemporaries' expectations and offers a more modest—and accurate—view of their daily lives.

Then what are we to make of the leering guard in the foreground, his face resembling a Guy Fawkes mask, who confronts the viewer with what might be a taunting swagger? While this commentary appears to reposition Gérôme as more truthful than his peers, perhaps his best known and most fantastical paintings—his salacious images of nudes in Turkish baths and white-slave auctions—are absent here. Such works are nevertheless key to Gérôme's Orientalist oeuvre, in that they unmask the prurient fantasy latent in much of it, and epitomize the lifeless kitsch that led the novelist Émile Zola to scorn him as a "cynical manufacturer of anecdotal images for mass reproduction and popular consumption."

The absence of these works, which cannot be shown in Qatar owing to their nudity and sexual content, suggests the limits to grappling with Orientalism in the Gulf. Back in 2013, when a museum in Doha refused to display two marble statues of ancient Greek male nudes in an exhibition on the Olympics without screening them behind black gauze (Greece's National Archaeological Museum preferred to ship them back to Athens), the Qatar Museums Authority said the decision was "not due to censorship" but instead was owing to sensitivity "to community needs and standards." Little appears to have changed. Here, even the twenty-fifth-anniversary edition of Edward Said's *Orientalism* (1978), with Gérôme's *Le Charmeur de serpent* (The Snake Charmer), ca. 1879, on the cover, is partially concealed. Another volume in the same vitrine, Linda Nochlin's *The Politics of Vision* (1989), coyly obscures the naked rear of the boy entwined with a serpent in the painting, with its homoerotic charge. While censorship might be downplayed as a periodic challenge to curators anywhere, the contradictions created in an exhibition on Orientalism are overwhelming. The inability to show, or even describe, the more lurid of Gérôme's works obscures the powerful element of fantasy and projection at play in his art, skewing the art-historical reappraisal—unless visitors are assumed (unreasonably) to have prior familiarity with his oeuvre. Here, his constructed fictions might appear benignly driven by aesthetic choices. The promised "wider lens" has in fact narrowed.







Opposite page: **Jean-Léon Gérôme, *Pollice Verso* (With a Turned Thumb), 1872,** oil on canvas, 38¼ × 57⅝".

Above: **Jean-Léon Gérôme, *Portrait of a Woman (Aiouch)*, ca. 1855–56,** pencil on paper, 10½ × 6¼".

Right, from top: **Jean-Léon Gérôme, study for *Femmes dans un kiosque* (The Harem in the Kiosk), ca. 1870–75,** oil on canvas, 29¼ × 43¼". **Jewad Selim, *A Portrait of Lorna Selim*, 1948,** oil on canvas, 30 × 20⅛".

Said made no mention of Gérôme, but the critic is implicated in Weeks's assertion, in her written curatorial statement for the exhibition, that "Gérôme's style was politicised in the 20th century." Her audio guide describes Gérôme as the "first victim, perhaps, of Orientalism's redefinition": No longer were his paintings "considered an innocent function of his training, then, or a record of truth"; rather they were seen as "evidence of [his] complicity in an imperial plan." Whatever the cruder claims of those who came after Said, far from "politicizing" such art, *Orientalism* argued that the production of knowledge, even when apparently neutral, was tainted by power and interests; that ruling others was made possible by the cultural representation of the ruled. Regardless of Gérôme's motives, or his view of French power, his portrayal of the Orient was undeniably political in its day, not least for those it purported to represent but who did not, at that time, have a voice. Among his recurring subjects were so-called Bashi-bazouks, Ottoman mercenaries—often Albanian or African—who fought against Napoleonic troops in Egypt after the French invasion of 1798, as the waning of the Ottoman Empire opened the way for the French and British to take power. In *Fondeur de balles dans un café* (Cafe House, Cairo [Casting Bullets]), ca. 1884, Gérôme depicts them at leisure, but their oddly incongruous task, making bullets, would have been a sharp reminder of their reputation as brutish fighters and lawless plunderers.

Less revisionist, the show's second and bracingly forensic section, "Between Gérôme and Photography: Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction," argues that early-nineteenth-century lithographers anticipated Orientalist painters in disseminating their views of the Orient. Its curator,

continued on page 145

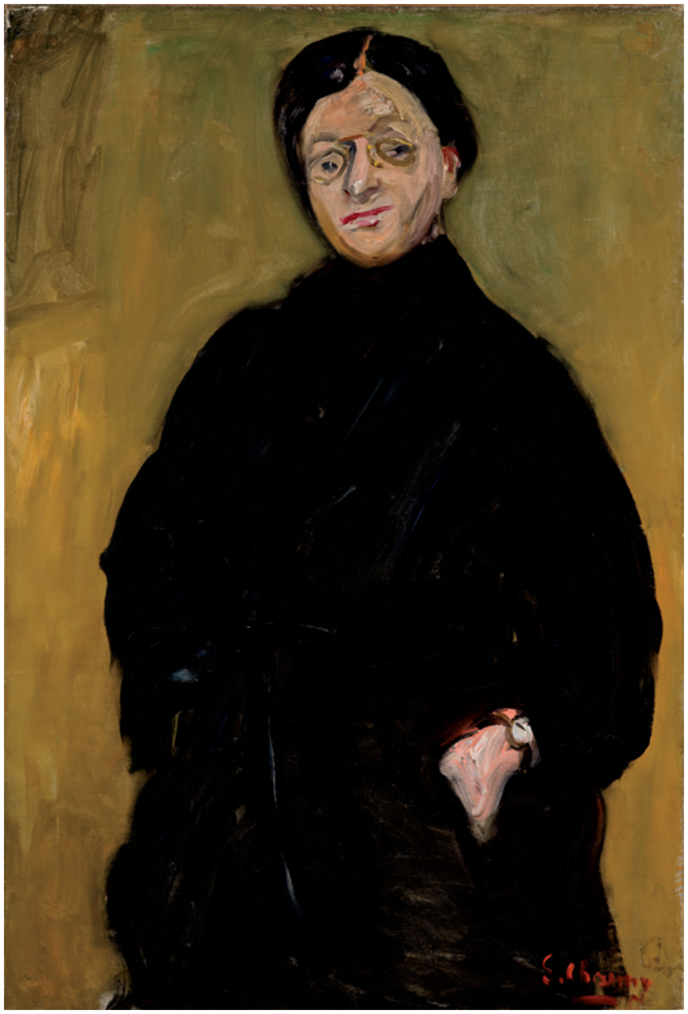
NEW YORK

“Make Way for Berthe Weill: Art Dealer of the Parisian Avant-Garde”

GREY ART MUSEUM

This exhibition, honoring Parisian art dealer Berthe Weill (1865–1951), constitutes its subject through far-reaching networks of aesthetic trajectories, mirroring her vision for vanguard experimentation and enterprise. Weill has been largely erased from defining accounts of twentieth-century modern art despite her significant contributions. And so here, she figures variously as a bespectacled, peculiar visage in portraits made by artists in her gallery’s stable; a penetrating voice in generous excerpts from her recently translated autobiography; a chameleonic interlocutor in archival letters; a diminutive but businesslike outlier anchoring photographs of her bohemian cohort; and, above all, the discerning eye tethering the roughly 110 artworks on display.

In this presentation-*cum*-counternarrative, Weill is reinstated as the instinctive maverick who presciently showed Braque, Matisse, Picasso, and Rivera before her male contemporaries picked up the scent. The exhibition opens with sections on Fauvism and Cubism, movements debuted at the dealer’s eponymous Galerie B. Weill, so named to strategically occlude her gender (she had earlier dispensed with her biblical first name, Esther). Beyond the canon, the selection summons examples by lesser-known entities whom Weill supported. Cubist compositions by André Lhote with classicizing undertones signal the gallerist’s acceptance of stylistic unorthodoxy, which her peers, especially Léonce Rosenberg, strove to stamp out. Moreover, a feminist spirit resounds: We learn of exhibitions featuring unsung women avant-gardists such as Alice Halicka, Jacqueline Marval, Suzanne Valadon, and Émilie Charmy, whose prominently placed ca. 1906 self-portrait shares a moment of erotic rapture. Supine with one hand bracing her neck, Charmy closes her eyes as her blue gown slips off, exposing an arched breast.



Émilie Charmy, *Portrait de Berthe Weill*, 1910–14, oil on canvas, 35⅜ × 24". From “Make Way for Berthe Weill: Art Dealer of the Parisian Avant-Garde.”

An undercurrent of the exhibition worthy of further consideration is Weill’s palate for paintings of radical womanhood. In *Nude with Striped Blanket*, 1922, Valadon’s portrayal of her niece gestures toward the adolescent’s growing consciousness of the capabilities of her own body and intellect—the subject is transfixed, thumbing through an open book on an unmade bed, naked. More than a mere presence within a male-dominated sphere, Weill declares a kinship with the subaltern community fomenting around the discourse on women’s autonomy and civil disobedience in widely read feminist journals such as *La fronde* (The Sling). (The publication was launched in 1897, just four years before Weill opened her first venue.) Better known is the incident in which police raided Weill’s gallery during Modigliani’s solo exhibition there, having been alerted to “indecent” content. Weill and her coconspirator, dealer Léopold Zborowski, had placed a painting of a bawdy odalisque with pubic hair in the space’s window—scandalizing the puritanical psyches of her bourgeois neighbors. The title of Weill’s 1933 autobiography *Pan! Dans l’oeil* (translated in 2022 as Pow! Right in the Eye) trumpets her sundry provocations.

The show’s curatorial team was more direct in correcting the antisemitic refrain that Weill was mercenary and “obsessed with prices.” Pervasively, the exhibition foregrounds her benevolent commitment to financially unviable artists, whose work extended a value she dubbed “*success d’estime*” (critical respect) and informed her business ethic: “Why persist in handling *Jeunes*? Shouldn’t I consider switching? No! I would rather eat bricks than do something I disliked.” Following a room showcasing her favored painterly subjects—caged birds and floral still lifes—the loose chronology pivots to a historic section: “The Dreyfus Affair and Antisemitism” assembles caricatures of Jews, circulated by the French press, that exaggerated their physiognomies as monstrous and deformed by greed. At great personal risk, Weill exhibited artworks in support of Alfred Dreyfus (a French Jewish army officer, who, when wrongly accused of treason at the turn of the twentieth century, became a polarizing symbol of French antisemitism) and publicly battled invalidating accounts of her Jewish collectors.

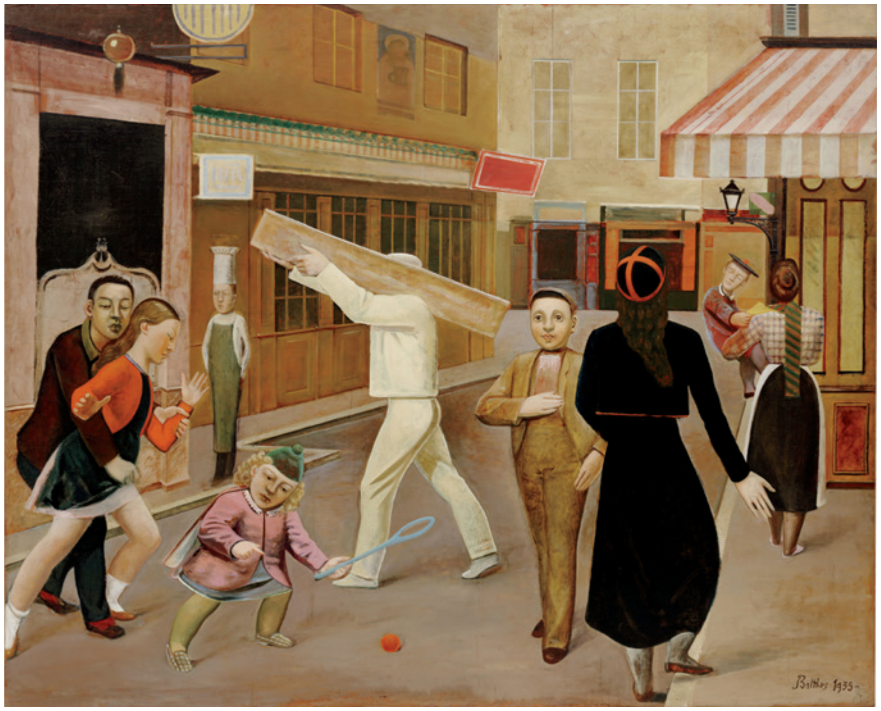
The show concludes with details of Galerie B. Weill’s forced closure during World War II, recognizing that a formalist account of Weill that solely celebrates her taste and “fine eye” risks sublimating the very powers that threatened her respectability, stature, and survival. Amid the German occupation of France, she relinquished her business to a non-Jewish friend and endured public scorn—a review of her autobiography used her words to confirm the “defects” of her “Jewish spirit.” Though numerous works that passed through her hands are now so valuable they couldn’t be included in this show, the proprietress died penniless. These palpable absences tear at Weill’s belated emergence, demanding the reassertion of her voice and those of her comrades in obscurity.

—*Megan Kincaid*

“The Street”

GAGOSIAN

Edgar Allan Poe once observed that “there is perhaps no point in the history of the useful arts more remarkable than the fact that during the



Balthus, ***La rue* (The Street), 1933**, oil on canvas, 76¾ × 94½". From "The Street."

last two thousand years the world has been able to make no essential improvements in roadmaking." It bothered him, this fact, the city street so unmodern and outmoded. In 1845 he wondered "if the Gothamites of 3845 will distinguish any traces of our Third Avenue"—that is, whether the streets of tomorrow would be doomed to repeat the forms of yesterday. Such a question haunted "The Street," an exhibition of twenty-three paintings by eighteen artists, curated by Peter Doig. The show was an excellent gathering of open-ended answers to the riddle of inherited forms.

The first answer, the obvious one, was Balthus's *La rue* (The Street), 1933—the exhibition's explicit lodestone—which was borrowed from the collection of New York's Museum of Modern Art. Alongside many impressive loans, the rarely shown canvas was the clear center, a detail the gallery acknowledged often in its press materials (as did many reviews). Still, how exhilarating it was to see the famous work first—as violent and uncanny, as prurient and prudish, as ever—flanked primarily by School of London painters upon entering the presentation. The placement of Frank Auerbach's *Rimbaud*, 1975–76, to its left reminded us that when Rimbaud wrote, "Death without tears, our active daughter and servant, a desperate love, and a pretty crime crying in the mud of the street," he was anticipating the violence intimated by—or at least perceived in—the pair grappling under the streetlamp in *La rue*.

Balthus's work was then the thesis around which Doig positioned a series of increasingly strong antitheses, the clearest of which was his own *Lions (Ghost)*, 2024, the other prominent piece in this two-room show. Rendered in muted Fauvist fuchsias and blood orange—a Collioure palette highlighted by the boats ashore in the background—the painting alludes heavily to Caravaggio's *Beheading of Saint John the Baptist*, ca. 1608. (Imagine Larry Gagosian reaching out to the Archdiocese of Malta to personally secure *that* loan.) Doig borrows freely from the work's architectural framing as well as from its brutality: The artist's two figures appear faintly in the carnelian beachscape, recast perhaps as young lovers wrestling in the sand. One is pinned by the other, with Doig mirroring the act by placing a pair of lions in the foreground, their bodies caught between play and aggression, representing a similar teasing or terrorizing with its own degree of sexual promiscuity. (Studies in the annex revealed how adroit Doig can be in capturing the subtexts of a turned tail.) Famously, *The Beheading of Saint John the Baptist* is also Caravaggio's only signed work—his name is written out in the martyred saint's blood. Rarely are authorship and violence so neatly entwined.

Much of the remaining violence here was anonymous. We saw little hints of it in the precarious objects painted by Vija Celmins—a space heater, a portable stove on which eggs are frying—and in the barricaded facades of Martin Wong. His *Untitled (Poetry Storefront)*, 1986, turns a Loisaida bodega into a meditation on sanctioned and unsanctioned language: the sign, the placard, graffiti. A similar interest in text (and texture) emerged in Satoshi Kojima's *Far away*, 2024, where a subway platform becomes a three-tiered landscape for isolation, or possibly for rendezvous. In another work by Kojima, *Underground (Smoke)*, 2024, two pallid and atmospheric faces—like those in the background of *Far away*—breathe into each other's open mouths, the mist condensing on the train-station grating below. If *Lions (Ghosts)* and *La rue* were the antitheses of the show, then Kojima's paintings were its sublation. Perhaps this was why the works appeared in neither gallery but rather hung between the two spaces.

Like all streets, Kojima's subwayscapes share that essential semiprivate, semipublic frisson, a quality Poe overlooked but one Doig and his assembled painters certainly understood. But then, Poe didn't live long enough to see his nineteenth-century streets rebuilt with steel.

—Jonathan Odden

Cary Leibowitz

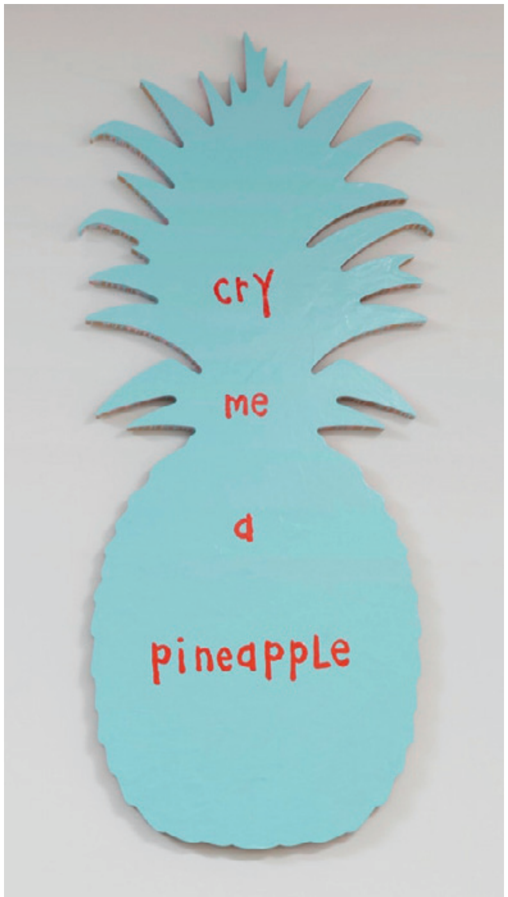
NEW DISCRETIONS/TIBOR DE NAGY

Art writing is a terrible way to make money. By and large, so is artmaking. Anyone who's good at math would tell you to at least apply some basic max-min logic to either process: Maximize your income while minimizing your output.

Of course, that's the kind of shortsighted cynicism people come to the art world to escape—or is it? You could argue it's one of our basic instincts. We have so many expressions in praise of winnowing—of separating the wheat from the chaff, skimming the cream off the top, filtering out the noise. And from these clichés we've distilled even more words: *sorting*, *screening*, *refining*, *purifying*, *condensing*, et al. The word *critic* comes to us from an ancient root that means "to sift," and the word *tabloid* began life as a trademark for pills and soon became a synonym for newspapers with short, condensed, easy-to-digest articles—encapsulations, if you will (and you will).

Damien Hirst might have cornered the market on pharma-aestheticals, but for my money Cary Leibowitz has refined the skill of encapsulating art and meaning right down to the picogram. In a pair of shows at New Discretions and Tibor de Nagy, Leibowitz did what he does best by splicing together the simplest of shapes, the prettiest of colors, and the pithiest of aphorisms to create a kind of super-condensed pictographic language, an idiolectal lingua franca as fun and easy to read as a child's ABC.

In fact, aspiring art writers could do worse than study Leibowitz's cheeky, punchy, and mordant style, exemplified by the complementary (though not complimentary) titles of the two solo exhibitions, his first since Covid-19: at Tibor de Nagy "You Haven't Changed at All" and at New Discretions "You Really Let Yourself Go." The shows were thronged with epithets and epigrams, mostly wistful and bemused. We saw plenty of tart flagellations, too—of Leibowitz himself as well as other artists and their audiences, or, more abstractly, of me, us, you, and them. They were like high-concept epitomes of Paul Lynde's epic zingers from *Hollywood Squares* (Q: "Paul, the great writer George Bernard Shaw



Cary Leibowitz, *Cry Me A Pineapple*, 2024, latex on wood panel, 57 × 31 × 1½".

wrote, 'It's such a wonderful thing—what a crime to waste it on children.' What was it?" A: "A whipping.")

For the most part, the shows' forty-two pieces (twenty-eight at ND and fourteen at TDN) were executed in Leibowitz's trademark format: precision-cut wood panels in familiar shapes, emblazoned with the artist's *Laugh-In*–esque handwriting. They were all done in monochrome latex "straight out of the can," according to the artist, the method a visual analogue of the playful candor that echoed throughout every work. Each piece was inscribed with its title: A baby-blue cutout anana from 2024 read CRY ME A PINEAPPLE. A two-tone half-capsule shape, also from 2024, read I'VE GOT SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO SAY / SAY IT ALREADY. Complications were slight, as in the tweaked-out grade-school diptych *Coward/Chicken*, 2024: One red cutout of a cow featured the word CHICKEN in yellow, while a lemon-hued silhouette of a chicken read COWARD in green.

No doubt the very existence of such punctuated persiflages skipping colorfully and blithely around gallery walls might have seemed tone blind. Should Leibowitz be exercising his wrists, writs, and wits in his familiar navel-gazing way, fiddling while home burns? For all their irreverence of politics—evidenced, for example by a 2022–23 sheepdog cutout that read VOTE FOR CAROL CHANNING—many of these deceptively "lite" works were subversive and deep, carrying coded, tragicomic, and contradictory messages. The artist had his first solo exhibition at Stux Gallery in New York thirty-five years ago—he was queer *avant la lettre* and cartoony *avant l'émoji*, making his extended-release formulations timeless. Laughter isn't the best drug for everything, but we're going to need a lot of it during this next phase of the apocalypse. Despite claims to the contrary, art doesn't always have the best sense of humor. Thank god Leibowitz does.

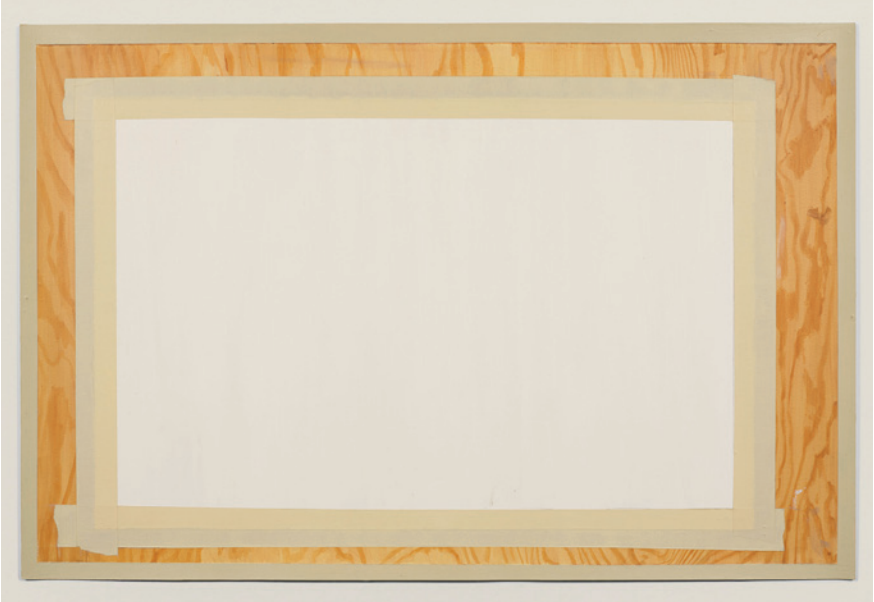
—*David Colman*

Sylvia Plimack Mangold

CRAIG STARR GALLERY

This beautifully selected and flawlessly installed exhibition offered a focused survey from a critical decade in Sylvia Plimack Mangold's career. Thoughtfully grouped across three successive rooms were ten paintings and drawings produced between 1975 and 1984, ranging from the artist's early compositions with tapes and measures to her later renderings of landscapes and trees. The intimate, unhurried staging felt just right for a body of work grounded in close and sustained study of the world at hand. Yet the show also made a compelling case for a full-scale retrospective: Astoundingly, three decades have passed since the painter's last museum survey, held at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery (now the Buffalo AKG Museum) in 1994.

Taped Over Twenty-Four-Inch Exact Rule on Light Floor, 1975, is a modestly sized portrayal of ordinary linoleum tiles viewed head-on and receding evenly in space. Laid down in smooth acrylic layers, the paint itself is tile-like, with tangible interstices between the individual slabs. A cream-colored band of trompe l'oeil tape, also with satisfyingly tactile edges, runs the full width of the canvas along the lower bound and wraps around the corners. (Because viewers entering the gallery approached this painting from its left profile, a torn-looking extremity provided one's first intimation of the otherwise frontal image.) Subtly underscoring the literal physicality of the support, the precisely rendered adhesive equally draws us into the realm of painterly illusion. The doubleness registers as decidedly post-Minimalist, while the specific placement of the tape highlights the specially charged nature of the work's bottom edge. The primary threshold between the image and its beholder is at once a caesura and a relational seam.



Sylvia Plimack Mangold, *Untitled*, 1975, pencil and acrylic on paper, 20 × 30".

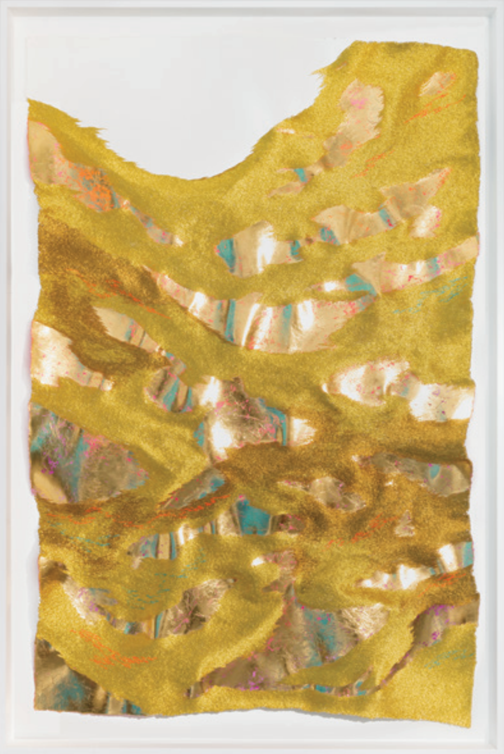
By contrast, three additional works in the opening room showed Plimack Mangold largely emptying out the compositional center in favor of variously painted internal frames, as if to redistribute pressure along the edges. Yet for all their meticulous craftsmanship, the frames themselves were notably irregular and often appeared poignantly makeshift, suggesting the variously overlapping and abutting tape's function not simply as sly conceptual device, but also as deliberately understated expressive scaffolding, keenly attuned to different intuitions and dispositions. The *faux bois* effect with masked borders in *Untitled*, 1975, is of a different thickness along each edge, while the decidedly painterly bands and wavering strokes limning the periphery of *Thirty-Six-Inch Closeness*, 1976, give way to a precisely rendered ruler along the work's right margin. Related asymmetries enliven *Four Coats*, 1976, in which two laterally aligned rulers flank an internal frame of depicted tapes. The measure to the right seems securely held in place, flush with the surface, while the one to the left appears precariously attached: Note the single band of tape in the lower left corner and the subtle foreshortening of the numerals, as well as the dark line running the length of the ruler's inside edge, suggesting the object is tipped slightly in space. Such displacements read as responsive to the loss of the *givenness* of framing to painting after Abstract Expressionism—as if the boundary between the work and the world around it must now be improvised edge by edge and joint by joint, with an exactitude rooted equally in observation and invention.

Four Coats reveals another singularity: Whereas the internal frames of *Untitled* and *Thirty-Six-Inch Closeness* each delimit an otherwise bare support, the canvas-hued heart of *Four Coats* is emphatically painted, as noted by the title and emphasized by the sage-green underpainting peeking out around the tape. This reactivation of the center constituted a throughline in the exhibition's two remaining rooms. In the middle gallery, a pair of works on paper from March and April 1975 (*Paint the Tape, Paint the Paper, Paint the Tape* and *Painted Graph Paper*, respectively) similarly charged the space within the variously masked bounds—even as that pictorial content amounts, paradoxically, to painstakingly re-created images of blank or largely empty paper supports. Only in the final gallery, containing four compositions, did the framing structures encompass views of the outside world. The installation led us from a pencil-and-acrylic-on-paper portrayal of a prospect from a specific window (*Untitled*, 1977) to a ravishing, much larger depiction of a stand of trees within a gently rolling landscape (*A September Passage*, 1984). In these works, taping is fully assumed as a metaphor for the mind at work, circumscribing aspects of the visible and remaking reality as painted form.

—*Molly Warnock*

Jessie Henson

BROADWAY



Jessie Henson, *Chimera (Protection)*, 2024, 24-karat gold, Beva adhesive, acrylic gouache, polyester thread, and rayon thread on paper, 63 × 41".

Jessie Henson's exquisite abstractions—materially dense and elaborately wrought compositions made from rayon and polyester threads sewn onto large paper fragments, occasionally adumbrated with paint or gold leaf—are chimeric, as *Chimera (Shield)* and *Chimera (Protection)* (all works 2024) make clear. Of course, they are not depictions of the fire-breathing female monster with a lion's head, goat's body, and serpent's tail of Greek mythology, but hallucinations, illusions, even *delusions* of the most spectacular stripe. These heroically scaled *aspides*—both about five by three and a half feet—are covered with twenty-four-karat gold, perhaps suggesting how valuable they are to Henson. Yet they appear fractured, as though these objects are remnants that fell from ancient masterpieces, or vestiges of a once rich and formidable civilization.

Chimera (Mirror) is a radiantly liquid thing—like a rippling, gilded vista from paradise, with hints of emerald, blue, and pink. It may allude to Jacques Lacan's theory that a child of roughly six to eighteen months old conceives of himself as a whole entity, an "I," when gazing upon his reflection in a mirror. Henson's "looking glass," however, reflects nothing at all—especially not a sense of her own unified self. It seems to me that the composition has an apotropaic function, as the aforementioned pieces subtitled *Shield* and *Protection* strongly suggest. *Apotropaic* is the Greek word for something "created to thwart evil"—I believe that nonobjective artworks, from Wassily Kandinsky's to Henson's, have such a function: to ward off what the Russian painter called "the whole nightmare of the materialistic attitude, which has turned the life of the universe into [a] purposeless game." Yet abstract art has for some time now felt relatively pointless. Its transcendent aims have been perverted and subverted, made "tasteful," empty, soulless: Charles Baudelaire would have characterized this change as "positivist" rather than "imaginative." This depressing shift in *Weltanschauung* and aesthetics is perhaps most tragically epitomized by Donald Judd's banal boxes.

Henson is attempting to resurrect an emotionally and spiritually resonant form of abstraction—her radiant palette, particularly her heavenly blues, communicate this effect through their wounded, archaic quality. Her exceptional, defensive works show that abstract art has become a broken shadow of itself—a relic to be rescued from oblivion by way of excavating its remains. "I use an industrial sewing machine to draw with thread on paper," Henson writes on her website. "As thread accrues, tension begins to overwhelm the paper, warping its surface into furrows and waves that result in an undulating, topographical surface"—though I'd describe it as more of an *agitated* surface. "Wild bursts of color penetrate the stillness of the paper. . . . Colors serve as the base of different emotional states of mind," she says. Her statements make me think of Kandinsky's remark that "color is a means of exerting a direct influence upon the soul." "These works are about the complexity of interior worlds," she goes on to explain. "The thread is so thin and humble, but surprisingly strong when the strands build up together. The accumulation becomes an act of putting on armor, building up strength." Thus, the two *Chimera*s that I discuss here are indicative of what the artist calls her "striving for cohesion"—that is, integration. It is clearly a never-ending, lifelong project—the pursuit of integrity and authenticity, or, as psychoanalyst D. W. Winnicott would have described it, the pursuit of the true self. This search may indeed be a chimera. Henson restores nonobjective painting to a more genuine space through her own radical subjectivity, indicating how fundamental emotional conflict is to the vitality of abstract aesthetics.

—*Donald Kuspit*

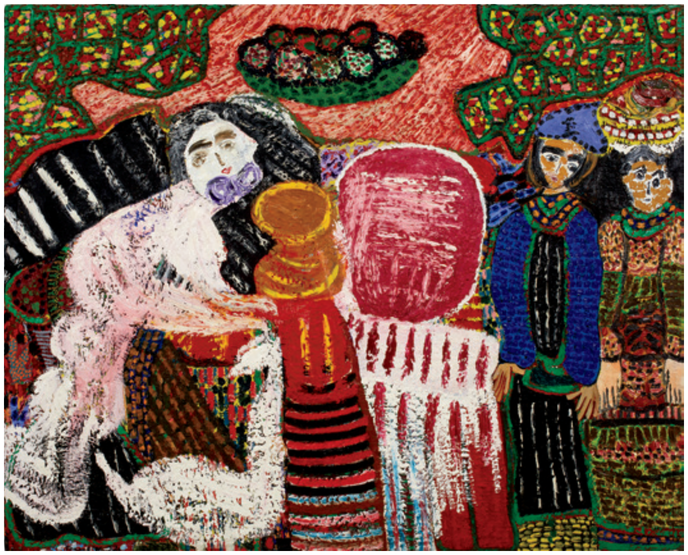
Franne Davids

RICCO/MARESCA

So-called outsider art is commonly valued for its idiosyncratic character and an originality of spirit—and therefore of form—unspoiled by convention. And yet, truth to tell, much of what is presented under this rubric looks remarkably similar. Singular inventors at the level of, say, Helen Rae or Martín Ramírez are as rare in this realm as they are in the domain of academically trained professionals. But to bend familiar tropes and traditions to recognizably personal ends is also the mark of a genuine artist. To their number we can now add Franne Davids (1950–2022), whose work Ricco/Maresca presented to the public for the first time in a solo booth at the Art Dealers Association of America's Art Show at New York's Park Avenue Armory and, immediately afterward, in a full-scale exhibition of six large canvases and fifteen works on paper at the gallery's Chelsea space.

The paintings (all untitled and made between 1979 and 2018, but not individually dated) featured constellations of women, exotically garbed and sporting elaborate headgear, crowded into densely patterned nonrepresentational environments. I couldn't help but think of the all-female worlds conjured by English spirit medium Madge Gill or self-taught Algerian painter Baya, who was championed by Picasso and the Surrealists in postwar Paris. Davids's relentless mark-making might recall the horror vacui that is so common among the art of outsiders—Adolf

Wölfli being a prime example, as is Gill. But there is something fundamentally different from such artists' methods in Davids's painting process, and therefore in her works' surfaces: She does not treat her canvas as a simple plane to be filled laterally with adjacent marks or color notes; instead, she works in depth, building up layer after layer, endowing her compositions with a rare chromatic richness and the sense that every aesthetic decision has been deeply contemplated, rather than being the product of some psychic automatism. Some of the works on paper, which appeared to be studies or sketches, showed Davids's method clearly, with figures broadly adumbrated but minus specific details—which is to say, the images were composed as wholes, not as concatenations of parts.



Franne Davids, *Untitled*, ca. 1979–2018, oil on canvas, 50 × 62".

With one exception, the large paintings at the gallery had no evident narrative content. Rather than illustrating actions, they presented gatherings of figures—as if the members of some fantastical court had assembled for their group portrait. In the one canvas that was somewhat different, a woman on the left—apparently unclothed, since the entirety of her white body lacked the lush ornamental patterning of the costumes worn by other characters—knelt before a pair of upright ceremonious beings on the right, with some kind of unidentifiable structure (an altar?) between them. The small works on paper were more various in subject. A couple were absent figures altogether, describing instead the kind of architectural settings in which Davids's protagonists might be placed. The show also contained more fanciful, lighthearted tableaux: One featured a human posing between a pair of snowmen, while another presented a blue phantom riding what appears to be a giant white cat.

Whoever Davids's women are, they seem tremendously important, existing only to display their grandeur. For some reason I kept thinking of the orientalizing illustrations of the story of Queen Esther—the biblical heroine who saved the Jews of Persia—I'd seen in old books in childhood. Davids, who was Jewish, might well have seen similar imagery. But what she specifically had in mind we may never know; the gallery website mentions "writings—journal entries, letters never sent, and prose poems," but these were inadvertently destroyed by her relatives. In any case, this artist, who was diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic—but was enabled by her family to paint out her visions in the privacy of their Connecticut basement—knew that her art had value. She would sometimes abscond from the domestic nest and make her way to New York, where she was sure the Museum of Modern Art was hoarding paintings it had stolen from her. I wouldn't be surprised if they turn up there someday, legitimately acquired.

—Barry Schwabsky

Miranda Fengyuan Zhang

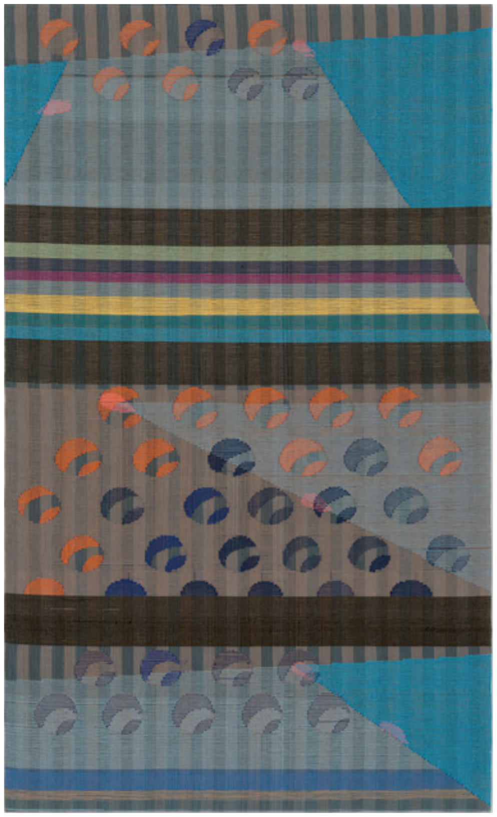
CLEARING

Five cotton textiles by Miranda Fengyuan Zhang took viewers on a trip up the Hudson River, out of New York City, past the Catskills, and into Canada. Marking a subtle departure from the artist's previous weavings—which feature more boisterous palettes, biomorphic forms, and unruly threads fuzzing out from their surfaces—the works in Zhang's exhibition at CLEARING, "You can always tell when a lake is coming up, because the mountain would start looking blue," appeared cool and aloof, serious and unsentimental. On a wall to the left of the gallery's entrance was *On Amtrak Along the Hudson River* (all works 2024), a piece that depicts a row of aged fluorescent lights inside an airless tunnel. Owing to the perspectival succession of right angles describing the underpass, which lent a sense of severity and order to the composition, and to the slightly wavering handwoven lines of gray, blue, purple, and yolky yellow, *On Amtrak* evoked high speeds and anticipation—a claustrophobic commute preceding the hike and the swim.

Zhang's works seemed to obey their internal grids while retaining a pleasantly all-too-human arrhythmic quality. In spirit, they had more in common with the wan, postcardlike aesthetics of Luigi Ghirri's photographs than with the geometric designs of Anni Albers's modernist textiles. In the five-by-three-foot *On Lake Taghkanic*, the largest piece on view, one found an insinuation of the blue mountain mentioned in the show's title. It was presented as a series of flat-gray triangles, clipped and refracted across three registers, which seemed to absorb the cool tones of the teal threads bearing down on them from the edges of the picture. Displayed like a triumphant memento from Lake Taghkanic, a state park in the Catskill region, the image of the peak was angular and austere. Yet it also seemed to be fading into the atmosphere, eager to disappear. The charcoal-colored boulders in an adjacent work, *Mountain Var. III*, were likewise fragmented, their scattered parts occluded behind vertical bands of plum and peach. What united these landscapes was the sense that they were observed not by a seasoned camper with a love for nature, but by a vacationer who dutifully traced the top of a range with her eyes before looking down at her watch. These works embraced both the sublime and the workaday in equal measure, shuttling cleverly between the two competing modes of life and feeling.

Lakes appeared in two other weavings, *Young Glenn on Lake Simcoe* and *A Pathway on Water.* The former is a tribute to the unorthodox twentieth-century classical pianist Glenn Gould, whose summer home was located on the titular site in Ontario. In this piece, Zhang placed a tricolor seed-shaped form, perched like a diver on the edge of a floating plank, in the center of a checked and striped picture plane. She then split the abyss around it down the center, raising the left half of the composition ever so

Miranda Fengyuan Zhang, *On Lake Taghkanic*, 2024, handwoven cotton, 67⅞ × 41".



slightly above the right, extinguishing any pictorial illusion of depth. In the latter, a dark narrowing path—shaped like the long shadow of a wine bottle—extends over horizontal bands of liquescent teal and sandy brown toward a fortress with a semicircular gate. Where one would have expected to see the lake depicted from the shore, Zhang captured the view of someone standing on the water, glancing back at the land and the edifices constructed upon it. All throughout the exhibition, walls and vistas were properly conflated: The great outdoors seemed to have been swallowed up by the great indoors.

—Jenny Wu

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Stanley Wolukau-Wanambwa

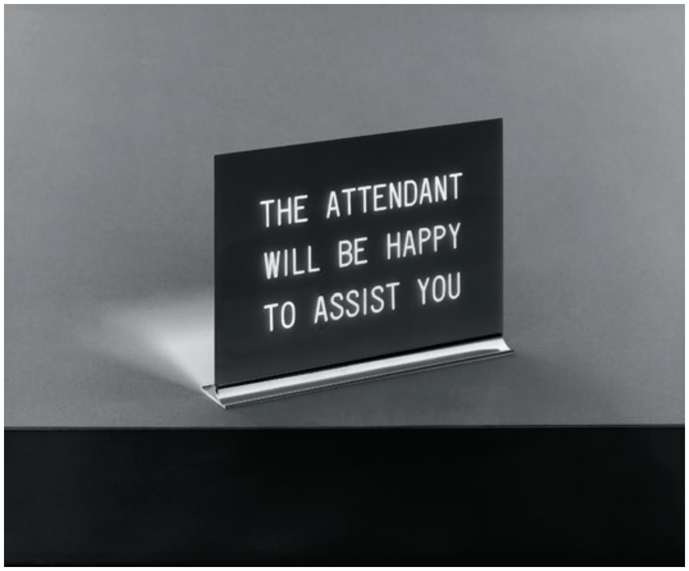
GEORGE EASTMAN MUSEUM

The photograph is a thing haunted: a ghostly membrane, historically of mirror and metal, then paper, and now an object that glows spectrally from the palm of one's hand. It is a contradiction: an apparition of occult grandeur that on occasion becomes a document of whopping cultural heft. The photograph is both manifestation and evidence, simultaneously legible and inscrutable.

Stanley Wolukau-Wanambwa leverages this paradox of the photograph, reveling in its numinous and ideological characteristics, its status as both enigma and rhetoric. This meticulous exhibition, a deft curatorial effort by the George Eastman Museum's Phil Taylor, is a bicameral dialogue that features a luminous white chamber, complete with white carpeting, and its opposite, a much darker space that functions as a black mirror. Upon entering this presentation, one feels swaddled in the theatrics of the showroom, aware of the photograph as a gleaming and seductive object. Wolukau-Wanambwa—an artist, essayist, and educator—calibrates a unique conversation around the found promotional picture, which he pairs with his own subtle and often melancholic prints, taking us through issues of history, race, class, and social value. The result is not a duality but a Möbius loop of the theoretical and the ethereal.

Inside the white room, one is saluted by *kempt*, 2023, an elegant depiction of administrative desk signage, emblazoned with a cheerily anachronistic message: THE ATTENDANT WILL BE HAPPY TO ASSIST YOU. Prompted by a wall text, the visitor becomes flaneur: THE VIEWER'S OWN PRIVATE PRACTICE OF LOOKING IS SOLICITED BY THESE WORKS. Commanding the space is *Shirley Temple in Dimples (1936)*, 2018, a poster-size print of the titular child star, a squeaky burlesque of snake-oil charisma, surrounded by white actors in blackface—a racist farce of disturbing legacy in American entertainment. Then there is *stain*, 2022, a photo of a stone inscription that reads PLACE, executed in a Germanic font and mounted flush to the top of a low platform. It is a memorial object, a picture as tomb. Among the dozen other photos on display is one of a bemused Bing Crosby, the dreamer of a white Christmas, framed on a wall behind patterned rolled glass, as though he were a movie attendant for the caliginous space nearby.

Passing into this area, one first encounters *(w)hole*, 2021, a reticent picture of a circular opening, like a box-office portal, cut into a splotched sheet of glass overlapping an ambiguous, soft-focus image. This porous transition—from surface to picture and back—seems emblematic of the entire exhibition, and this shift is most extravagantly realized in *cut*, 2024, a one-way mirror linking the two galleries (the reflective side is in the white room, while the transparent side is in the black one, allowing us to see the inside of the white space). This piece, a startling compression of the pictorial mirror/window metaphor, is consistent with show's takes on surveillance. VIEWERS ARE ALERTED TO THE PRESENCE OF CAMERAS WITHIN THE EXHIBITION SPACE: TO ENTER THE GALLERIES IS TO BE OBSERVED, reads one sign.



Stanley Wolukau-Wanambwa, *kempt*, 2023, ink-jet print, 4 × 5".

Throughout, the exhibition depicts various skins of the material world—the surface of history is a facade whose layered veneer conceals a tomb of inconvenient narratives that, indeed, surface. The image is fugitive: It appears and disappears, is reclaimed and lingers. Don DeLillo suggests that "a photograph is a universe of dots. The grain, the halide, the little silver things clumped in the emulsion. Once you get inside a dot, you gain access to hidden information, you slide inside the smallest event." Wolukau-Wanambwa's show provides a masterful slide into this universe, whose reflective surface radiates light while refracting history.

—Stephen Frailey

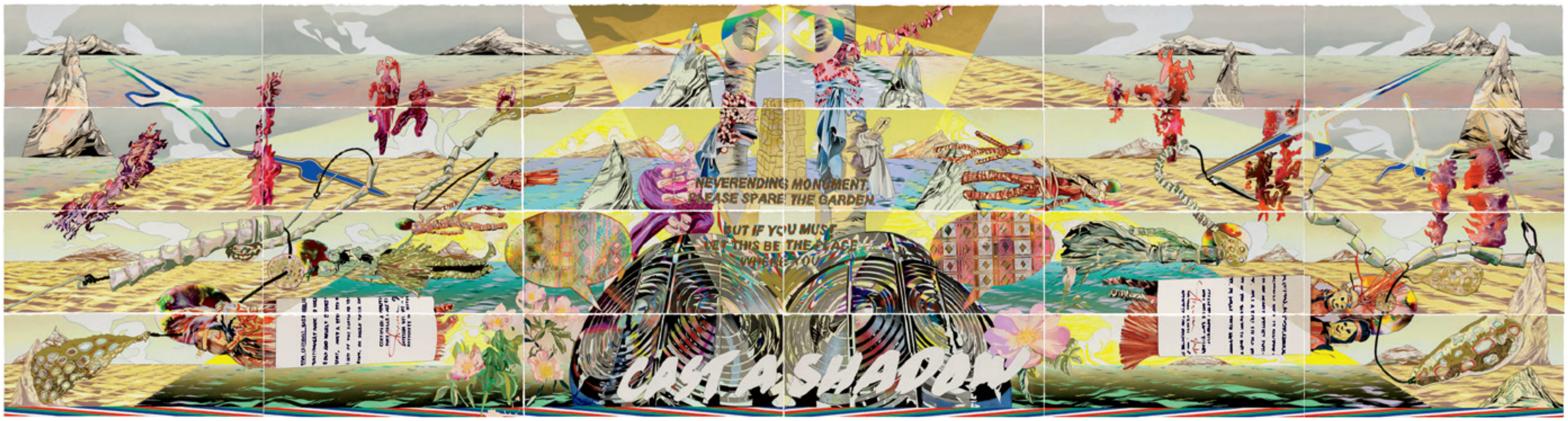
CHICAGO

Andrea Carlson

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY ART

The Upper Midwest was once a sprawling habitat of Indigenous wetlands, first lost to colonial settlement, then to modern agricultural development. Today, wetland banks—engineered ecosystems created through market trading that allows developers to buy credits to offset their destruction of wetlands located elsewhere—offer controversial ecological solutions while also obfuscating the region's Indigenous past. This complex history informs *Hydrologic Unit Code 071200—Nibi Ezhi-Nisidawaabanjigaade Ozhibii'igeowin 071200*, 2022, a five-channel video installation by Andrea Carlson, made in collaboration with artist Rozalinda Borcilă, that loops footage of Chicago-area wetland banks, road signs, maps, and running text in stacked bands evoking horizons. The work takes its title from a government coding system that became the prototype for wetland banking, thus linking territorial confiscation, capitalism, and problematic forms of environmental mitigation. The result is a multilayered panorama that further complicates narratives of westward expansion and injustices to the region's Native lands, one of many related themes explored across Carlson's small but forceful show "Shimmer on Horizons."

Throughout her diverse practice, Carlson (who is of Grand Portage Ojibwe/European descent) combines histories of dispossession and destruction with images of Indigenous presence and renewal in landscapes



Andrea Carlson, *Cast a Shadow*, 2021, oil, acrylic, gouache, ink, colored pencil, and graphite on paper, 3' 10" × 15' 2".

simultaneously real and invented. Inspired by the terrain of her native Minnesota, Anishinaabe storytelling, and popular culture and film, the artist realizes her reimagined vistas in a variety of media, including this exhibition's one sculpture and four paintings. The layered strata of Carlson's video give way in her two-dimensional works to rectangular panes of heavyweight cotton paper. Each one contains a cacophony of images—ranging from shorelines and mounds to animals and flora to masks and cowrie shells—arranged in tiered rows to form one large painting. Carlson's symbolic motifs are rendered in oil, acrylic, gouache, ink, colored pencil, and graphite, all of which remarkably retain the mark of the artist's hand despite their collage-like overlays and repeated appearances across multiple compositions.

Other iconography is at times more opaque and personally derived, as in *Cast a Shadow*, 2021, which features floating idols or dolls and, at its center, a stone tower. The latter is a memorial image created by Ojibwe painter and sculptor George Morrison (1919–2000), whom the work commemorates. *Perpetual Care*, 2024, also pays homage to legacies of Indigenous art, including that of Carlson's great-aunt, whose drawing of a white horse the artist appropriates while representing herself as a pair of hands. These themes of cultural ancestry and resilience counter the work's darker connections to racial stereotyping, suggested by the words MONDO CANE (the title of a 1962 Italian documentary that depicts Indigenous and other rituals as "savage") inscribed within the painting.

Perpetual Genre, 2024, is part of the artist's ongoing "Vore" series, started in 2008, which recasts objects from museum collections and elements from "cannibal boom" films (à la *Mondo Cane*) into imaginary, often more stylized landscapes. Here, two statues—one Roman, the other from the sixteenth century—depict figures eating human flesh in front of a foreboding seascape. Each is framed by an oculus and surveying equipment, instruments of territorial conquest deployed as symbols of cultural consumption and theft.

Carlson extends her filmic references by constructing her compositions on a quasi-cinematic scale; the individual panels mimic film cells, lending her narratives a sense of movement. The artist creates an engaging push-pull between parts and wholes, centers and borders that envelop the viewer while denying any singular point of access or view. This strategy is purposeful, disrupting conventions of Euro-American landscape painting and photography by shunning static, idealized vistas devoid of human presence. Instead, Carlson imbues her fragmentary tableaux with Indigenous histories and Native identities, performing an act of artistic reparation that rights the past and envisions a more sovereign future.

—*Susan Snodgrass*

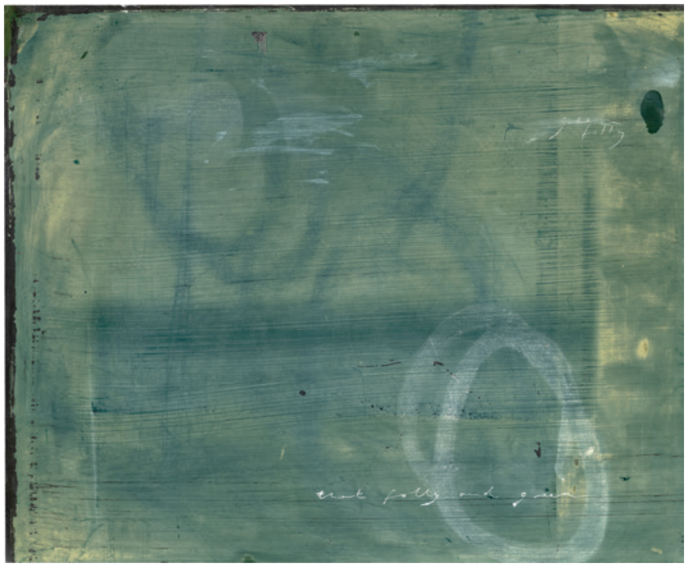
HOUSTON

Tacita Dean

MENIL COLLECTION

Saint Agatha's martyrdom was gratuitously macabre; Francesco Guarino's 1637–40 painting *Saint Agatha* depicts her pressing a cloth against her bleeding chest. At fifteen, she had her breasts severed as punishment for rejecting the advances of Quintianus, a Roman prefect, after he imprisoned her in a brothel, where she was raped and tortured. (Her piety and modesty, we are told, made her incorruptible.) Sometimes all one can do in the face of such horror is laugh . . . and yet Tacita Dean has made a career of unraveling such histories with a cunningly gimlet eye—through film, photography, painting, printmaking, and other mediums—over the past forty years.

Typical of Dean's slant feminism, the Agatha on display in the artist's solo exhibition "Blind Folly" is more debaucherous than devout. "Attributes of Sainthood: miracles associated with St Agatha," 1993, is a series of framed tableaux taken from the artist's A6 Daler-Rowney pads. Here, we meet a stylized version of the saint across several "acts." In one scene she is reimagined as a prima donna bound with rope; elsewhere, as a dominatrix named Aphrodesia, sporting calf-high boots and brandishing a whip. Our heroine is ultimately martyred by an ice-



Tacita Dean, *Green Folly*, 2024, chalk, gouache, charcoal pencil, and varnish on found painted slate, 14⅜ × 18".

cream scoop following the explosion of what appears to be Mount Etna. But despite her trials, and true to her hagiography, the artist assures us that Agatha managed to keep her “flaming virginity” intact until death. Nearby, another drawing, *My Feminist Foot*, 1991, offers a more cogent meditation on violence. The titular appendage, belonging to the artist, is hideously battered, rendered in a bruisy palette of red, yellow, and green. The work illustrates the kind of suffering one endures for their beliefs; it also evidences the corporal abuses that women more commonly endure today.

Dean has an uncanny knack for positioning us within her own perspective. Comprising twenty-five black-and-white photogravures, *T & I*, 2006, presents an austere drama in which the viewer and the artist constitute the work’s namesake protagonists. Together, we overlook a bleak landscape, full of bogs, swamps, lakes, and islands, occasionally illuminated by crepuscular rays of sunlight. A stage direction, ENTER LEFT, is inscribed into the first image; the abbreviation PM—perhaps signaling the westward angle of light emitted by the sun, pitched past noon—appears later. This installation, roughly eleven by fourteen feet, is cinematic in scale and effect. But it is also a surgical dismantling of “the sublime” that indicates the artist’s bias toward postmodernist interventions.

I was surprised to learn that this is Dean’s first major museum show in the States, but perhaps I shouldn’t be; I can think of no better institution to contextualize her work than the Menil. Many of her large-scale paintings on view resemble those of her former teacher Cy Twombly, whose compositions are on permanent display in one of the Menil’s dedicated galleries. The brushy green-and-white reliefs that characterize some of Dean’s mixed-media-on-found-slate paintings—including *Blind Folly*, *Green Folly*, *Hooker’s Green*, and *Wind-worms*, all 2024—are close approximations of her mentor’s *Untitled (A Painting in Nine Parts)*, 1988, which he made in Rome. The two have also examined Greek and Roman mythology throughout their oeuvres (Twombly’s *Untitled [Say Goodbye, Catullus, to the Shores of Asia Minor]*, 1994, ushers the titular poet into the afterlife via scribbled interventions on bipartite canvases, similar to the serial elaborations that constitute both Dean’s “Attributes of Sainthood” and *T & I*). Yet what separates her work from Twombly’s, and from that of other artists who have taken on similar themes and subjects, is how she humanizes the romantic ideals that aggrandize such legends. Twombly’s *Untitled (A Painting in Nine Parts)* features a quote by Rainer Maria Rilke—AND IN THE PONDS BROKEN OFF FROM THE BLUE SKY MY FEELING SINKS, AS IF STANDING ON FISHES—which hints at the futility of lofty ambitions. But Dean illustrates the consequences of failing to heed one’s better judgments: The phrase SNAIL TRAIL, faintly inscribed onto *Blind Folly*’s surface, references the airy teal loops and swirls that decorate the frame, likening them to the slimy paths left by a mollusk. They outline a profile of a woman crying, perhaps over some misfortune caused by her own foolishness, embodying a grief only mortals ever know.

—*Lauren Stroh*

SAN FRANCISCO

Rodrigo Valenzuela

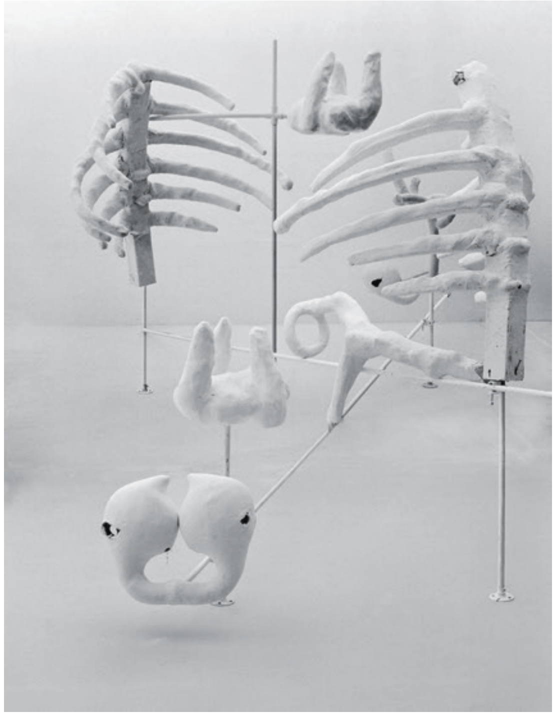
EUQINOM GALLERY

In “Peripheral Gestures,” Rodrigo Valenzuela expanded notions of the photographic to address the possibilities and limits of communication that can exist beyond language. Accompanied by a handful of striking physical sculptures, a series of medium-scale photographs depicted mysterious physical installations that presented as remnants of alien, obsolete, or long-forgotten subcultures.

In his series “*Garabatos*” (Scribbles) (all works 2024), stark black-and-white photographs depict sculptural constructs arranged within small interior spaces. Resembling abandoned stage sets or laboratories, the contents of these chambers range from the organic to the machine-like. The staged images’ multiple sculptural components, made of plaster-like material and mostly irregular in shape, were supported by thin metal rods and in some instances are interconnected with other elements. Abstracted allusions to living forms and mechanical apparatuses, they invited disparate projections and speculations by viewers, without making their intended functions apparent.

In *Garabato #9*, for instance, a round figure—resembling a large alembic, a clay oven, or a roly-poly creature—is posed on a metal stand, while a flattened, frond-like tube trails out a hole in its side and reaches across the floor. *Garabato #5*, meanwhile, shows a snake-shaped tail running like an electric cord from the lower end of an upright vertebrae-like armature, while *Garabato #13* depicts a device made of multiple rings, evocative of medical gear. The purpose of each object remained unclear—they seemed to stand at the ready, primed for reactivation or expired past any further utility.

Contrasting with those brightly lit scenes, other photographs from the series depicted sculptural forms mostly cast in shadows, punctuated by sharply defined lighting of a single circular spotlight (*Garabato #21*) or slats of light as if from partially opened doorways (*Garabato #23*)—generating atmospheres evoking vintage horror B movies. Arid and macabre, *Garabato #18*, shows a pelvic bone–like element suspended prominently in the upper middle of the composition, while *Garabato* #2 and *Garabato #20* feature what seem to be near-complete human rib cages.



Rodrigo Valenzuela, *Garabato #2*, 2024, ink-jet print, 38 × 30".

As if erupted from those still tableaux to manifest defiant mischievousness, the show’s other primary body of work, “*Muecas*” (Grins), comprised five small-scale ceramic sculptures on two dark-colored, waist-high plinths—recalling the presentation style of archaeological remains at a museum. Molded in slightly rough, matte, bone-like white, these sculptures mainly consisted of representations of human hands, with other bodily elements occasionally extruding or intervening—a stray tongue or more ambiguous members with the pieces’ petrified appearance suggesting ancient ritual objects embalmed in lava flows. An extended middle finger gestures in *Mueca #5*—a punkish fuck you, while other ambiguously modern gestures included heavy-metal devil’s horn signs (*Mueca* #7) and, more timelessly perhaps, a notched digit between two others at the end of the hand in *Mueca #8*, suggesting uninhibited masturbatory impulses. Unlike the dormant scenes of the *Garabatos*, the moments captured in the *Mueca*s, with their mash-ups of multiple fragmented body parts caught mid-gesture, are imbued with great dynamism.

Each ceramic surface is elaborately inscribed with small ideographs, markings reminiscent of Mesoamerican codices, Nazca Lines, or petroglyphs, seemingly decipherable but not quite. Here, they represented attempts at communication, even if they weren't fully successful communicators of actual meaning themselves.

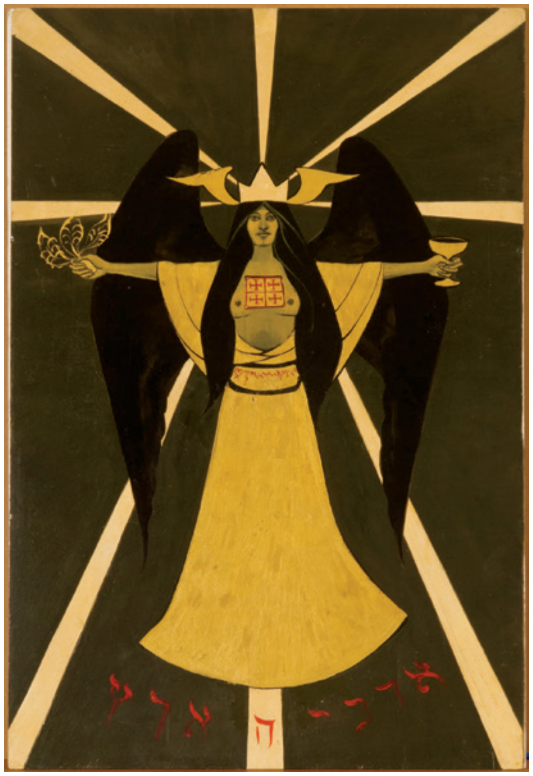
Jouissance permeated this exhibition, but something impotent or forlorn was also present—replete with the ghostly debris of obsolete cultural artifacts or remains of humans no longer living or reachable. The *Mueca*s' contrary or edgy gestures served, as the show's overarching title suggested, as passing alternatives to or protests against dominant cultural narratives, which might have been seen as residues of subcultural movements relegated to the peripheries of any mainstream. The *Mueca*s read as products of an expired set of cultural understandings shared only by forgotten participants in no longer surviving groups. The restive but perhaps obsolete ideas and attitudes asserted by the various *Mueca*s (implied as well by the deactivated apparatuses in *Garabato*s) foregrounded ideas of what might lapse and become overlooked as communicative possibility, or what might possibly reemerge out of neglected backroom spaces of cultural activity.

—Brian Karl

LOS ANGELES

"Sci-fi, Magick, Queer L.A.: Sexual Science and the Imagi-Nation"

FISHER MUSEUM OF ART AT USC



Cameron, ***Holy Guardian Angel According to Aleister Crowley***, **1966**, casein and gold lacquer on board, 29½ × 19¼".

Los Angeles easily tangles into orgies of fantastic possibilities. In "Sci-Fi, Magick, Queer L.A.: Sexual Science and the Imagi-Nation" at the Fisher Museum of Art at USC, curators Kelly Filreis and Alexis Bard Johnson set the scene by providing visitors with a dense, purple infographic that details the webs of kinship and connection among the sci-fi/fantasy proto-cosplayers, queer liberationists, and "magick with a *K*" esotericists of Los Angeles.

During the late 1930s, gay liberationist Harry Hay, later a Radical Fairy, played organ at Gnostic Mass for the Thelemites at the Agape Lodge, where magician Aleister Crowley teamed up with NASA Jet Propulsion Lab founder and rocket scientist Jack Parsons, who later recruited artist Cameron into Crowley's occult Thelemic religion. Cameron, who became Parsons's wife, acted in films by Curtis Harrington and Kenneth Anger and is witchily powerful in the latter's 1954–66 short *Inauguration of the Pleasure Dome*, on view here. When Hay founded the Mattachine Society, the pioneering gay rights group (out of which came *ONE Magazine* and the ONE Archive, the organizers of this show) in 1950, he based some of their structure on secret societies like the Freemasons, a different kind of fraternal order. Fantasy often provides a cover (literally, for magazines, and figuratively, of course, for homosexuality), as seen in Bob Mizer's physique pictorials or Margaret Brundage's spicy, barely crypto-lesbian covers for pulp rag *Weird Tales*. Off-world landscapes populated by lonesome, hunky men, gossamer boudoir fantasies, ritual satanic symbols, topless muscular butch amazons fighting spindly monsters, and a cast of lusty bedroom heroes are all on display here and deserve their own review. Before summoning Scientology (its own special brew of the esoteric and sci-fi), L. Ron Hubbard was a co-ritualist of Parsons, whom he defrauded at some juncture with some sex-cult messiness. Hubbard also was in the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society with Jim Kepner, a member of the Mattachine Society along with Hay. The above is just a taste of the many confluences detailed within the exhibition through its hot mix of infographics, ephemera, costumes, photography, films, props, artifacts, literature, and art.

A mirrored dressing room of vintage face paint and coifed wigs of the Freemasons leads to a painted backdrop, with stairs guiding viewers into a swirling cosmos. Here, arcane symbols for the fraternal order's secret initiation rites float. The first cosplay costumes ever worn, donned in 1939 by Forrest Ackerman and Myrtle Douglas, have been lovingly re-created. Backlit lesbian peep-show slides beam not far from the lurid colors of witches and amazon wrestlers on covers of the first run of *Weird Tales* (1922–54). Parsons's decadent poetry can be read alongside the spidery ink-and-paint illustrations made by Cameron to accompany her husband's verse, unpublished before the rocket scientist's mysterious death. ("Narcissus," his poem on display, reads: "Drug me with drugs / Slow-acting, sensuous, sweet . . . Until I see / Ochre and mazarine and purple / Emit lascivious sounds.")

Fantasy does triple labor here: We see, of course, the fantasy of future play, à la the visions of alternative/cosmic/futurist space as a way out of a dismal present provided by Iain M. Banks, Octavia Butler, and Ursula Le Guin. Fantasy also appears as thinly veiled queer desire, especially when criminal (as it was until fairly recently in the United States). Finally, we get fantasy in terms of the world's etymological root, meaning "to make visible," as in the summoning of secret, subtle knowledge of the occult. Los Angeles—the city that built the twentieth century by way of aerospace and Hollywood, New Agery, and culty wellness—was one of the few places where this specific ravel of connections and overlaps was possible, born from its ease in imagining.

"Sci-Fi, Magick, Queer L.A." reveals the ideas, desires, and aesthetics that so easily crossed scenes and media, the low and high, the spiritual and corporal, all in the service of imagining a world better than this one. Its organizers didn't forget that Edgar Allan Poe's particular brand of macabre was a gateway drug for the Symbolists and Surrealists, as well as for everyone from H. P. Lovecraft and Stephen King to the creators of about half the blockbusters at your local cineplex. Weird tales indeed.

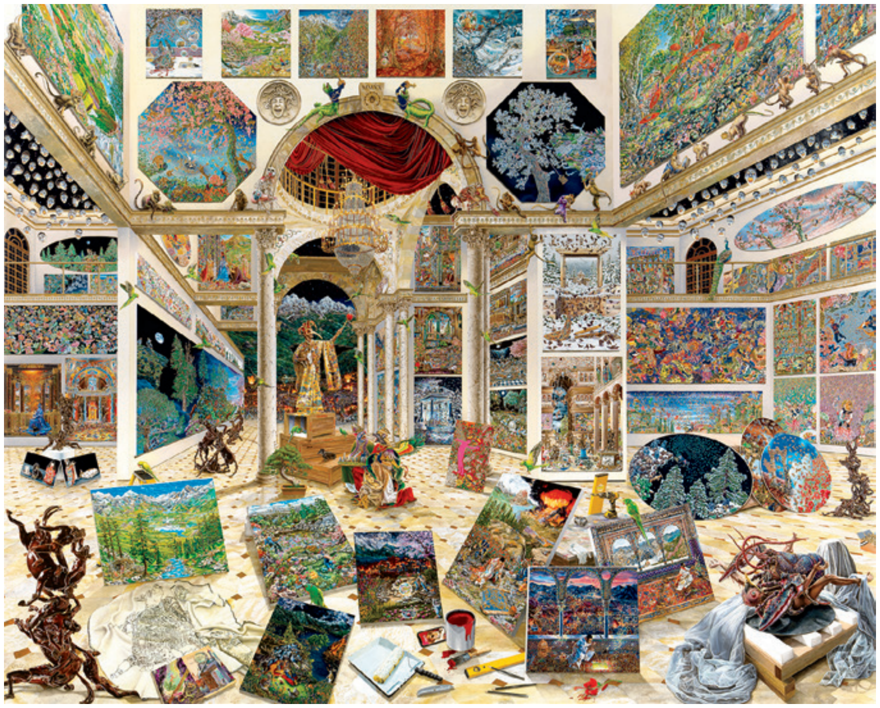
The easiest way to change the world involves transposing it via a turn of phrase: setting it upside down by uttering the cheap, portable tools of poetry to summon and lead us to better, imagined worlds. (It isn't lost on me that Kepner and others here were also Communists.) In fantasy, anything becomes possible.

—Andrew Berardini

Raqib Shaw

HUNTINGTON ART GALLERY

Following stops at the Frist Art Museum in Nashville, the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in Boston, and the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, "Raqib Shaw: Ballads of East and West" has landed in Los Angeles as the London-based artist's much-hyped first solo museum



Raqib Shaw, ***The Retrospective 2002–22*, 2015–22,** acrylic liner, enamel, and rhinestones on aluminum, 84 ¼ × 107".

exhibition on the West Coast. While the core of the survey curated by Zehra Jumabhoy remained consistent across the tour, Shaw has added two new contributions for the Huntington: a pair of large tapestries installed above the central staircase of the Beaux Arts mansion—once the lavish winter residence of Henry and Arabella Huntington—that now houses the institution's collection of British and European art. The works inject a rather less untroubled scene than the idyllic landscapes, mannered backdrops for gentry or pastoral fantasies found elsewhere in the building. Like so much of Shaw's citational art, these new textiles reference historical painting (Pieter Bruegel the Elder's *Tower of Babel*, ca. 1563, and John Martin's *Destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum*, 1822), but also earlier works from Shaw's series "Space Between Dreams," 2022–23. Here, Shaw's visions of erupting flames and melting ice introduce plausible alternatives of the world's end into the Huntington's cloistered sanctuaries of gentility.

These tapestries suggest a none-too-subtle ecological read (especially when paired, as the exhibition is, with another current show at the Huntington dealing with industrialization and the global economy, "Storm Cloud: Picturing the Origins of Our Climate Crisis"). If also fraught with registrations of vulnerability, the bulk of Shaw's earlier contributions do not necessarily thematize environmental cause or catastrophe; when they do introduce such motifs, it is often at the margins, as in *That Night in Xanadu*, 2019–21, in which rabbits holding pocket watches stand sentinel at the painting's lower corners. On a balcony precipice framed by court architecture, a man wearing a kimono dangles a golden birdcage, releasing green parakeets. Here, Shaw imagines the Mongol ruler's summer palace and its impossibly luxuriant Himalayan surrounds through his memories of a lost childhood in Kashmir, India. As the Kipling-derived title of the show broadly suggests, Shaw operates in a plaintive key. Autobiographically inflected paintings figure the artist's surrogates as a joker, a saint, and a Hindu deity, among other forms, and offer reckonings with migratory displacement, political violence, and loss. Even *The Departure (After Tintoretto)*, 2021–22, a painting centered on a gilded staircase atop which a seated dog pulsing with light gazes still upward, commemorates Shaw's dead terrier.

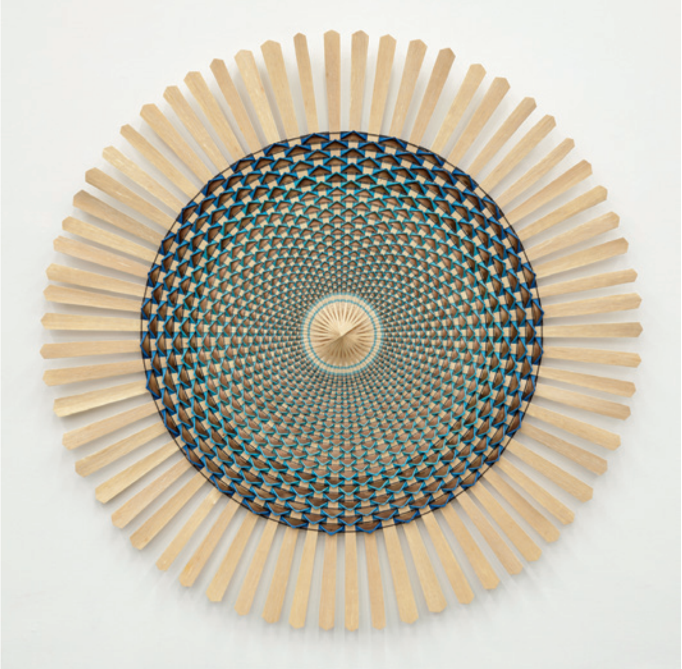
Such manifest content is characteristically belied by visual and material lushness, the product of Shaw's method of applying enamel paint to wood panels using porcupine quills. Installed in a deep-teal gallery, the encrusted surfaces of the artist's seven oversize paintings line the walls without much space between. The physical experience is one of satiety, occasioned by the admiration of a single work filled with so many intricate and information-dense areas of competing focus within a circumscribed area. The epic *The Retrospective 2002–22*, 2015–22, is a showstopper (literally so, as it was impossible to pass around those clustered around it in the narrow room). Modeled on Giovanni Paolo Panini's virtuosic chockablock *Picture Gallery with Views of Modern Rome*, 1757, it depicts some sixty of Shaw's earlier paintings re-created within the picture. So intricate is the composition that a giant label nearby diagrams the dozens of components, becoming a kind of work in itself. Amid the painted inventory, Shaw's alter-ego appears in the frame dressed in a Venetian carnival mask, standing on a makeshift pedestal (an empty crate emblazoned with the word FRAGILE); he holds forth as a conductor, waving a toilet plunger as a baton. Mountains loom in the distance and, in an acknowledgment of impotence despite mastery, fire closes in.

—*Suzanne Hudson*

Jeremy Frey

KARMA

Jeremy Frey's meticulously woven objects, which here included baskets as well as wall-based sculptures, reveal a dizzying level of technical fluency. Each one is crafted from the supple bark of the black ash tree (which the artist directly harvests from the land surrounding his studio in Maine) and woven in accordance with Wabanaki basketry techniques, an art form passed down through Frey's family for generations and one that predates the colonization of New England by millennia. Throughout his exhibition, Frey both celebrated and deconstructed the language of the Wabanaki vessels, employing its signature patterning to create prints and other abstract shapes that disrupted the closed form



Jeremy Frey, ***Unbound*, 2024,** black ash wood, synthetic dye, 64 ¼ × 64 ¼ × 3 ¼".

of the basket, and staking out a more mutable and at times esoteric vocabulary in turn.

While process isn't synonymous with meaning, an understanding of the intricacies of Frey's laborious technique illuminates readings of his work. Here, each notch and gesture originates with the black ash, a deciduous tree that features prominently in the culture of the Wabanaki (a collection of five Indigenous tribes including the Passamaquoddy, Frey's ancestral group). According to tribal mythology, when the heroic figure Glooscap shot an arrow into the tree's woody body, it catalyzed the birth of the Wabanaki people. The tree functions as a conduit for creation in other ways as well. Unlike other North American trees, its growth rings lack the pulpy fibers that typically fuse concentric layers of bark together, and when a fallen trunk is carefully pounded, its bark can be split apart to create highly flexible sheaths that are ideally suited for weaving. This material lineage positions Frey's objects in unique somatic relation to the Passamaquoddy landscape: A work such as *Presence*, 2024, for example—a tall lidded basket ringed with protruding scarlet spikes (a signature motif) and thin bands of turquoise—indexes the ecological conditions that nourished its existence, evidenced by the symbolic arboreal growth rings reflected in its weave. Furthermore, its columnar shape, echoed by baskets such as *Eden* and *Specter*, both 2024, the latter of which also includes sharp, knifelike protrusions, alludes to a cylindrical trunk, perhaps venerating the tree's native form.

In the exhibition's titular work, *Unbound*, 2024—a monumental, wall-based weaving—the skeletal structure of the vessel is flattened and splayed open, revealing the magnanimous architecture of the underlying weave. The object adopts a starburst form: A soft pyramidal mound is orbited by concentric rings of cerulean spikes that radiate outward; they appear tiny in the center and grow exponentially larger at the margins, producing the hypnotic illusion of a rippling portal. The unpainted wooden splints that emerge from the outer edges of the weave suggest that this tondoesque form could expand infinitely, setting up an intriguing dialectical relationship with the closed and completed baskets exhibited nearby. Elsewhere, small sections of flat, framed weavings (e.g., *Distraction*, 2023) functioned as matrices for a series of relief prints on paper; these works included both linear and circular compositions and were often set against a prismatic ground of chine collé (e.g., *Untitled*, 2023). Here, errant fibers, ghostly traces of wood grain, the syrupy texture of ink, and the pliant geometries of the woven form—over, under, behind, between, and through—coalesce to form ephemeral tableaus that are both indebted to and independent from their unique cultural origins. Much like the Wabanaki basket and the black ash tree, these immaculate weavings and their printed companions serve as material ciphers for one another, reciprocally reenacting their intertwined histories.

In a 2023 video interview, Frey remarked that weaving was "one of the languages my tribe speaks, and I am one of the carriers of that language." Embodying this analogy, his objects, in addition to being formal sculptural achievements, both contain and transmit important vernacular information. As vessels removed from their traditional functions, Frey's baskets ultimately serve as receptacles for the intergenerational transference of skilled labor and knowledge, the preservation of which crucially defies colonial dogmas of assimilation and eradication.

—*Jessica Simmons-Reid*

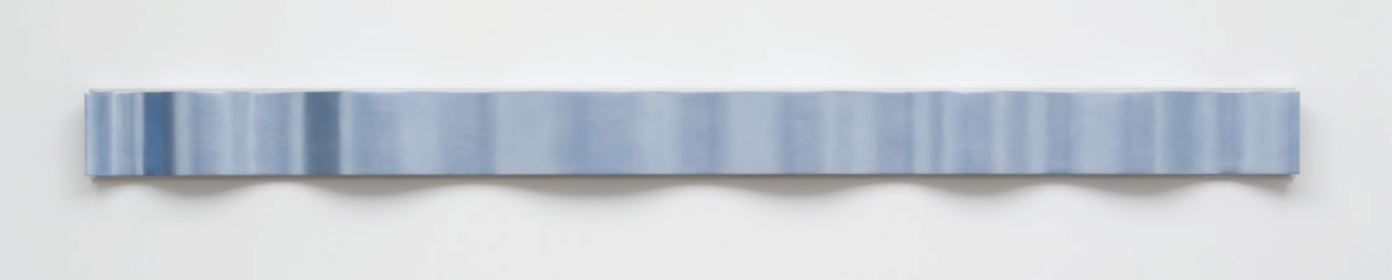
Lisa Williamson

TANYA BONAKDAR GALLERY

To describe Lisa Williamson's latest exhibition, "Hover Land Lover," as delightful would almost be missing the point. The seventeen immaculately painted basswood-on-aluminum sculptures tickled on many levels, with luscious hypnotic colors and curves (so shiny! so smooth!). A reverie for the linguistic was exemplified in Williamson's metonymic (and even anagrammatic) titles, as well as in the artist's poem "LOS ANGELES, BUENOS AIRES, FRANKFURT," which was almost hidden in plain sight at the gallery's front desk. All of these idiosyncratic elements collided and brought a welcome poetic backbone to what could have been misconstrued as purely formal, abstract sculptures. But make no mistake: These objects performed a very contemporary kind of gesture, speaking directly to one of art's most fetishistic forms while simultaneously laughing in its slick, seductive face. While narrative never emerged from the reading of the objects of "Hover Land Lover," the shapes and surfaces expressed a kind of sensuality and even femininity that played hard against the male-dominated, muscular world of Minimalist sculpture, a distant cousin of these unadorned works.

In the front gallery, awash in natural light coming from a huge, frosted, west-facing window, was a grouping of three sculptures respectively titled *Comber*, *Pool*, and *Plateaus* (all works 2024), each hung on their own wall. *Pool* managed to look both industrial and vaginal: a Titian-blue, oval-shaped deep groove ringed with pink that seemed to emanate its own light. *Plateaus* indeed carried the topography of an elevated land mass, as indicated by its title, but, paired with the suggestive quality of the other works, could have inferred the more erotic and esoteric "orgasmic plateaus." To that end, *Plateaus* also looked like a hunk of chocolate you'd want to take a bite from —bronze, yummy, and toothsome. *Comber*, a long, thin, shiny, elliptical silver object resembling a gigantic needle, also hinted at central core imagery. Each of these sculptures contributed its own charismatic strangeness to the presentation. Their smooth surfaces and gleaming finishes conjured a surreal, ecstatic feeling, as if anyone present was about to be abducted by aliens or to undergo some groundbreaking surgical procedure.

The largest gallery contained eight wall-hung paint-and-lacquer-on-basswood sculptures, evenly spaced and resembling the dots and dashes of Morse code. The four "dots" were each identical in scale (close to the size of A4 letter paper), while the four "dashes" were similar in thickness and height but varied in length. *Speaker, Chimera*, and *Fields* shared one wall, and each artwork again performed, somehow, as its respective title. *Speaker* was rendered as a white box containing black drivers, and with an expertly crafted finish that seemed like a nerdy rendition of trompe l'oeil. *Chimera* borrowed from the hues of a classic



Lisa Williamson, *New Wave*, 2024, water-based paint, glass particles, basswood, aluminum, lacquer, 8¼ × 108¾ × 4⅛".

Color Field painting: half maroon, half black, zipped down the middle with a strip of contrasting neon pink. *Fields* portrayed three equally sized neon-green rectangles approximating grass, in a Peter Halley–esque nod to neo-Conceptualism. The rest of the sculptures in this configuration operated on a similarly high, playful key that verged on sardonic—*New Wave*, for example, was a blue wooden wave. And while, like Minimalism, each work of art was not a means of self-expression, the whole formed, quite literally, a language, with each artwork a synecdoche for an unknown, unexplored whole.

The artist's poem, copies of which were printed on thick ecru paper and neatly stacked between the press release and guest book, was presented as part of the gallery material. Part prosody, part word list, part nonsense, it was revelatory and kind. A sheer scaffold of subject, with no pretense, it offered up language as art's equally mysterious and mischievous partner. With this counterpoint in mind, what separates Williamson's referential sculptures (to dwell on their dialogue with Light and Space or Finish Fetish is too dull, too obvious) is that they are a tour de force of semiotic power—color, shape, material, word, configuration, sign, symbol, message. The repetition of almost banal materials and scales, each treated with such impeccable tenderness and artistry, is a gut punch to any cult leader of originality, or even subjectivity: There is nothing new under the sun. And yet, art prevails, as long as we remain open to its revisions and repetitions—in order to find something worth finding in its ineffable wordless surfaces.

—*Georgia Lassner*

VANCOUVER

Firelei Báez

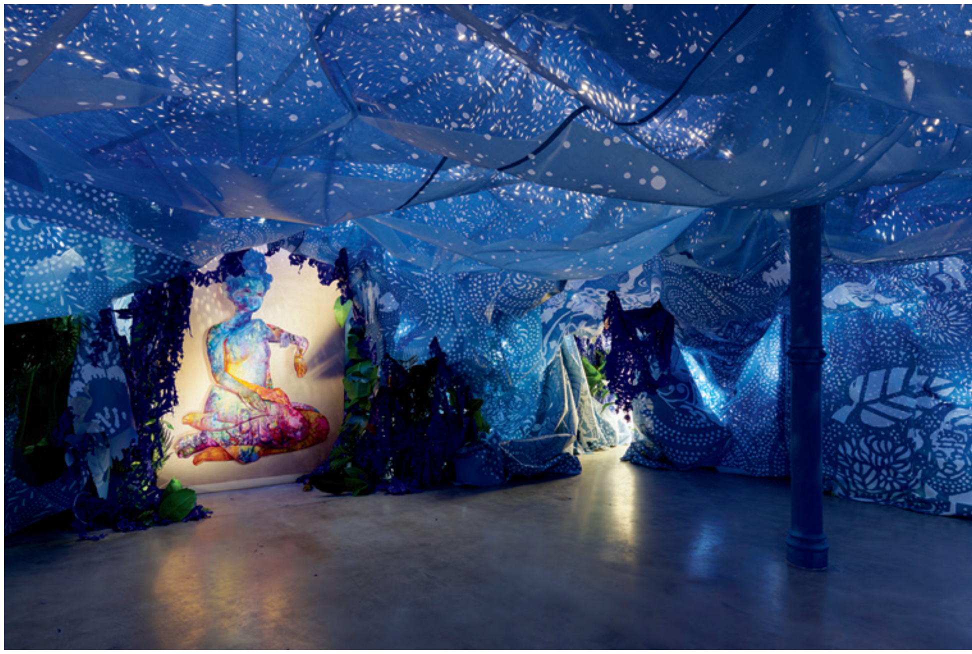
VANCOUVER ART GALLERY

"Creoleness" argued the Martinican writers Jean Bernabé, Patrick Chamoiseau, and Raphaël Confiant, "is . . . not just expressing a crossing or any other unicity. It is expressing a kaleidoscopic totality." Painter Firelei Báez's first midcareer survey, which opened at the Institute of Contemporary Art, Boston, last year and is now at the Vancouver Art Gallery—offers portals into this kaleidoscopic totality. The artist's colorful, ambitious tableaux present a nonreductive flowing together of historical and cultural elements to reclaim the space of identity.

Five dazzlingly hued canvases, in which Báez both shields and elevates her subjects, are installed across the gallery's main rotunda at the heart of the show. The first one we encounter is *Madeleine (Rupture rapture maroonage)*, 2022. The work is based on Marie-Guillemine Benoist's *Portrait of Madeline*, 1800, a Neoclassical painting of a young Black woman in the collection of the Louvre in Paris (a symbol of emancipation, the work was also famously featured in Beyoncé and Jay-Z's 2018 music video for "Apeshit"). Yet in Báez's arch-shaped picture, the figure is barely perceptible, as she has been transformed into a blaze of swirling light. Only her headdress, rendered in an indigo-patterned print, can be made out.

During a public conversation with the artist, the show's curator, Eva Respini, said that Báez engages squarely with the traditions of "capital *P*" painting. The artist melds experiences from her own life and Afro-Caribbean heritage with references to the Black Power movement, tropical flora, colonialism, and speculative fiction. By combining the old with the new, she critiques history but does not erase it. Báez holistically reflects on issues impacting the present with the hope of creating tools for addressing them in the future.

Bernabé, Chamoiseau, and Confiant were part of a group of writers, along with Édouard Glissant, who considered the Caribbean a site in which the "real forges of a new humanity, where languages, races, religions, customs, ways of being from all over the world were brutally uprooted and transplanted in an environment where they had to reinvent life." Báez vigorously reshapes aspects of subjectivity, identity, and belief systems as a way to counter this violence. She calls her works "propositions," in which all her figures and forms exist in a continual state of opacity (à la Glissant) and becoming.



Firelei Báez, ***A Drexcyen chronocommons (To win the war you fought it sideways)*****, 2019**, two paintings, painted wooden frame, printed perforated tarp. Installation view. Photo: Phoebe d'Heurle.

Báez's cast of characters include the *ciguapa*, an enigmatic femme from Dominican and Haitian folklore who has flowing hair and backward-facing feet. She also includes tentacular humanoids, inspired by the Oankali from Octavia Butler's sci-fi trilogy *Lilith's Brood* (1987–89). The artist's subjects are frequently depicted as single (and singularly confident) figures within her compositions, often surrounded by charts and maps. For example, in *Untitled (Terra Nova)*, 2020, a ciguapa crouches in front of one of the first renderings of the New World from 1541.

The artist's multidimensional "tignon" paintings reflect on the segregation laws introduced in 1786 during Spanish colonial rule, when freed Creole women of African descent had to wear headscarves, in the same way that slaves were made to. By depicting her women adorned in colorful tignons with complex pattens and jewels, Báez allows her subjects to regain their dignity and autonomy. The giant headdress worn by the sitter in *Sans-Souci (This threshold between a dematerialized and a historicized body)*, 2015, appears to be embodied, as if it were an extension of the subject herself, who looks serenely and unabashedly back at us.

This presentation's showstopping finale, *A Drexcyen chronocommons (To win the war you fought it sideways)*, 2019, is a multimedia installation that references, among other topics, the mythical Drexciyan civilization (born out of the abysmal Middle Passage) and the first Queen of Haiti, Marie-Louise Coidavid, and her daughters. The work features a series of blue tarpaulins (often used to provide temporary shelter after hurricanes) that have been elaborately cut out—when light shines through them, a dappled effect is created.

The piece provides a space for remembrance and healing. It is breathtaking and affecting, bringing joy and succor to a building that was once a courthouse. Báez's art, beyond its elusiveness and dazzle, offers a space of freedom.

—*Emily Butler*

SÃO PAULO

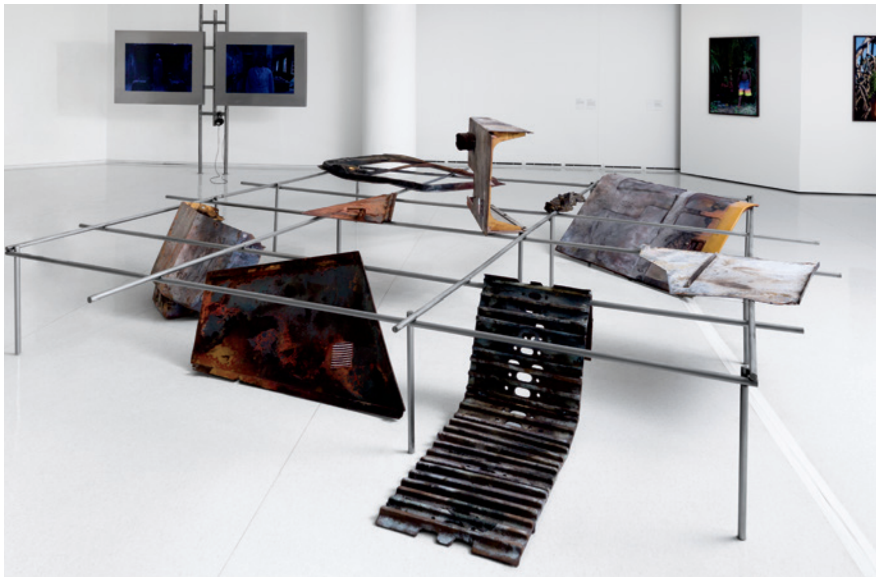
“Mil Graus”

MUSEU DE ARTE MODERNA DE SÃO PAULO

For the recurring exhibition Panorama da Arte Brasileira, launched in 1969, the Museu de Arte Moderna de São Paulo (MAM) invites curators to present their perspectives on the current state of Brazilian art. Often these shows have been lackluster affairs, rather conventional in outlook, typically neglecting anything truly dissonant or dissident. But for this year’s thirty-eighth program, curators Germano Dushá, Thiago de Paula Souza, and Ariana Nuala disrupted that tendency, proposing a hopeful and high-intensity aesthetic reflecting the country’s inflamed cultural hybridisms.

As indicated by the title, “*Mil Graus*” (A Thousand Degrees), extreme heat was the guide for gathering and critique. Such heat is presumably strong enough to dissolve any possible material, preconceived epistemology, environmental stability, or spiritual order. Our present already smolders in extreme conditions: Frederico Filippi’s *Moquém – Carnes de caça* (Moquém – Game Meats), 2023–24—a scatter installation composed of strip-mining machinery with tractor parts burned in illegal mines in the Brazilian Amazon—presents a faithful portrait of the ecopolitical catastrophe that is already ongoing.

Due to renovation in the MAM building, “*Mil Graus*” was held at the premises of Museu de Arte Contemporânea, just across the street. In the entrance mezzanine, Adriano Amaral’s impactful installation *Cabeça D’Água* (Flash Flood), 2024, welcomed visitors into an octagonal chamber with cyborg-like objects made of silicone, burned soccer cleats, and goose feet hanging on the walls. Meanwhile, in a central baptismal font, viscous fluid stirred by a pneumatic motor affixed to the ceiling repeatedly submerged and uncovered several skulls—the effect suggesting an anabolized, mystical update of Bruce Nauman’s *3 Heads Fountain (3 Andrews)*, 2005.



Frederico Filippi, *Moquém – Carnes de caça* (Moquém – Game Meats), 2023–24, incinerated and melted tractor parts from mining site in Itaituba, Pará state, steel, iron, plastic, asphalt, dimensions variable. From “*Mil Graus*” (A Thousand Degrees).

“*Mil Graus*” presented arts of the sort that have rarely been exhibited in any previous edition of Panorama or the São Paulo Bienal, including works made by members of carnival troupes, practitioners of Indigenous and Afro-diasporic religions, and artists whose work has been sidelined as naive or folkloric. Also present were institutionally celebrated names, among them Solange Pessoa, who presented soapstone sculptures with encrusted spirals on the museum’s external loggia, and Lucas Arruda, with vaporous oil paintings in a small, silent Albertian chapel built specifically for the show.

Reflecting what anthropologist Eduardo Viveiros de Castro calls “cannibal metaphysics,” a group of works by Rop Cateh, a collective of Indigenous Akroá-Gamella people, foregrounded expressions of Amerindian perspectivism. In their photo collage *Rop*, 2024, a jaguar’s head is intercut with part of a man’s, including his eyes, and the head is surrounded by the silhouette of a feather headdress. Mineral/animal transfiguration is also embodied in Maria Lira Marques’s symbolic paintings using earthy natural pigments on stones from the central region of Brazil. For *Animais e Ornamentos* (Animals and Ornaments), 2024—sculptures of metamorphic animals such as birds, horses, and alligators—Marina Woisky took illustrations from books on natural history, applied arts, and tapestry and printed them on sewn fabrics filled with concrete, as if artificially fossilized.

The heat of the streets is the context for Gabriel Massan’s *Baile do Terror* (Dance of Terror), 2022–24, an immersive installation of a digital universe that denounces Brazilian police violence at funk dances. MEXA, a group that critically fights for LGBTQI+ rights, also zeroed in on celebratory resistance amid atrocious violence: At the show’s opening, they staged *A última ceia (abertura)* (The Last Supper [Opening]), a participatory performance involving the group’s dozen members and the audience at a long table set with food and drinks in a parodic re-creation of Leonardo’s famous mural.

If one thinks back to the previous edition of Panorama, “*Sob as cinzas, brasa*” (Under the ashes, embers) in 2022—which also touched on tropes of burning and heat in critiquing colonial history and Brazilian modernism—it becomes clear that what counts in an exhibition of this nature is not its theme but its curatorial construction. Whereas the “ashes” of the 2022 Panorama radiated—weakly—a residual languid heat, “*Mil Graus*” blared with agonizing and transcendental sounds of bodies hissing in absolute fervor.

—*Mateus Nunes*

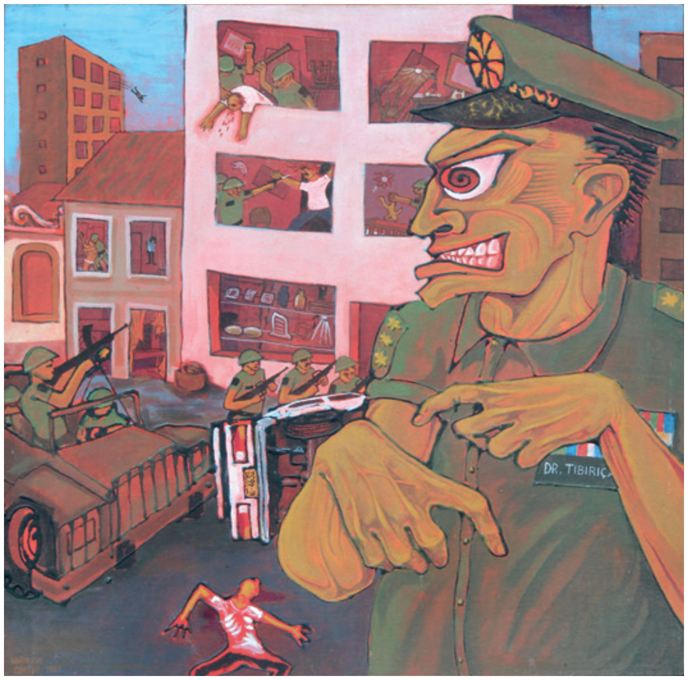
RIO DE JANEIRO

“Fullgás—Visual Arts and the 1980s in Brazil”

CENTRO CULTURAL BANCO DO BRASIL

In 1985, Brazil emerged from twenty-one years of military dictatorship, with its population experiencing a feeling of release and enthusiasm that was not without its own challenges. “*Fullgás—Artes Visuais e Anos 1980 no Brasil*” (Fullgás—Visual Arts and the 1980s in Brazil), organized by Raphael Fonseca, focused on its subject with a depth rarely seen before. The exhibition, whose title is taken from that of a 1984 song by pop singer Marina Lima and plays on the Portuguese word *fugaz* (fleeting), placed artists from all regions of the country in dialogue with memorabilia from the era, portraying a nation longing to reestablish democratic governance amid inflation, epidemics, and rising demands for historically neglected rights.

One of the focal points of the show was the occupation of public space through performative actions. Ricardo Basbaum’s *Olho* (Eye), 1987, for instance, is a sticker with an image of an eye. He affixed this mass-produced icon, similar in design to a business logo, to surfaces all around Rio and other cities; the omnipresent eye recalled surveillance under the dictatorship—by that time over, but the trauma it caused persisted. Even as the country longed for liberty, the long shadows of vigilance and punishment remained. The show also highlighted the freedom of expression enjoyed by artists in this period. After two decades of



Maurício Castro, *Dr. Tibiriçá*, 1987, acrylic on canvas, 24 × 24". From *"Fullgás—Artes Visuais e Anos 1980 no Brasil"* (Fullgás—Visual Arts and the 1980s in Brazil).

institutionalized censorship, Brazilian artists were finally able to represent their nonnormative sexualities—for example, in Rosa Gauitano's *Boate Dinosaurus* (Dinosaur Nightclub), 1978–79, a photograph of two women kissing in a nightclub, or in Hudinilson Jr.'s wallpaper piece *Posição amorosa* (Amorous Position), 1983, an immense grid of images showing a woman, faceless and with bare breasts, from different angles.

In 1978, Brazil, still under dictatorship, saw the establishment of its first magazine for the gay community, and, in the 1980s, the country witnessed a rise in collective organizing for the civil rights of Black communities (portrayed by photographer Mobi in the city of São Luís). With an increasing interest in the visual cultures of Indigenous peoples, some artists—among them Elieser Rufino—began to focus on local cultures and traditions. Although the country was still quite conservative, people were creating networks for discourse about democratic imperatives. That process would reach its apex in 1988 with the promulgation of a new constitution. The artistic community's contribution to this larger public discussion about democratic rights was important.

Yet the shadow of violence legitimated by the dictatorship still lingered over Brazilian art. Gervane de Paula's *Donato bola de polícia* (Assailed Police Head), 1982, and Maurício Castro's *Dr. Tibiriçá*, 1987—titled with the code name for dictatorship-era military officer Carlos Alberto Brilhante Ustra—exhibit, in the most literal ways, the barbarity of the military personnel and the cruel persecution of those who opposed the regime. The sign of an inner malady is also present in the early paintings of Adriana Varejão. In one of them, *Dilúvio* (Flood), 1985, dense oil paint forms dark zones of an abstract composition that addresses, perhaps, a sense of national uncertainty.

The AIDS epidemic put the brakes on much of Brazil's newfound euphoria. Works like those of Leonilson, who died as a result of the virus, express loneliness and the sting of prejudice alongside metaphors of love and a desire for life. Humor, too, was a tool. Barrão's sculpture *10 centavos assalta 1 cruzado* (10 Cents Robs 1 Cruzado), 1987, alludes ironically to the different economic plans and currencies that Brazil adopted throughout the decade as a means of containing inflation. Society, however fragile, was still capable of laughing at itself.

—Felipe Scovino

Translated from Portuguese by Liam Seeley.

LONDON

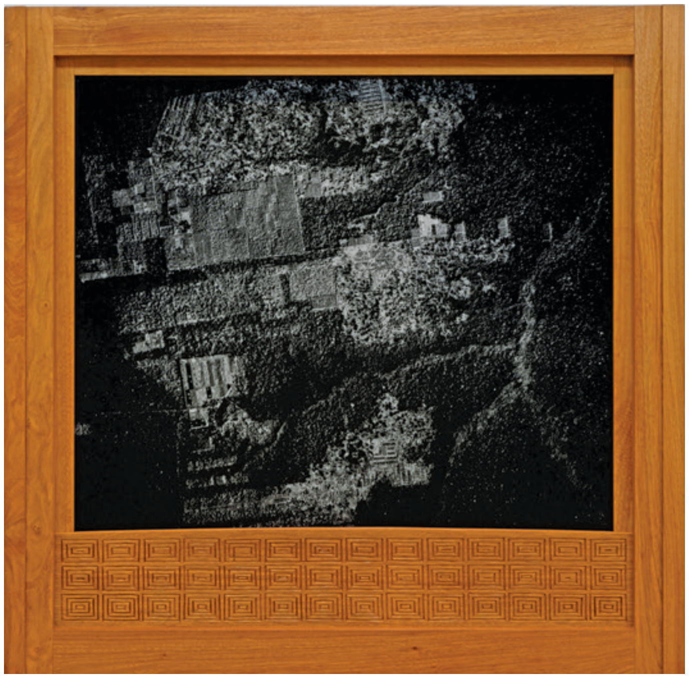
Sammy Baloji

GOLDSMITHS CCA

Sammy Baloji's recent exhibition broadly addressed Congolese nationhood and American and European expansionism from the nineteenth century onward. The show continued the artist's long-term exploration of "extraction" as interpreted through photographs, botanical samples, audio and video recordings, and archival literature sparsely laid out in vitrines. These items included stamped workers' documents from a Congolese mining district; propagandist flyers on uranium production; and, incredibly, an itinerary for the "first uranium world tour" of mining sites in Australia, South Africa, Zambia, and the Democratic Republic of the Congo that ends with sightseeing in Cairo, Rome, Paris, and London.

The archives Baloji researched for the works in this show include those of the Royal Prussian Phonographic Commission, now in the Sound Archive of the Humboldt-Universität in Berlin, and the Institut National des Etudes et Recherches Agronomiques (INERA) in Kinshasa, Congo, as well as Brussels' Center for the Archives of Communism in Belgium. The exhibition included four works that have been previously exhibited in international exhibitions and two new commissions. *Still Kongo I–V*, 2024, is a set of five monochrome aerial images of the Yangambi Biosphere Reserve (said to be the second largest rainforest in the world after the Amazon), framed with heavyset wood in a design inspired by Belgian Art Nouveau. *Triga Mark III*, 2024, is an extension of an earlier work, *Shinkolobwe's abstraction*, 2022, first commissioned for the Sharjah Biennial 2022 and consists of fifteen screen prints that are composed of red and yellow color patterns abstracted from Congolese uranium samples and layered over photographs of atomic clouds.

Both works are the product of an ongoing dialogue between Baloji and Pedro Monaville, a Canada-based Belgian historian and author of the study *Students of the World: Global 1968 and Decolonization in the Congo* (2022). A text by Monaville is offered as a handout to visitors, as if to press home any historical consequences not apparent elsewhere in the exhibition. Titled "Abstraction and a Capricious Sinuosity" (2024),



Sammy Baloji, *Still Kongo III*, 2024, ink-jet print on Dibond, wooden frame, 59 × 59".

the text is largely an intellectual buttress for Baloji's interests in the Congolese archive of the Cold War. Monaville's stated aim, in relation to *Shinkolobwe's abstraction*, is to "reclaim abstraction as a strategy of historical illumination."

But the problem is that, when displayed alongside a wealth of archival literature, *Shinkolobwe's abstraction* takes the form of a commemorative work in service of the research that birthed it, rather than an autonomous source of illumination. Furthermore, the work recalls what Okwui Enwezor described, in his 2008 essay "Archive Fever," as the "excess of the seen," thanks to an overfamiliarity with the work's real-world sources (in this case American abstraction and images of the atomic clouds in Japan) that limits our engagement with it.

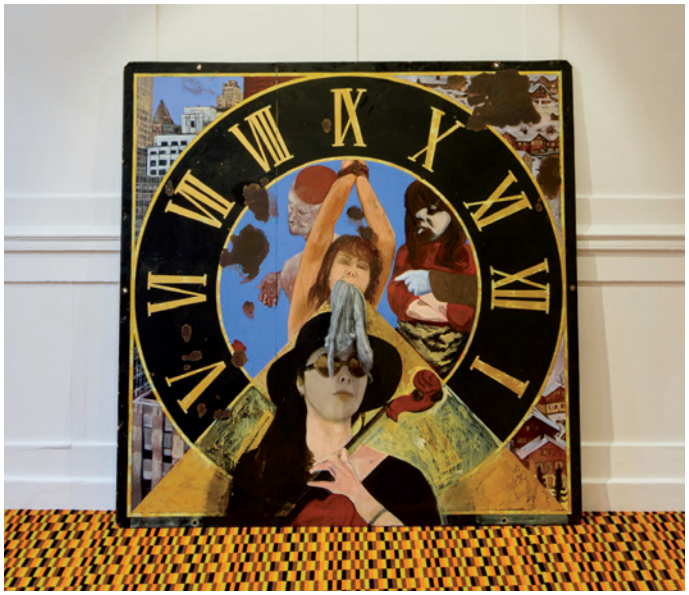
Among the previously exhibited works on view here was *Aequare. The Future That Never Was*, 2023, a collage of archival and recent documentary footage about the research activities at Yangambi, which was the largest of more than thirty experimental complexes created by what was then the National Institute for the Agronomic Study, Belgian Congo—the predecessor to INERA—in 1933. In one sequence, staffers are shown consulting a physical archive as we watch them through archival film. A telegraphic power emanates even within reels of staged laboratory experiments, labor, and everyday social life that falsely present Belgian imperialism as progressive on scientific advancement and inclusive on matters of race and power balance. Baloji's sensitive handling of the footage lays bare the artifice of filmmaking and its use as a manipulative tool. Although, as *Shinkolobwe's abstraction* suggests, Baloji's method has its limits, this survey demonstrated that his career-long engagement with some of the most important issues of our time—from nuclear power to climate change, from environmentalism to the epistemological violence of colonialism—has much to offer.

—*Sabo Kpade*

Stanislava Kovalčíková

EMALIN

As I stood on Shoreditch High Street, spying through narrow pipe jutting from a window, I felt like a peeping Tom. But really, although I was peeking in at a naked lady, she was part of a collage by Düsseldorf-based Slovakian artist Stanislava Kovalčíková for her recent exhibition "ret rie vers" at Emalin's second exhibition space, the Clerk's House. The piece also included giant snail shells, a sunrise, a vulva badge, and two images of the late Queen Elizabeth II, one on a postage stamp, the other clipped from a British banknote. It was like a hornier version of a Joseph Cornell box, but with the vibe of Marcel Duchamp's *Étant donnés* (1946–66).



Stanislava Kovalčíková, *Wolkenkratzer* (Skyscraper), 2024, oil, wool, antique Prussian church clockface, 58¼ × 57⅞ × 3⅛".

Inside, Kovalčíková's exhibition filled every nook and cranny of the Clerk's House. The artist had turned the space into something like a Prussian fun house: mirrored rooms, mannequins, and huge antique clockfaces—stripped of their hands, these had now been repurposed as surfaces for paintings. *Wolkenkratzer* (Skyscraper), 2024, shows, among other things, a woman hanging by her bound wrists, an image familiar from so many horror films. A huge clump of gray wool (real, not painted) pours out of the victim's mouth, as if she were spewing up an old lady's wig. Other characters in the composition seem casually complicit in her suffering: A finger points, either in judgment or in perverse delight, while another girl stares down in casual contempt, arms crossed, cigarette dangling from her lips. This and other clock paintings on view felt like illustrations for stories not yet written, although Kovalčíková has said that "faces and bodies are more substantial than the storyline of the painting."

Meanwhile, the house itself had been carpeted with a rigid patchwork of orange, black, and mustard hues familiar to any weary passenger of the London Underground. The District Line moquette was designed in the 1970s by Jacqueline Groag, a Czech Jewish textile designer. Here, this pattern seemed retro yet chic: a tasteful interior choice, symbolic of a time when one could imagine a cleaner, faster future. Yet when you find yourself stuck in one of the city's more dated subway trains, your seat stained with grime and spilled takeout, this fabric stands for drudgery, bad food, and journeys delayed by signal failure—a perfect example of the mix of "Modernism and contemporary decay" mentioned in the press release.

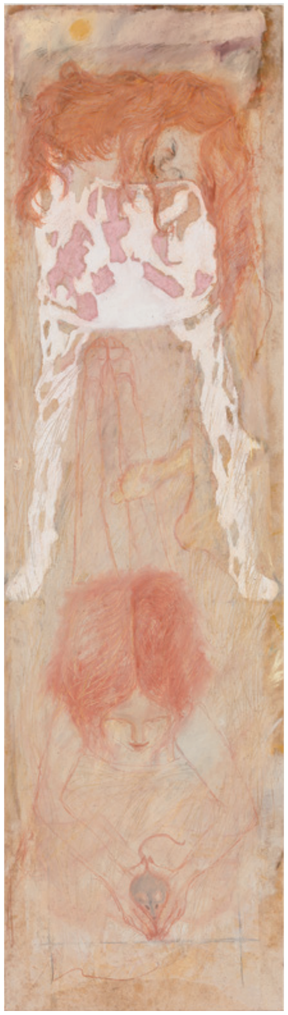
The final clock painting, *Clerk‘s Medusa*, 2024, was up in the attic, propped against the wall on a mirrored floor. The piece depicted only half of the Gorgon's face, but the other half was supplied by the reflection in the floor—reminding us of the mirror Perseus used in order to kill her without looking directly at her. Historically, this room would have been the servants' quarters, and I loved that the space was off-limits to visitors: I had to crane my neck around the door to get a glimpse, making sure I didn't tumble down the narrow staircase behind me. Throughout history, the image of the Medusa has been used as an apotropaic, displayed on door knockers, shields, and crockery to ward off evil. Kovalčíková flipped this tradition, squirreling the old Gorgon up in the attic and almost out of sight. Sigmund Freud thought the Medusa myth was all about the fear of castration—of course he did. Another sculpture downstairs, *Follow the Boys (Shoe)*, 2023, contained similar Freudian themes. A stiletto-clad foot juts out from the wall, the shoe's heel consisting of a severed penis shaft and grisly pair of golden testicles: part feminist trophy, part disaster at the s/m club. The exhibition text mentioned "our nervous attachment to time"; clocks and cocks may be equally unserviceable. It seemed that, in this show, time is most neurotic when it stops moving forward.

—*Oskar Oprey*

Emma Rose Schwartz

BRUNETTE COLEMAN GALLERY

Seeing Emma Rose Schwartz's London debut, "Old Mortality," felt like getting sudden flashes of someone else's childhood memories. Her paintings' elegantly distressed surfaces offer glimpses of implied nar-



Emma Rose Schwartz, *Certain Planet*, 2024, oil, paper, conté, charcoal, chalk pastel, and graphite on canvas, 59⅞ × 17¾".

ratives featuring female protagonists—several of whom stare intensely outward. The figures' anatomies feel reimagined rather than observed, with body parts folding or fading into one another. Crudely drawn buildings and other architectural fragments suggest locations whose significance would be legible only to their author and presumably the characters within the work. As viewers, we are left to weigh these diffuse details against the concentration of affect found in the faces with finely drawn features that punctuate these scenes.

Schwartz's palette consists of ruddy bursts of sienna and other earth tones amid large swaths of beige and gray. One of two tall canvases hanging next to each other, *Certain Planet* (all works 2024) depicts two figures with reddish hair in a curious configuration: A girl, loosely drawn, lies on the ground holding a rodent between her hands while above her hovers a woman with long flowing hair and a pair of opaque white legs. Irregular chunks of pink paint hover amid gaps in what could be her torso, whose chunky solidity grounds what is otherwise an airy composition. These works are strongest when looser passages of opaque paint pull against the graphic economy of the faces. The figures in *Fortunate Relative* appear atop some pale blue foliage with hazy pink blobs denoting flowers. The suggested scenery sweetens an anatomically confused depiction of what looks like a mother holding her daughter, but these blooms and leaves are also compelling simply as colorful shapes.

Schwartz's chromatic restraint and rugged drawing distinguish her from the legion of young painters using a stylized figuration à la Kai Althoff to make enchanted scenes that evoke a bygone era, and often indulge in a chromatic opulence and decorative flourishes. Schwartz's pictures feel more connected to farmhouses than cosmopolitan decadence. Although the resulting images look quite different, her practice of adhering thin paper to her canvases and painting on top of the crinkled surface recalls the work of Samuel Hindolo, another contemporary painter who cultivates patina and visible wear. *Middle Creek* has large areas whose primary attraction is the rhythmic energy of Schwartz's hand scratching into wet paint with a tool, while a large black cloud hovers above. This passage holds together much better than the passage in *TV Sunrise*, where the texture of crinkled paper becomes monotonous as it fills out the shape of a couch outlined in charcoal, which occupies most of the large canvas.

In the gallery office hung two paintings whose saturation and density seemed to break with the rest of the show. Warm light bathes the face of a seated figure in *Out Front*—an ominous image with the spooky intensity of a séance. In it, Schwartz abandons her tendency to leave raw canvas between the facial features and successfully merges scratchy lines that articulate, for instance, an eyelid with splotchy shading that describes the curvature of a cheek. The sense of mass makes this figure feel like much more than a mere symbol, amplifying the impact of this work considerably.

Schwartz's visual language is imbued with a sense of the past. She immerses us in the fragmentary logic of visual memory, with details whose significance is implied but never explained. The evocation of nineteenth-century painting creates an immediate familiarity that grants viewers smooth entry despite the works' enigmas, but at the cost of diminishing the friction that opens new aesthetic territory. The paintings' strength turns out to be inseparable from their limitations.

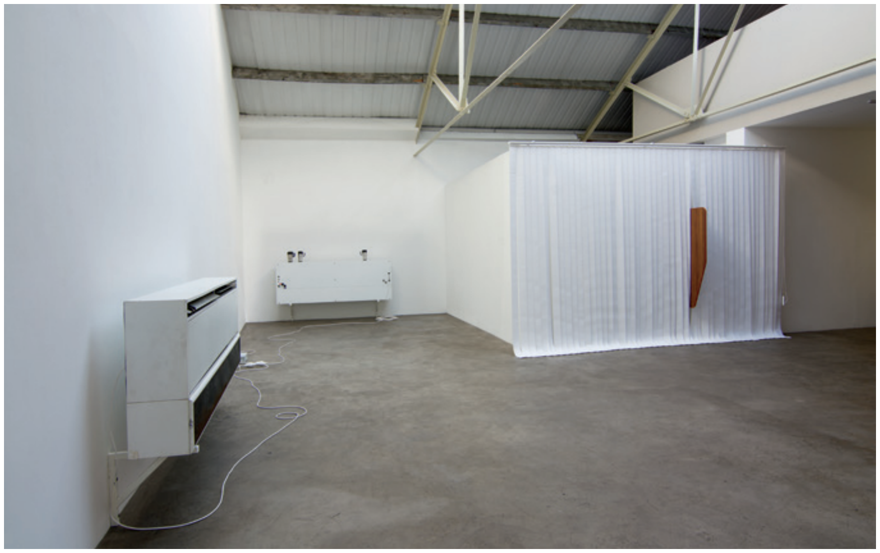
—Peter Brock

DUBLIN

Katie Watchorn

MOTHER'S TANKSTATION

A sense of uneasy stasis charged the atmosphere at Katie Watchorn's exhibition "dry brimmings." Sternly Minimalist in style and composed of a spartan array of prosaic utilitarian objects, Watchorn's installation resembled the comfortless storeroom of a shuttered shop: a onetime place of business apparently abandoned. Clustered on the floor were five little headless busts and miniature plinths of the sort used to display necklaces in jewelry stores, their suede and velour coverings hinting at vanished shopwindow glamour. Attached to the walls were light fixtures, heating-control units, and vertical blinds. Each manufactured component, however mundane, made a nuanced impression. A pair of wall-mounted lights, glowing weakly above the petite, floor-standing display busts, paired an indoor fluorescent lamp with an outdoor, weatherproof LED: contrasting types of illumination, mismatched as if they were makeshifts. Two bulky air curtains took turns issuing sequenced bursts of mechanical wind—the designed purpose of these appliances being to form an immaterial division at the entrance to a building, separating inside and outside with a temperature-regulating barrier. Here, however, the programmed gusts (as with the twinned lights) seemed no longer dependent on any such binary separation of interior and exterior space. On one of the units, Watchorn placed four thermal travel mugs, signaling prior human presence, while implicitly linking the heat-maintaining capacity of the metallic cups with the environmental function of the industrial air curtains. Nearby, a set of tall window blinds wafted in the intermittent breeze. As with other elements of the installation, this addition was both unremarkable—a standard domestic or office accessory—and oddly ill-fitting. The blinds lined a wall rather than a window. The hanging louvers draped onto the floor, a size too big for their setting. Most strangely, a sleek panel with curved edges jutted through the vertical slats—a partition without any evident purpose, both in the way and out of place.



View of "Katie Watchorn: dry brimmings," 2024.

Pronounced banality, then, plus mystery: Watchorn's exhibition appeared to call for careful detective work. But if the show prompted narrative speculation—on the who, what, and why of this enigmatic scenario—it also held sleuthing or storytelling in suspension. The full collective title applied to these arrayed objects was *Dry brimming thresholds (commutes between fantasies)*, 2024: a string of incongruent terms that underlined the installation's inside/outside simultaneity and affirmed Watchorn's continuing interest in the materiality, the psychology, and perhaps the politics of in-between states. Until now, her sculptures have principally drawn inspiration from the converging forces shaping present-day life in rural Ireland. Watchorn comes from a County Clare farming background: a context that she represents, and radically abstracts, as a site of confluence between human and nonhuman, natural and technological, age-old and ultramodern. Previous sculptural materials have included cast beef fat, welded steel mesh, surfacing aggregate, dehydrated sugar beets, and polished aluminum—adapted products of farm labor that speak of the necessary innovations and strange intersections of contemporary agricultural experience. "dry brimmings" showed the expansion of her art's sculptural and conceptual scope (augmenting her ecologically connective aesthetic with the use of ready-made items we might associate with commercial, corporate, and other non-farmland contexts), yet also deepened the abiding impression of being caught between colliding worlds. Notably, another curious piece in the overall puzzle was a single-screen video showing a looped, 1 minute 15 second clip of a back massage: intimate skin-on-skin contact, shot close-up in high definition, yet displayed in hazy low-res style on an outmoded dot-structure monitor. Encountered just inside the gallery door—precisely at a threshold point—the footage was visible when arriving and leaving: each time introducing, or reintroducing, imagery with no overt connection to the sculptural compositions in the main gallery. The indistinct video was, even so, an apt beginning and ending: evoking the heat of interacting bodies, highlighting the technological mediation of sensory experience, adding new layers to the overlapping realities of Watchorn's art—while bringing us, at the point of departure, right back to where we started.

—Declan Long

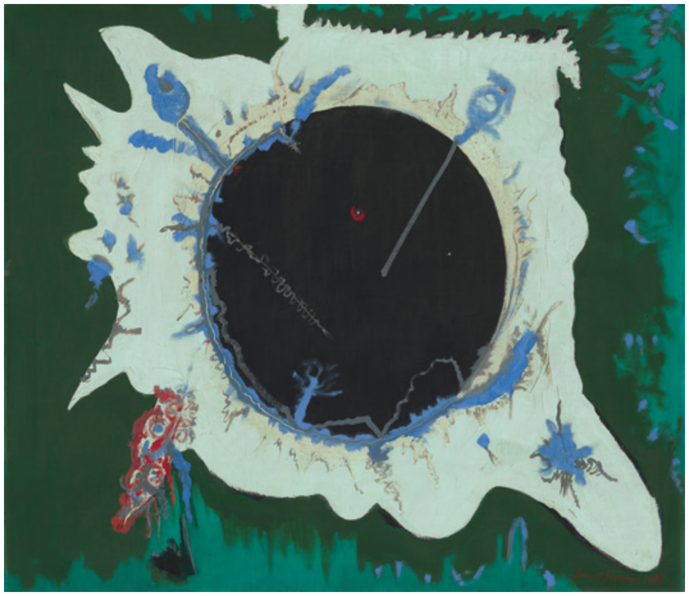
PARIS

"The Atomic Age: Artists Put to the Test of History"

MUSÉE D'ART MODERNE DE PARIS

Barnett Newman's 1946 painting *Pagan Void* stares you down at the start of "*L'Âge atomique: Les artistes à l'épreuve de l'histoire*" (The Atomic Age: Artists Put to the Test of History), a visual tour of modernity as seen through the lens of nuclear technology. Newman's work features a rough black circle that looks like a bloodshot eye or, on second glance, a fertilized egg. Or maybe it's a scaled-up atomic nucleus. It's impossible to pin down any singular meaning or interpretation; just when you think you've solved its riddle, the shape shifts again.

Pagan Void was painted the same year the United States Navy conducted widely photographed tests of nuclear weapons at Bikini Atoll and a year after the US unleashed two atomic bombs over Japan. Newman's painting is just one of many significant artworks that respond to these pivotal moments. Curators Julia Garimorth and Maria Stavrinaki have divided the sweeping show into three parts: "The Disintegration of Matter," "The Bomb," and "The Nuclearization of the World." The first section—installed in a gallery with high ceilings and white walls—is a light overture to the coming darkness. We begin the journey toward nuclearization in the 1890s, when, as the wall text notes, scientists demonstrated that the atom was not as stable as originally thought, and that matter is penetrable by invisible rays and radioactivity. The material on Loïe Fuller's 1904 *Radium Dance* is particularly compelling. In 1911 Fuller performed the work at her Paris studio with physicists Marie and Pierre Curie in the audience. After dancing, the choreographer delivered a philosophical lecture on radium. Her notebook for the lecture is displayed in the exhibition, resting open on the first page, thoughts scratched out and rephrased, as unstable and changeable as the element itself.



Barnett Newman, *Pagan Void*, 1946, oil on canvas, 33 × 38". From "*L'Âge atomique: Les artistes à l'épreuve de l'histoire*" (The Atomic Age: Artists Put to the Test of History).

Fuller's notes are exhibited alongside manuscripts and hand-drawn diagrams by the Curies, Niels Bohr, and Henri Becquerel. These scientific visuals enter into conversation with the artworks displayed across the gallery: paintings and drawings by Wassily Kandinsky, Hilma af Klint, and Mikhail Larionov illustrating early experiments in abstraction; a diorama by Marcel Duchamp; and so on. Artists give shape and voice to the modern passion for discovery, as they will in the show's later chapters on the universal urgency and angst of the nuclear age.

"The Bomb" section begins in a smaller, more darkly lit space, where one encounters the first of several series of videos of atomic tests, as well as photographs and ephemera from the Los Alamos National Laboratory. Each piece is neatly pinned to a black wall with thumbtacks, giving the impression of a war room. Among these are a typewritten letter from Albert Einstein to Franklin D. Roosevelt and a shadowy photograph of J. Robert Oppenheimer in profile—men whose presence looms in the margins of the exhibition. Perhaps the most moving items here are drawings by survivors of the bombings at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Setsuko Yamamoto, just fourteen at the time of the bombing, drew herself stepping over bodies to get out of a tram. In simple words, she captions the image: "Just after the atomic explosion, I stepped on the injured to get out." An ambient, war-zone soundscape, meanwhile, has been emanating from a device playing Yoko Ono's 1995 "Hiroshima Sky Is Always Blue"—a chorus with visceral moans and cries of pain.

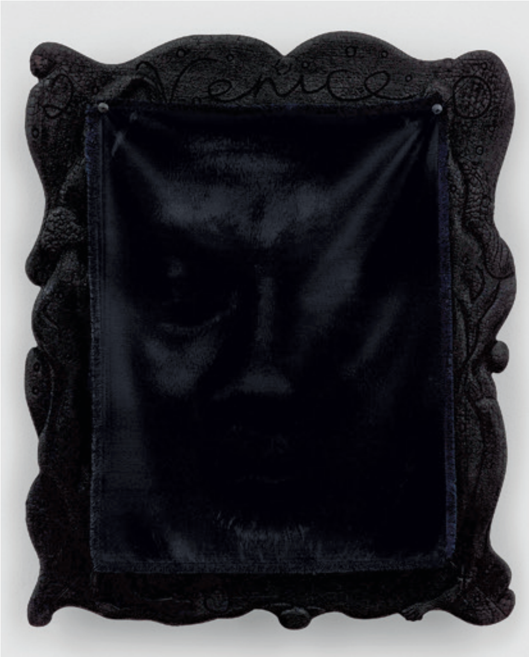
A series of photographs of the atomic mushroom cloud from mid-century American periodicals and propaganda serves as a coda for the "Bomb" section and an entry into "Nuclearization." Among them is an image by Don English for the Las Vegas News Bureau, showing ballet dancer Sally McCloskey posing *en pointe* in front of a mushroom cloud on Mount Charleston, Nevada—an unnerving callback to Fuller's *Radium Dance*. The show's finale then focuses on the social and political consequences of nuclearization—environmental, feminist, and anti-colonial activism. One particularly striking piece is Tetsumi Kudo's *Grafted Garden/Pollution-Cultivation-New Ecology*, 1970–71, a plot of wilting flowers strewn with disembodied limbs, hair, and everyday objects. With its three-act structure, "The Atomic Age" is nothing short of operatic—a reminder that the creative and destructive powers of humans have become entwined with those of the atom.

—*Elinor Hitt*

Chris Ofili

DAVID ZWIRNER

Chris Ofili presented the ten oil paintings composing "Joyful Sorrow," his first solo show in Paris, behind individual black-on-black screen-printed curtains. Confronted with these mysterious veils and equipped with black gloves provided at the gallery's front desk, viewers saw the show by lifting one shroud at a time—performing an intimate act that stimulated the senses and the subconscious all at once. Ofili has long been interested in prolonging or complicating the viewer's experience, and, in this case, the exercise began even before the first veil was lifted. On each silk cloth, a ghostly apparition—a photographic self-portrait, eyes closed—slowly revealed itself, flickering into view only at close proximity and from certain angles. The works' black frames, made of charred wood, were carved with elongated bas-relief figures—also intelligible only from up close—as well as the words VENICE and OFILI in looping script. Like mini prosceniums, the dark frames and curtains set the stage for Ofili's response to Shakespeare's *Tragedy of Othello: The Moor of Venice*.



Chris Ofili, ***Othello - Shroud*****, 2023–24**, oil and charcoal on linen, artist frame of carved and charred American black walnut, iron nails, screen print on bamboo silk, 27⅝ × 23 × 1⅞".

Ofili's engagement with *Othello* dates back to 2019, when he produced linear white-on-black etchings to illustrate an edition of the play published by David Zwirner Books. In stark contrast with these prints, the paintings in "Joyful Sorrow," all titled *Othello - Shroud* and made between 2019 and 2024, were jewel-toned, mottled, and glistening. In each composition, a multicolored masklike face floats in the center above smaller acrobatically posed figures and loose-script handwriting spelling out OTHELLO. The faces are all similar in size, scaled to match what the viewer would expect to see if there was a mirror behind each curtain instead of a painting.

Each carnivalesque reflection is adorned with dabs and strokes of iridescent paints that suggest bindis, crowns, horns, collars, and other ornamental accoutrements. Some of these details, such as the massive curling horns, seemed explicit references to *Othello*. Horns often appear in Ofili's work as evocations of Jab Jab, or Blue Devil, a figure from the carnival tradition of Trinidad (the artist's home since 2005). Here, however, the appendages (which sometimes looked very much like a foolscap), recall Iago's unhumorous description of Othello as an "old black ram," a slur that refers to the character's race as well as his presumed cuckoldry, often symbolized by horns. In several paintings, greenish eyes allude to the monstrous role of jealousy in *Othello*, as do the curtains, which could be read as a reference to Desdemona's ill-placed handkerchief.

More than its plot, the paintings addressed the racial politics of Shakespeare's text and its many adaptations for stage and film. If the black curtains and charred frames relate to Othello's dark skin (described in the play as "sooty"), they also evoke the blackface white actors have worn to portray him. In the introduction to the edition of *Othello* that features Ofili's illustrations, poet Fred Moten writes, "Othello is an experiment in black personhood for which black persons are not responsible. . . . How does Ofili now refuse it?" In this context, "Joyful Sorrow" refuses Othello by using color, light, and depth to describe complex identities and hidden truths beneath each black surface.

The theatrical hide-and-seek staging of "Joyful Sorrow" recalled certain of the artist's previous presentations—for instance, the chain-link fence in his 2017 New York exhibition "Paradise Lost," which impeded viewers from fully seeing the paintings installed inside. In Paris, seven years later, similar themes of interiority versus exteriority felt just as acute and even more personal. The private experience of lifting a veil and focusing on one painting at a time was an opportunity to ruminate on hybrid identities and personae. A close and prolonged look at these paintings reveals that they were built up over long periods during which the artist layered many washes of thinned paint. The surfaces have a sheen that, like a varnish, suggests finality, but beneath this, blurred and bleeding colors and forms convey a whole saga of overlay and evolution. Often, faces are split in half, with features that don't match, suggesting a process: a whole coalescing from multiple contrasting parts. Pushing past Othello's experience as the other, Ofili made way for a gratifying appreciation of self and selves.

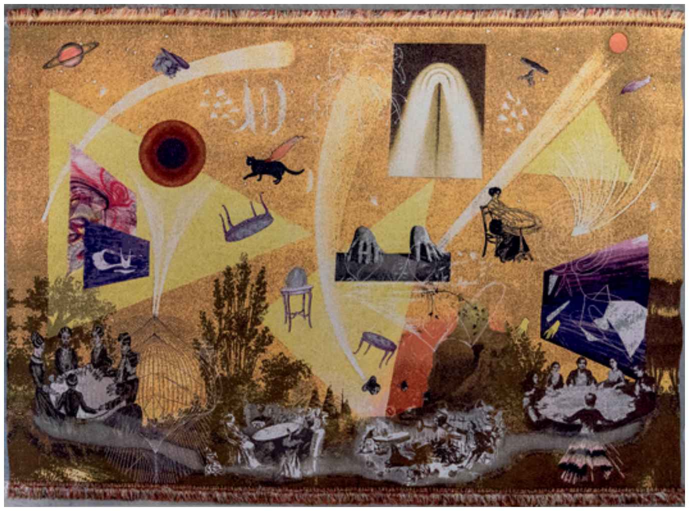
—*Mara Hoberman*

CÓRDOBA, SPAIN

Mercedes Azpilicueta

C3A

When Mercedes Azpilicueta's exhibition "*Las Mesas Danzantes*" (Dancing Tables) opened to the Cordovan public, those of us present witnessed a performance that transformed the ritualized ceremony of the art gallery opening (the air-kisses, the speeches, the beer) into something that evoked another type of ceremony, now nearly forgotten but very fashionable in the nineteenth century: the séance. In collaboration with the artist, two members of Baiven, a young local dance collective, performed a dance in which the two protagonists of the séance—the visible one (the medium) and the invisible one (the spirit)—moved in



Mercedes Azpilicueta, ***Las mesas danzantes*** **(Dancing Tables), 2024**, jacquard tapestry, 68⅞ × 98⅜".

tandem, pursued or eluded each other, spoke through hand gestures and their bodies, in an atmosphere of comfortable semidarkness and before a silent circle of attendees.

The performance was titled *Oh, Amalia!* in homage to Amalia Domingo Soler, an Andalusian spiritualist born in nearby Seville in 1835. Similar to international divas of spiritualism such as Mina Crandon in the United States or Mary Ann Marshall in Canada, Domingo Soler promoted the spiritualist movement in the Spanish-speaking world. As Jennifer Higgie describes in her fascinating feminist rereading of spiritualism, *The Other Side: A Journey into Women, Art and the Spirit World* (2023), the movement championed the emancipation of women within freethinking and egalitarian societies. Curators Verónica Rossi and Jimena Blázquez Abascal were right to propose this figure to Azpilicueta as the starting point for a new work because she has long engaged in the historical and artistic rereading of powerful female and gender-nonconforming figures of the past. Her previous subjects include Artemisia Gentileschi, a seventeenth-century painter; Lea Lublin, a feminist Argentinean artist based in Paris in the 1960s; and Catalina de Erauso, also known as Antonio de Erauso and nicknamed *La Monja Alférez*, the Lieutenant Nun, an ambivalent and fascinating figure in early colonial Latin American history who Paul B. Preciado claims is among the first historically documented transgender people.

As in previous shows, Azpilicueta used dance and performance during the opening to activate a group of pieces: traditional sculptures that evoke the symbolic leitmotifs of spiritualism (old kerosene lamps, a table that seems to float in the air and to support a disembodied plaster hand); poetic objects created by juxtaposition à la Lautréamont (a Cordovan hat or a Spanish guitar attached to elongated umbrellas hanging from the ceiling, a woman's boot sprouting green wheat ears); drawings that recall Surrealist automatism and the continuous line so characteristic of Federico García Lorca's own surrealistic drawings (he was, like Domingo Soler, an Andalusian); and a captivating and bright-colored tapestry of collaged imagery, somewhere between the impassively informational and stubbornly artisanal.

Azpilicueta likes to define herself—half jokingly, half sincerely—as a "dishonest researcher," and in this show she succeeded once again, through her personal visual mix of lyricism and rigor, in recovering a historical figure and a half-forgotten episode of history, shedding new light on them without completely dispelling the delicate penumbra of mystery that gives them their emotional power.

—*Javier Montes*

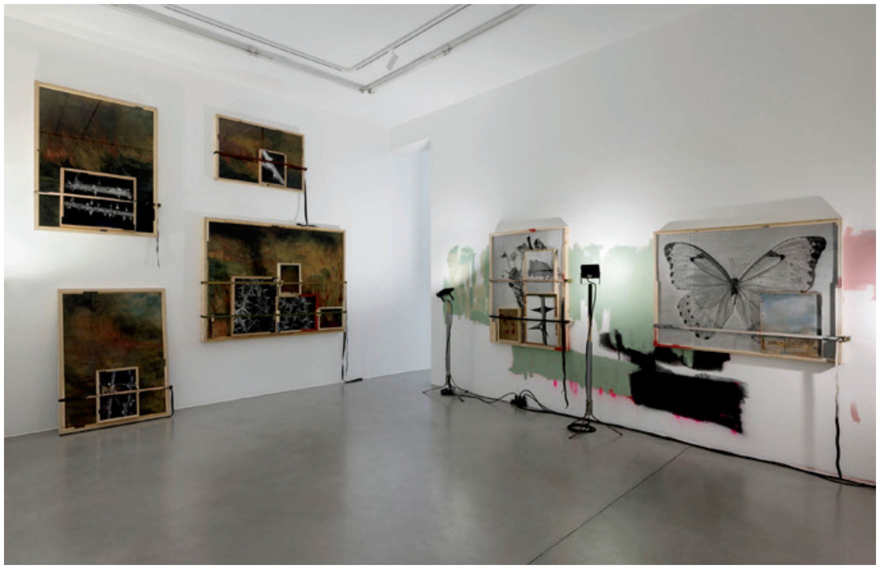
Translated from Spanish by Michele Faguet.

MILAN

Jacopo Benassi

FRANCESCA MININI

Visitors found the entrance to Jacopo Benassi's exhibition "*Sàlvati Salvàti*" (Save Yourself Saved) partially blocked by a sort of barricade made up of works from the artist's archive, concrete blocks, sandbags, a helmet, plaster casts of hands throwing stones, a foot, a pair of slippers, and two flags bearing images of a lobster's leg and a crab's claw. Beyond the barricade, visitors entered the actual space, occupied by a small platform or stage, two cameras, speakers, drums, guitars, a flügelhorn, and other musical instruments, some dangling from the ceiling, waiting to be used during the artist's performances. On the walls, illuminated by spotlights, were photographs and paintings. These featured collage-like superimpositions of other works, the various components held together by straps, spacers, and often rough wooden frames. The overall effect was a chaotic visceral magma that resonates with the punk and underground culture of the 1980s and '90s, of which the artist was an active participant.



View of "Jacopo Benassi: *Sàlvati Salvàti*" (Save Yourself Saved), 2024.

The photographs possess a few common traits: They are shot predominantly at night and in black and white, they are technically amateurish, and they are vividly detailed, crass and obscene as a crime-scene photo. Yet they are discreet, never vulgar—at times erotic, at times heroic, often ironic. Unlike his previous work, in which the artist proclaimed his queer identity above all through self-portraiture as well as depictions of people in his circle, these pieces take a more symbolic approach. In *Autoritratto in Pantofole* (Self-Portrait in Slippers) (all works cited, 2024), a photograph of a pinned and mounted butterfly is partially covered by another framed work, which has been flipped over to display only the back, where we find an inscription of the signature, year, and title. Under there, hidden from the public, the artist told me, was a photo of himself sniffing one of his slippers. Likewise, in *Io e Augustin in spiaggia a Pachino (Sicilia)* (Augustin and I on the Beach in Pachino [Sicily]), a photograph depicts two shrimp lying on a table, looking at each other like two lovers after having made forbidden love. Their bodies are modestly covered by a flipped-over framed work that is itself partly obscured by a small painting depicting a branch.

An entire wall was devoted to large-scale paintings. These were dominated by heavy tones, reverberating with a romantic, nineteenth-century nostalgia. As he did with the photographs, the artist here superimposed these works with other images—in these cases, photographs of brambles taken at night with a flash. "I let myself go in painting; for me it is a way to flee this prison I have in my head," Benassi said. That is, it is as if, with the brush, he was trying to avoid the struggle with reality that is manifested through the use of the flash, which imposes a new light, obliterating any other—even the sun of a springtime afternoon, as in his most recent color photographs.

But the flash is also a dramaturgic element of performance. During *INNO* (Hymn), Benassi's most recent live performance, created with musicians Lamante and Michele Lombardelli, the artist orchestrated his chaos as usual. He waded into the audience, raised his arm and took a picture, using the flash. This act, as he repeated it, seemed like a blessing, but one that also blinded and alienated his subjects. He then passed the camera to his assistant, who continued to take pictures, as the artist began playing on the waiting instruments, inviting others to play along, and finally smashed the guitar with a few blows of an axe. The performance concluded with Lamante singing, a cappella, the hymn that gave the exhibition its title: "Pain for a moment, then only love.

Save yourself. Saved." The lights came on. We were all safe, on the other side of the barricade. Irony of fate, it was November 6, the day of the American election and Trump's victory.

—*Veronica Santi*

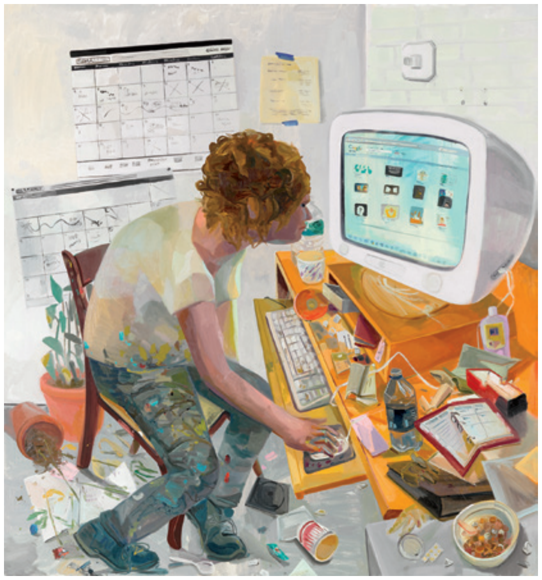
Translated from Italian by Marguerite Shore.

ATHENS

Dana Schutz

THE GEORGE ECONOMOU COLLECTION

Among the paintings on view in Dana Schutz's exhibition "The Island" is one called *To Have a Head*, 2017. This could have made a good alternate title for the show, as heads—and questions about how it feels to have or be one—are prominent in most of the fifteen paintings and five drawings on display. The painting shows a figure in a posture of despair, hands on head. The protagonists of other works appear anxious, burdened, or uncomfortable—but at the same time they also look funny or absurd. The recent group portrait *The Arbiters*, 2023, shows some outsize potato heads, while *Face Eater*, 2004, one of Schutz's best known and most hilarious portraits, is a head in the process of eating itself.



Dana Schutz, *Google*, 2006, oil on canvas, 72 × 72".

Schutz's free, straightforward figuration struck a nerve in the early 2000s, and its goofy and cartoonish images of modern life and its easy art-historical references—such as a print of Courbet's *L'origine du monde* (The Origin of the World), 1866, on the T-shirt worn by the figure in *Daughter*, 2000—inspired a younger generation of painters. The fast and energetic look of Schutz's paintings was part of their appeal; it always seemed as if the artist, inspired by an idea, just did it, in a quick and confident act of creation.

As a small retrospective, with works ranging from 2000 to 2024, this show offers an opportunity to compare the artist as she is today with her former self and to see how her style has developed. In recent years she has sought dialogue with painters of the past, resulting in some monumental (and relatively traditional) multifigure compositions, among them *Dear Painter*, 2023, which reflects on the act of painting a model. The artist's engagement with the European tradition of group portraiture, or with biting scenes from the Neue Sachlichkeit (which seem relevant for our own grotesque era) resulted in more complicated compositions, as in *Mountain Group*, 2018. Heavier impasto brushwork marks a difference from the flatter works made earlier.

With this turn to art history, the burden of painting's past weighs more heavily on Schutz's shoulders. Her later paintings appear serious and complex but also a bit stiff and heavy-handed. The storytelling tends to take over the painting, as in *The Arbiters*, where five figures gesticulate and argue, leaving the viewers to put the pieces together. Suddenly Schutz is not that unique, but one among many painters trying to cut a piece of the cake.

Observing this conundrum shines a light on how meaning was transmitted in Schutz's earlier works, those made up until around 2006, when it came through a more direct and immediate evocation of a feeling. Even when there were hints at narrative, as in *Face Eater* or in *Google*, 2006, where we see the artist bent over a computer screen, a unifying energy sweeps through the painting, giving it a kind of lightness and tying it together. The shifts in paint application are smooth, and the implied story is a relative thing—not the main point of the painting. Looking at these paintings, one gets the feeling that the artist hit it just right. Such a talent is probably not something a painter can really own, at least over time. It has to be earned, or else accepted as a transient gift. It comes and goes—it's hard to grab—but when it's there you can always spot it, and then you miss it when it's gone.

—*Jurriaan Benschop*

GRAZ, AUSTRIA

Mathias Poledna

HALLE FÜR KUNST STEIERMARK

Part of an artist's job is to fill up spaces. Whether they respond to the character of a given space ingeniously or confrontationally, it dictates the presentation of their works. Mathias Poledna is the rare artist who modifies space with such precision that he makes the room look as though it was designed especially for his art.

In this case, the large main hall of the Halle für Kunst Steiermark was cut in half lengthwise by an imposing freestanding wall that reached almost to the ceiling, with gaps at both ends. When you entered, the room was empty and brightly lit. Facing you was an entry into another room, hidden behind another, smaller wall. On the other side of the large wall was a solitary bench. Before long, the light went out theatrically and the wall became a screen for a 35-mm film projection. Behind the bench was an entrance to a small room where the formidable-looking projector and an even bigger film looper were placed like sculptures to be admired.

Walking around the large wall and through the entrance behind the smaller wall, you found a semicircular room filled with natural light, containing only a bench and an impressive handwoven carpet, *Örtagården* (The Herb Garden), 1929, designed by Swedish textile artist Märta Måås-Fjetterström. Downstairs in the basement hung a set of archival photographs from an Italian car manufacturer, to which Poledna gave the collective title *Untitled (circa 1963–1972)*, 2022. In the center of the room, a vintage Michelin tire tube, still in its original wrapping, presumably from the same period as the photographs, was suspended in midair (*Untitled*, 2022).

Mathias Poledna, *My Favorite Shop*, 2024, 35 mm, color, sound, 10 minutes 10 seconds.

It is difficult to convey how utterly meticulous the exhibition felt, down to the way wall labels were printed (Poledna had temporarily changed the graphic identity of the institution so that everything fit the aesthetic of his work). For instance, half of the large hall was left empty just to create an approach to the side where the film was shown; the benches and works were placed to echo each other and generate the sense of an intensely controlled environment. Such details transformed the entire building into an optimal apparatus for viewing his show.

Its centerpiece was a film, *My Favorite Shop*, 2024. It starts with a pounding beat, reverberating through the building, which presently turns into a dance tune. A model dressed in a simple and loose-fitting dress emerges from the dark. It's a catwalk. She strolls in and out of the frame, comes back in clad in the same dress but in a different color: black, purple, white, green, red. Then she is joined by a second model, wearing the same kind of dress. The camerawork is mobile, sometimes getting so close to the models that the entire shot is filled by the color of the fabric. The figures are totally affectless, even when the second model, dressed in striking red, struts by holding a realistic severed head of a bearded man by its hair, like a handbag. After about ten minutes the film ends, the music fades, the lights turn on.

The film invites and rewards repeated viewing without disclosing its meaning. A young woman holding a severed head immediately evokes Judith or Salome, but how does that fit with a fashion show? And how were the film, the 1920s Swedish modernist carpet, and the vintage Michelin tire connected? As with previous works by Poledna, a dense web of references and complex thinking was evident, and the backstory of each element was discussed in the long text by curator Sandro Droschl and assistant curator Caro Feistritzer. But the point of it all remained elusive, though one sensed the presence of an underlying logic. Perhaps that's enough. Those references are not the main reason why I enjoy Poledna's works. Rather, I admire his insatiable and unattainable striving for perfection and complete control. Poledna's works, reticent and elegant, contain no hint of affectation or exaggeration. But the level of precision required to do what he does is utterly insane. And I find the exactitude exhilarating.

—*Yuki Higashino*

BERLIN

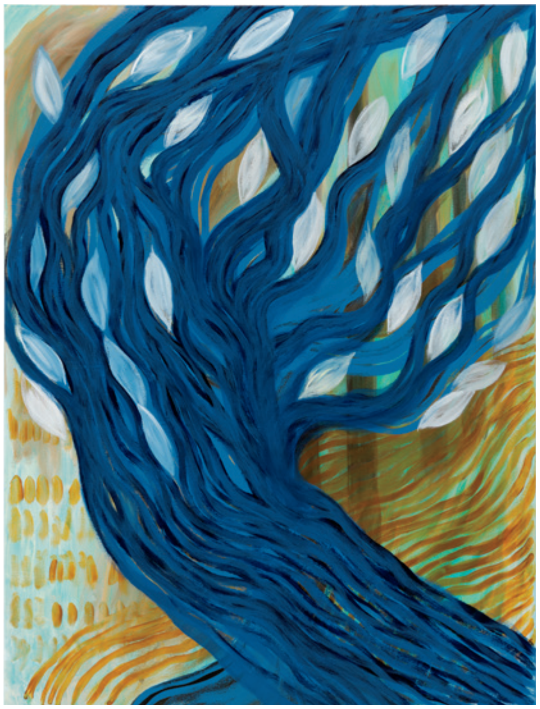
Jeremy Demester

GALERIE MAX HETZLER

In his ninth solo exhibition at Galerie Max Hetzler, Jeremy Demester once again put the focus on a sublime and mystical nature. The artist, who has lived mostly in Benin for the past ten years, was born in 1988 in Digne-les-Bains, France, and grew up there. He described the ten pieces in this fairly intimate show, "Shepherds' Play," as forming "fragment by fragment the memory of a childhood spent in Provence." If his pictures revisit places of his childhood, then they do so across a considerable distance in time and geography, from a very different scenery and cultural setting. It is this distance that makes Demester's art a kind of Proustian *recherche*, an archaeology of atmospheres, temperaments, and states of being.

His paintings devise subtly abstract translations for such landscapes of memory—while typically anchoring them in specific places. The titles of three medium-format works in acrylic on copper, *Passage de Barles*, *Visite de l'ange et du chien à Archail* (Visit of the Angel and the Dog to Archail), and *Passage des Dourbes*, all from 2024, for instance, point to villages around Digne-les-Bains. The titular locale in the large-format *Le Tremble à Courbons*, 2024, is a borough of Digne that is apparently home to a prominent trembling or quaking aspen, a tree whose leaves respond to the softest wind with a characteristic rustling. Demester often bases his motifs on such vivid sensory experiences, when, as he writes, "the movements of the air give rhythm and voice to the branches and leaves of the aspens; to the wild grasses and thistles, the air is filled with the powerful scent of rosemary and slate earth. I paint these moments when the wind seems to take the whole landscape in its hand to throw it in my face."

Painting on copper, an old-master technique that Demester has practiced for some time, endows the pictures with a special radiance. The copper ground occasionally flashes through the paint layers; in *Passage de Barles* and *Passage des Dourbes*, for example, it combines with warm ochers and earth tones. These two are traversed by flickering and undulating vertical bands of color: reddish browns, smoky blues, luminous yellows. The intertwined bright and nocturnal tones evoke the experience of gazing into the campfire after a long hike, representing "what I see in the flames, of this nature that has been imprinted on me," as Demester puts it. *Le Tremble à Courbons* speaks a similar visual language: The aspen billows like a flame, its furrowed bark extending into the branches in tapered blue wavy lines interwoven with sinuous white leaves.



Jeremy Demester, *Le Tremble à Courbons*, 2024, acrylic on canvas, 63 × 47 ¼".

Essence Concrète, 2024, strikes a sharply different note: The octagon of shimmering copper avoids all anecdotal specificity; its topmost surface is painted in an almost monochrome reddish beige. Under changing light, the meditative color space created with special lacquers reveals surprisingly varied hues, including cerulean. In this way, its sensory abstractness gestures toward manifold natural shades.

The painterly execution and, in some instances, the titles of five watercolors enhanced with pastels suggest Demester's studies in Impressionism and Post-Impressionism, as in *Étude d'après C. Monet*, 2023, and *Étude d'après l'école de Pont-Aven*, 2023. For works of this type, Demester first paints in dark-toned watercolors to produce fields bounded by rounded edges, then elaborates the shapes with dry pastels in luminous colors to create enigmatic landscapes bathed in darkness. The dense and delicate lines and spots celebrate the imagined vitality of an imagined nature on the verge of resolving into abstraction.

—*Jens Asthoff*

Translated from German by Gerrit Jackson.

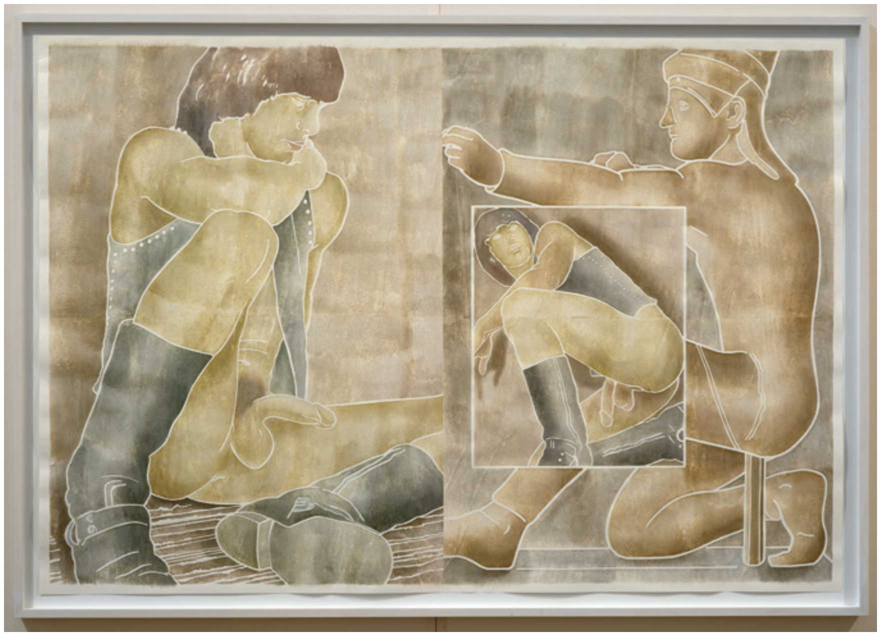
DÜSSELDORF

Monica Majoli

KUNSTVEREIN FÜR DIE RHEINLANDE UND WESTFALEN

Amy, Pam, Judie, Kate: In her "Black Mirror" paintings, 2009–12, included in her recent exhibition "Distant Lover 2009–2024," Monica Majoli commemorated former lovers and partners of yesteryear in small-format portraits and nude figure studies—shadowy depictions staged in a theatrical light inspired by Georges de la Tour. The story behind these works is unusual: The Californian painter invited women she had dated ten or fifteen years earlier for portrait sessions—to paint them and, in so doing, conjure up once more the intensity of their relationships.

The women appear before us, exposed, self-absorbed, their faces obscured, exuding an air of melancholy, which presumably says something above all about the artist and her losses—about a closeness, an intimacy that is no longer; loves that have come and gone and that the oil paintings bring back briefly to life. Majoli, who was born in 1963, evokes all this with a dramatic chiaroscuro one might easily have dismissed as kitsch. She pairs the portraits with highly abstract depictions of the bedroom in her Los Angeles home, which is decorated with black mirrors. Rendered as dark-toned color fields, they lend the project a less sentimental tone than that of the figure paintings.



Monica Majoli, ***Olympus (Erron/ Archer)*****, 2024**, watercolor woodcut transfer on paper, 59¼ × 84½".

A larger segment of the exhibition was dedicated to watercolor woodcut transfers featuring posing men. The motifs are drawn from 1970s gay men's magazines such as *Blueboy* and *Olympus*, recalling a time when people in the US queer community were starting to become more open about their sexual orientation but when HIV was still beyond the horizon. It's the same era German viewers recently saw reflected in "Andy Warhol: Velvet Rage and Beauty" at the Neue Nationalgalerie in Berlin, which focused on the artist's queer identity. Majoli's large-format nudes are not quite as explicit as Warhol's, but the naked young men look like they must be indulging in erotic fantasies; some emulate the ideal beauty of ancient archetypes. Majoli's emphatically flat woodcuts downplay spatial depth while abstracting from their photographic sources. We never see the men in action, though there is no shortage of genitalia, executed in bland pastel hues. In fact, these models in warm-toned domestic environments are stylized figures depicted with a formal aesthetic that brings, say, Henri Matisse to mind. Like the women's portraits, these works strike a plaintive note, grieving, in this instance, for poster boys from those men's magazines, who may have died of AIDS in the '80s.

It is not unusual anymore for an exhibition to pay homage to queer identity, as this one did. What sets Majoli's oeuvre apart is the autobiographical angle from which she approaches eroticism and sexuality as well as the vulnerability they reveal. In that sense, the show not only had a confessional dimension, but it also amounted to a personal work of mourning. Meanwhile, through the artist's staging of her memories of past girlfriends, the show emphasized that the individual and personal experience come before all collective identity. The "Black Mirror" works are riskier because they are more intimate than the ones with anonymous or pseudonymous models who appear in a more decorative manner. The avowedly subjective dimension was what lent the exhibition its emotional depth.

—Georg Imdahl

Translated from German by Gerrit Jackson.

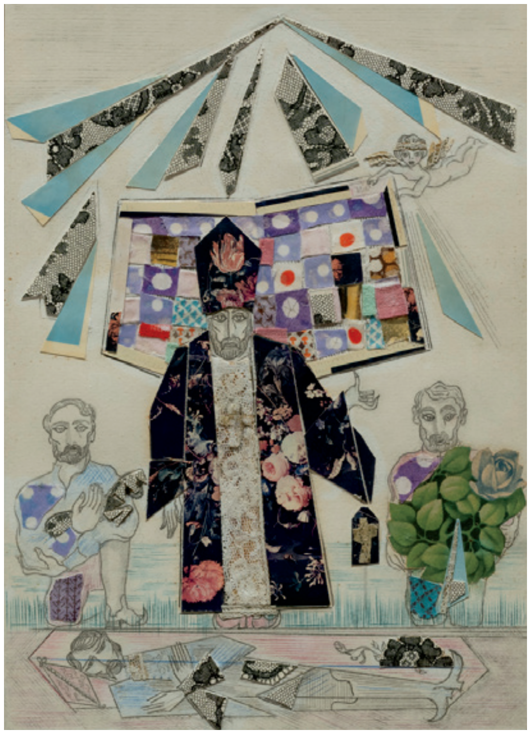
WARSAW

"Parajanov: I Want to Outrun My Shadow"

ZACHĘTA NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

As I write, Georgians are fighting on the streets of Tbilisi after their pro-Russian government suspended its bid to join the European Union. The Russian—sometime Soviet—empire still casts a long shadow over Georgia, a country whose political identity may be stifled, but not its cultural life. Among the artists who resisted Soviet cultural uniformization and censorship was Sergei Parajanov (1924–1990), whose wildly original cinema has yet to be fully understood. In such masterpieces as *Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors* (1964), *The Color of Pomegranates* (1969), and *Ashik Kerib* (1988), Parajanov struggled against Soviet stereotypes to unveil the originality and strangeness of Caucasian folk culture. Today, we see how the otherness shown in his films often verged on "queerness": Characters change genders and identities; men experience moments of unparallelled intimacy with each other.

Sergei Parajanov, ***Lamentation over a Filmmaker (My Catholicos and Me)*****, 1977**, paper, pencil, postcard clippings, fabric, tulle, 17⅜ × 14". From "Parajanov: I Want to Outrun My Shadow."



Parajanov was imprisoned in 1973 for alleged homosexuality (today he is believed to have been bisexual). Incarceration inspired what (aside from the films themselves) might be the best work in this exhibition: a series of drawings depicting life in the Gulag, with the violence and beatings he experienced, but also celebrating the male beauty of his cellmates. Here too are costumes for his films. Ethnographic research into the folk cultures of peoples such as the ancient Transcarpathian Hutsuls or Armenian Apostolic Christians resulted in drawings, collages, and assemblages that are similar in appearance to Joseph Cornell's shadow boxes. At Zachęta, these are shown alongside excerpts from Parajanov's films—including censored and previously unseen fragments, often of intense sensuality, both homoerotic and otherwise—and works by young, queer, contemporary artists from Georgia and Ukraine, both places where he lived. Uta Bekaia, from Georgia, is the most literally immersed in the world of his great compatriot, creating costumes and staging tableaux with mannequins wearing exaggerated, even more flamboyant versions of Parajanovian costumes. Bekaia's work is a ravishing celebration of the approach to color, fabric, and textures typical of the people of the Caucasus, made even more excessive, like a queered fairy tale.

I was most taken by the work of nonbinary Ukrainian artist Jan Bačynsjkyj/Yana Bachynska, who makes large fabric reliefs with narratives about loss, with patchwork humanoid creatures made of materials associated with the countryside: ripped doilies, folk-patterned fabrics, woven baskets, and the artist's own clothes. They conjure uncanny characters, often pointing to religious orthodoxy as in *Queer Priest*, 2023, but rendered strange and ridiculous, like scarecrows intended to be planted in Ukrainian territory to provoke Russian soldiers. I also admired the film by Brazilian-Armenian Rosana Palazyan, *A Story I Never Forgot*, 2013, which traces her grandmother's journey, following the Armenian genocide, from Konya in Turkey to Thessaloniki in Greece and finally to Rio de Janeiro. This simple, eerie film, parts of it filmed from an embroidery that we see being made in a circular frame, juxtaposes childlike aesthetics and brutal content, which then reaches a hopeful conclusion.

For *Akinto*, 2023, David Apakidze produced AI-generated images of so-called *kintos*, street vendors in old Tbilisi, who were often thought to be of ambiguous sexuality and are now emblems during Tbilisi Pride; he shows them holding and kissing each other openly in the ancient surroundings. This work seemed simplistic, but perhaps it is a necessary expression of post-Soviet artists' freedom in the face of the homophobia and anti-LGBTQI+ laws still prevalent in Georgia. In any case, the juxtaposition of Parajanov's work with that of younger artists seems justified, since they are all striving, as he did, for artistic and sexual freedom. Unlike them, Parajanov weaves his influences together into a domain of private obsessions, where idiosyncrasy, whether cultural or sexual, reigns definitively.

—Agata Pyzik

NEW DELHI

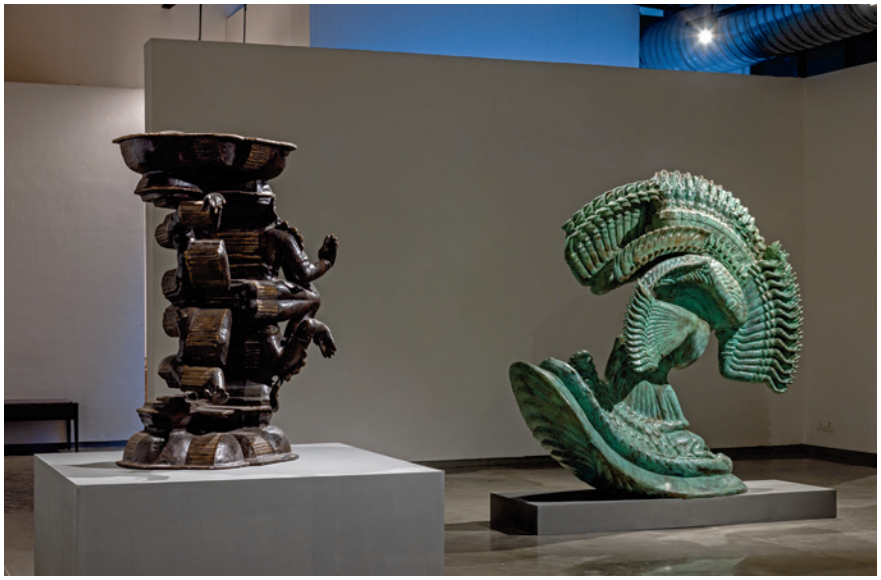
L. N. Tallur

NATURE MORTE

"The machine's danger to society is not from the machine itself but from what man makes of it." This quote by cybernetician Norbert Wiener jumped out at me shortly after my visit to L. N. Tallur's solo show "Neti-Neti: Glitch in the Code." While the advent of artificial intelligence might have spooked some creative practitioners, calling into question their very raison d'être, Tallur is most certainly not one of them. Instead, the artist actively courts and embraces AI, interrogating the possibilities and perils of machine intelligence. The titles of several of his exhibited sculptures and installations, such as *Data Weave*, *Deep Learning PI two (Portable intelligence-two)*, and *Code Keepers* (all works 2024), attest to this fascination with data and software.

Tallur has always evinced a keen interest in machines, often blurring the boundaries between handcrafted and machine-made objects. He has created his own quirky contraptions, as evident in shows such as "Chromatophobia" at Nature Morte in 2011. But it was the pandemic, he told me, that afforded him the opportunity and time to explore digital tools and delve more deeply into the world of machine learning and recurrent neutral networks. Now he flits between the physical and digital worlds as effortlessly as he shuttles between his homes in India and South Korea. Scanning images of traditional Indian sculpture and religious iconography, he manipulates them digitally, pushing the software to the brink till a malfunction occurs. He then gives this glitch three-dimensional material form.

The arresting patina-hued bronze sculpture *Glitch Tandava*, for instance, had its source in the divine dance of the Hindu god Shiva. Only the dancer appeared to be stuttering in his movements, his limbs caught in a freeze-frame. In *Code Keepers*, the artist photographed an antique bronze sculpture he found in a flea market, inverting, distorting, and conjoining its features, before casting the result in bronze. In *Fire Wall*, stylized, symbolic hand gestures, evocative of traditional Indian dance movements, bookend an elongated sculpture—a body that appeared to have been stretched out like chewing gum to form a bronze wall. The bulbous figure in *Data Weave* looks like a mash-up of Gandhi with the *Star Wars* Jedi master Obi-Wan Kenobi, while the boxy, angular, iridescent statue in *Digital Sage* appears to be an amalgam of a Transformer robot with a Hindu deity.



View of "L. N. Tallur: Neti-Neti: Glitch in the Code," 2024. From left: *Code Keepers*, 2024; *Glitch Tandava*, 2024.

But Tallur's real experimentation with AI was in evidence in a side gallery, in the three-part installation *Deep Learning PI two (Portable intelligence-two)*. Much like an archive, it consists of a number of boxes and drawers that can be opened to reveal images and small, scaled-down versions of his earlier works—but with a twist. Tallur has trained an AI to produce art in the style of his own previous works, made over the course of his twenty-year association with Nature Morte. The back-and-forth interaction between man and machine led to the generation by the AI of new and unexpected ideas. If AI is indeed the future, Tallur's experimentation shows us how to navigate it with dexterity.

—Meera Menezes

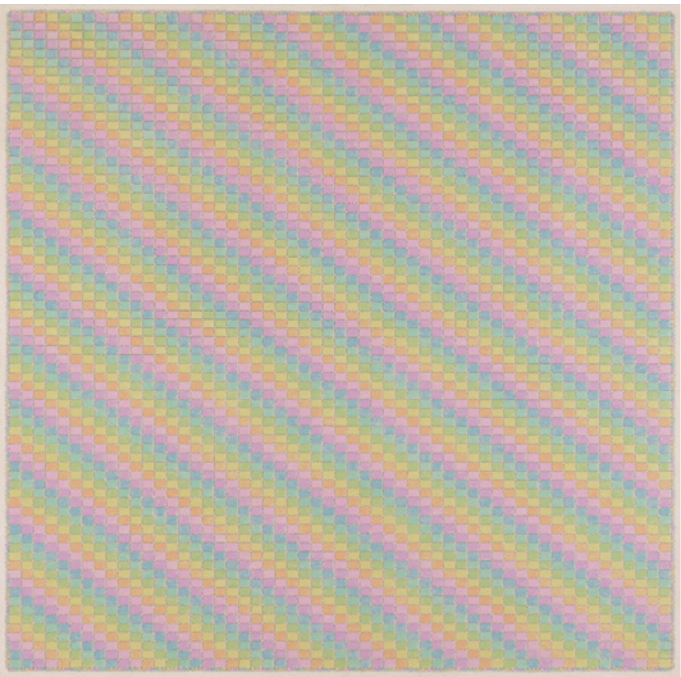
HONG KONG

Au Hoi Lam

HANART TZ GALLERY

Is it possible to keep a diary and reveal nothing but the diary itself? I couldn't help thinking that the thirty-five paintings in Au Hoi Lam's exhibition "Painting, Its Reasons to Be"—hung closely in a row that ran along the entire gallery—work in just that way. Instead of revealing much about their creator's life, the works demonstrate her way of thinking.

This was Au's first hometown show in eight years. It comprised works made between 2003 and 2024, including two recent series, "Contemplating in a Hermetic House," 2020–, and "Prime Number or Imperfect Square," 2024, the latter made on drawing boards used in local schools. Most of Au's works are made by drawing in pencil on dried acrylic paint.



Au Hoi Lam, *Eleven 365 Days (365 x 11 = 73 x 55)*, 2009, colored pencil and acrylic on linen, 48 × 48".

The result often resembles a gridded school notebook filled with marks and notations. A few pieces, however, use the graphite and paint to create more atmospheric painterly touches, and some synthesize the two modes. But the pencil-on-acrylic works stand out.

86400 Seconds of a Day (86400 = 294 x 294 - 36), 2009, for example, consists of an uneven hand-drawn grid with a doily-like edge, presumably consisting of 86,400 squares or at least giving the impression of that large number—I did not count them! Each square has been dotted with a pastel shade of blue, green, yellow, lavender, or pink paint, with the colors running in a diagonal pattern. I assume she drew from left to right and top to bottom, as the "squares" become more cramped and bend as the grid approaches the bottom-right edge. Does the piece mark time's passage? Or meditate on time through labor? Dotting a color takes only a second, but preparing for the act takes far more time.

Eleven 365 Days (365 x 11 = 73 x 55), 2009, bears a formal kinship to *86400 Seconds* in that it, too, consists of diagonal stripes of pastel color set in a grid that marks a span of time. However, its drawn structure is much more precise and even. Its appearance is bright and rainbowlike with its colors quite apparent, in contrast to the predominance of graphite that creates a gray-silver aura in *86400 Seconds*. In both instances, the work's hue projects something other than a sense of labor: a childlike joy. And yet the rigid repetition also conjures boredom. But is that not itself a sense of time passing slowly? "I once wanted," according to the artist's poetic texts in an accompanying leaflet, "to see eleven years in a single glance."

Au shares something with On Kawara and Roman Opalka, who also marked time with repetition. But while those Conceptual painters established oeuvres that convey an existential quality, Au's work does not seem to be motivated by a singular organizing drive. Rather, her art is drawn from inspirations that feel more quotidian and mercurial. For instance, she turns the outline of Hong Kong island into a gridded puzzle in the "Hermetic House" pieces, and an homage to the prime number takes the form of imperfect squares, which could in turn be interpreted as a nod to Josef Albers. A door emblazoned with the number 1989, the year of the Chinese handover, reminds her of a classroom in her old school; 45 is the number of years she has lived. Maybe what really interests her is numbers. At least they don't lie. Au, who has a master's in philosophy, is certainly interested in truth. But her touch displays a different sort of truth than numbers ever can.

—*Sherman Sam*

TOKYO

Yuko Mohri

ARTIZON MUSEUM

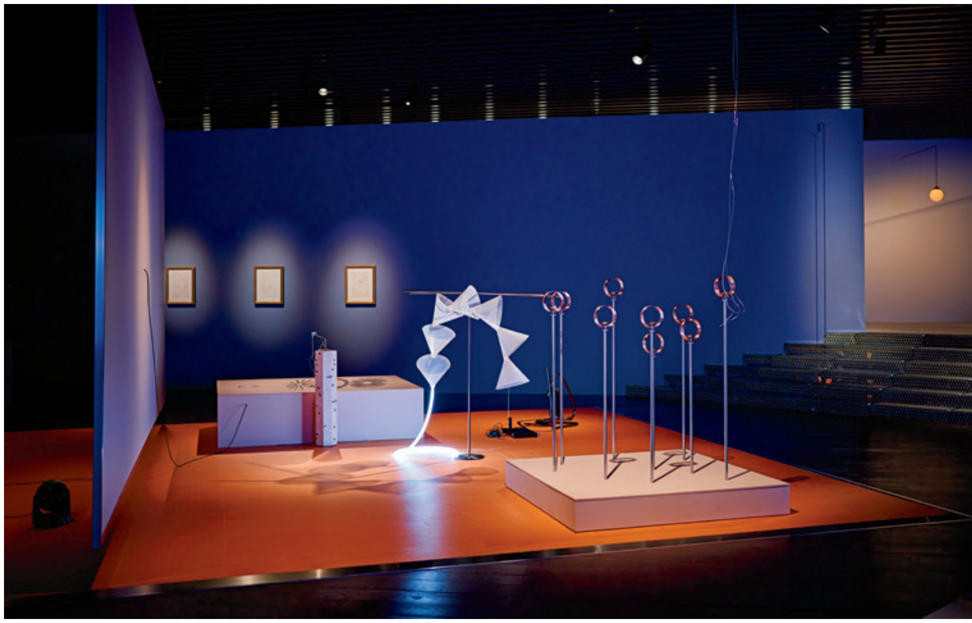
A punk rocker turned multidisciplinary artist, Yuko Mohri grew up in Kanagawa, Japan, a city without a contemporary art museum but with edgy music venues and avant-garde cinemas. She went from singing in a band to creating a DIY magnetic organ—a pseudo-perpetual-motion machine that repeatedly fed back a magnetic force to activate a motor and generate sound with a microphone—for her BFA project at Tama Art University in Tokyo in 2004.

Twenty years later, Mohri is still harnessing invisible forces. She constructed two sound-and-kinetic art installations for her solo show in Japan's pavilion at last year's Venice Biennale. One installation employed decomposing fruit wired and digitally filtered to generate power for electric lights and to create acoustic sounds through speakers and on a drum. The other used a system of hoses, funnels, buckets, and plastic bags to simulate a DIY response to a leaky ceiling, with both projects keeping the space in a state of flux.

"On Physis," Mohri's first large-scale survey in Japan, features eleven works shown in relationship to modernist pieces from the Artizon Museum's collection. The fifth in the museum's annual "Jam Sessions," combining pieces from the collection with works by a contemporary artist, the show was three years in the making, with the artist researching the collection, selecting pieces, and analyzing the gallery's architecture before creating her site-specific works. Taking its title from the Greek term for nature, the engaging exhibition reflects the artist's ongoing interest in creating sound and movement through interconnected actions.

Here, she paired two new versions of *Decomposition*, 2021—the Venice piece using fruit to generate organ-like sounds and pulsating illuminations—with Georges Braque's *Two Pears and a Peach*, 1924,

View of "Yuko Mohri: On Physis," 2024–25. Photo: Kuge Yasuhide.



an expressively painted still life displayed in a sloping hallway that Mohri designed to lead viewers to a platform overlooking the rest of the show. On this stage, she juxtaposed Constantin Brancusi's *The Kiss*, 1907–10, with a new iteration of *Calls*, 2013–, a fork dangling on a ribbon above two magnets that cause it to swirl and ping—or metaphorically kiss—a nearby wineglass.

Piano Solo: Belle-Île, 2021–24, is an installation featuring an upright self-playing piano programmed to activate its keys via microphones catching recorded sounds from a projected seascape scene. The video was shot at the site where Claude Monet realized his nearby painting, *Belle-Île, Rain Effect*, 1886. But the exhibition's pièce de résistance, *The Flipping-apparatus, Three Veils*, 2018–, is an installation of kinetic works centered on Marcel Duchamp's *From or by Marcel Duchamp or Rrose Sélavy (Box in a Valise), Series B*, 1952. Replicating *The Bride Stripped Bare by Her Bachelors, Even*, 1915–23, with a mechanized combination of fabricated and readymade parts, Mohri laid out *The Large Glass* on *two* sides of a wall. Nine magnetic coils represent the bachelors, plastic funnels replace the parasols, and a silver brush rotates over a stainless steel rendition of the *Oculist Witnesses* to regulate the amount of electricity running through a hole in the wall. On the other side of the wall, the installation employs scanners to capture the bride's veil and project it onto suspended computer screens while nine transistor radios transmit sounds resembling raindrops falling.

Another large installation featuring one of her earliest and most exhibited works, *I/O*, 2011–, presents a cascading roll of paper suspended from the ceiling in dialogue with three Henri Matisse drawings of a woman with a ruffled collar. Activated by the conditions of the space, the paper brushes over the floor, picking up traces of dust that are scanned and converted into random electrical signals operating flopping feather dusters, an unfurling roll of toilet paper, an open-and-closing Venetian blind, and a sound-emitting xylophone.

Influenced by Duchamp's way of using everyday objects and John Cage's way of letting ambient sound contribute to the performance, Mohri's installations and compositions seem most felicitous when she can leave them alone and let them play freely.

—Paul Laster

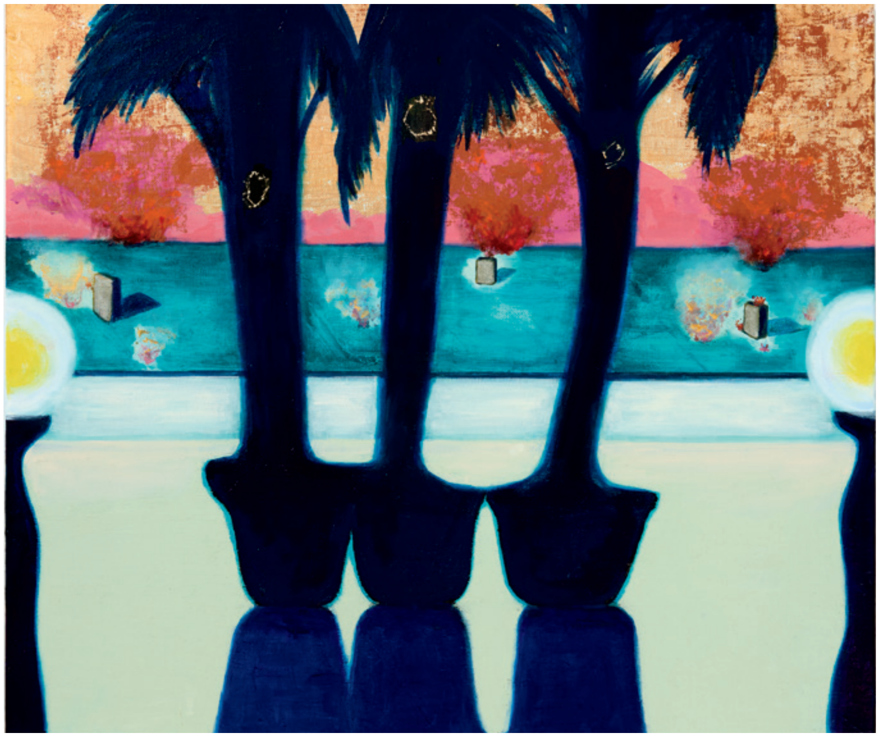
SYDNEY

Peter Alwast

GALLERY 9

Peter Alwast has spoken of wanting to combine "different systems of representation that never ultimately reconcile to create a stitched-up version of reality." These systems have ranged across video, abstract and representational painting, drawing, and computer graphics. However, the Polish-born Australian artist's latest show, "The Imaginarium," is all painting: seventeen works in oil, oil stick, and occasionally distemper, applied to the coarse linen supports he prefers. Some of the paintings continue Alwast's infusion of utopian aspiration or postcard romanticism with a touch of astringency.

Two pictures in the first room of the gallery hint at the domesticated tropical environs of Alwast's teenage home on the Queensland Gold Coast, known colloquially as Glitter City. In the six-foot-square *Smoking By The Pool*, 2023–24, a boulder-like head (a self-portrait?) exhales a languorous curl of smoke that ascends over a silhouetted palm tree, surrounded by a flat blue pool, other rocky heads, and a rising moon. Shifting between the past and the present, the second canvas's title, *The Balcony*, 2024, emulates that of Édouard Manet's famous 1868–69 painting, one of the artist's favorites. But Alwast's picture supplants Manet's bourgeois friends with a flattened view from a balcony populated only by potted palms in silhouette and faux-Baroque lights sheltered from a miniature landscape of burning buildings and bomb-like explosions of pink paint. Elsewhere, *Together*, 2024, depicts the glowing embers of a firework descending in a gray haze, suggesting the atomized dissipation of collective celebration.



Peter Alwast, *The Balcony*, 2024, oil and oil stick on linen, 22 × 26".

Other pictures more openly reflect Alwast's interest in new technologies. *Screen*, 2022–23, is a naive-style depiction of a technologically advanced car interior seen from the back seats, with white touch screens attached to the front seats painted in luminous green and blue. Up front, a shadowed child's finger touches a dash screen as though the child is the author of loose strokes of pink and blue paint forming the arch of the car's windshield. This image, combined with eerily glowing colors in a darkened space, casts the contemporary automobile as literally autonomous: an intimate, virtualized capsule entirely cut off from the external world.

Two paintings gesture to current hot-button political issues. In *Guards*, 2024, dark-hooded sentries, deliberately recalling Philip Guston's Klan figures, stand in swirling fog at a border of glowing white light, evoking the risks faced by refugees at border crossings worldwide. The large canvas *Landscape Problem*, 2023, is divided into two horizontal zones, with a lower portion of abstract forms suggesting geological strata and an upper section depicting a drab landscape sparsely dotted with dwellings and obscured by plumes of noxious-looking vapor. Although the identity of this murky cloud is ambiguous, *Extraction*, 2023, a study for *Landscape Problem*, points to the destruction of Australia's environment by an economy deeply dependent on mining for all manner of climate-changing resources. While this show is, overall, less gnomic than Alwast's previous explorations of relations and dissonances between old and new media, it continues his refusal to countenance era-defining breaks between modern and technologically inclined contemporary art. The artist has consistently inscribed respect for historical precursors of modernity within his reflections on the challenges of contemporary life.

—Toni Ross

CARPO/MANNERISM from page 107

NOTES

1. The term is from Gaetano Milanesi, the author of the first critical edition of Vasari's *Lives*, published in nine volumes between 1878 and 1885. Giorgio Vasari, *Le vite de' più eccellenti pittori, scultori ed architettori*, with annotation and comments by Gaetano Milanesi (Florence: Sansoni, 1879), 4:8.

2. Translation mine, from Vasari, *Le Vite*, 4:9.

3. Ferdinand de Saussure's *Cours de linguistique générale* was written between 1906 and 1911 and published posthumously in 1916.

4. See Francisco Gonzáles de Canales, *The Mannerist Mind* (Barcelona and New York: Actar, 2023), 41, 41n47.

5. *Five Architects: Eisenman, Graves, Gwathmey, Hejduk, Meier* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1975), first published by Wittenborn in 1972, following a meeting held at the Museum of Modern Art, New York, in 1969.

6. Joan Ockman, "Form Without Utopia," *Journal of the Society of Architectural Historians* 57, no. 4 (1998): 448–54.

7. "Imitation Games. Mario Carpo on the New Humanism," *Artforum*, Summer 2023, 184–88.

8. Canales.

JAGGI/GÉRÔME from page 119

Giles Hudson, senior curator of photographs for the Lusail Museum, suggests that photography's "revolution in representation" further transformed what Europeans believed about the Islamic world, partly through the "cartomania" of mass-produced postcards. Masquerading as unmediated reality, these cards, and Gérôme's painterly illusionism, in a sense presaged the visual deceptions of Photoshopping and deepfakes. Black-and-white photographs were often hand-tinted by artists, with saturated color used to exoticizing effect—its legacy evident in the Magnum photographs on view here. Hudson surmises that Gérôme modeled the background in *Le barde noir* (The Black Bard), 1888, whose passive face peeps from a salmon-pink robe, on an Abdullah Frères photograph of the Topkapi Palace in Istanbul, but his invented color scheme offsets the musician's clothing with a sea of blue-green tiles, using the exaggerated contrasts of a "stereotypical Orientalist palette."

The show's final section, "I Swear I Saw That," curated by the independent critic Sara Raza, has twenty-five artists contesting ethnographic "Orientalisms." *A Portrait of Lorna Selim*, 1948, an oil painting by the Turkish-born Iraqi modernist Jewad Selim, portrays his wife, a white British artist, with partially covered hair, playing on Orientalist conventions in reverse. Aikaterini Gegisian's *Self-Portrait as an Ottoman Woman with Flowers*, 2024, frames found ethnographic postcards with digital collage. Aziza Shadenova's "Girls of Kyrgyzstan" series, 2011, mocks Soviet Orientalism, whereby Central Asian women were made to exemplify progress under communism. In one absurdist digital photograph from the group, a young woman with billowing hair poses on a bed with a tiger.

Hours before the show's opening in November, *Harem*, 2009, a video by the Turkish artist İnci Eviner, was removed on the instructions of Qatar's Ministry of Culture. The work animates and reimagines a nineteenth-century engraving by the French artist Antoine Ignace Melling, also in the show. Eviner's aim, she wrote, was to "articulate these women beyond being objects of knowledge." There seems to be no nudity in the video (or the engraving), which has been shown at the Centre Pompidou in Paris, the British Museum in London, and the Los Angeles County Museum of Art—though one woman might appear to be copulating under a sheet. If state censorship were in deference to putative local sensitivities, some explanation might be expected. None was given.

In her photograph *Who will make me real?*, 2005, Raeda Saadeh hints at how Orientalism's persistent legacy remains a battleground through her ironic self-portrait as a reclining odalisque, her body papered in Arabic newsprint. Yet the dearth of examples of Gérôme's odalisques means we are not permitted to see what provoked such work. The final section thus becomes a response, however indirect and wide-ranging, to art that has been rendered invisible and unmentionable. The removal of Eviner's work, together with the artful concealment of Said's book cover, makes plain the self-censorship that would have had to govern the entire exhibition—and indeed any curatorial work for Qatar Museums.

Said wrote that he had "always been interested in what gets left out." To attempt a major reevaluation of a leading Orientalist painter without nudes (or frank reference to sexuality) seems as absurdly misconceived as Victorians' fig-leafed displays. Skirting Gérôme's most notorious works both infantilizes and hoodwinks the visitor. There are pressing reasons to revisit this artist's work from robust new perspectives, including the show's valuable analysis of the ways in which he duped audiences into believing his projected worlds were real. But this was not the place for a convincing reappraisal. ☐

MAYA JAGGI IS A CONTRIBUTING ART CRITIC TO THE *FINANCIAL TIMES* OF LONDON. (SEE CONTRIBUTORS.)

Caption acknowledgments
Cover: Andy Warhol, *The Wrestlers*, 1982, gelatin silver print. Installation view, Neue Nationalgalerie, Berlin, 2024. Photo: David von Becker. © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc./Licensed by Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York. **Page 22:** Harold Cohen, *Stephanie & Friend*, 1993. © Harold Cohen Trust. **Pages 86–95:** All Andy Warhol works © The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc./Licensed by Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York. **Page 89:** Andy Warhol with his 1964 *Most Wanted Man No. 11, John Joseph H.*, the Factory, New York, 1964. Photo: Billy Name. © Billy Name Estate/Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York via Dagon James. **Page 96:** Lord Snowdon, *Roy Ascott with Students at Ealing Art School*, 1963. © Armstrong Jones. **Pages 110–113:** All Larissa Fassler works © Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York/VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn. **Page 116:** František Kupka, *Localisation de mobiles graphiques II* (Localization of Graphic Motifs II), 1912–13. © Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York/ADAGP, Paris. Sonia Delaunay, *Le Bal Bullier*, 1913. © Pracusa 20250114. **Page 117:** Marc Chagall, *Hommage à Apollinaire* (Homage to Apollinaire), 1913. © Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York/ADAGP, Paris.

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Until March 16
Sandy Powell – Dressing the Part: Costume Design for Film

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Web: www.buffaloakg.org
Instagram: @buffaloakgartmuseum

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Until May 12
That Which Binds Us
February 21 – June 9
Hi-Vis

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Museum of Contemporary Art Chicago (MCA Chicago)
220 E Chicago Ave, Chicago, IL 60611
Tel: 312 280 2660
Web: www.mcachicago.org

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Until March 9
Atrium Project: Do Ho Suh
Until March 16
The Living End: Painting and Other Technologies, 1970–2020
Until May 18
Arthur Jafa: Works from the MCA Collection
Until July 6
Descending The Staircase
Until July 6
Dieter Roth and Björn Roth: Balabild 5
February 1 – October 19
Wafaa Bilal: Indulge Me
February 22 – September 14
Pipilotti Rist: Supersubjektiv

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Museum of Contemporary Art (moCa) Cleveland
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Tel: 216 421 8671
Web: www.moCacleveland.org

Please contact gallery for information.

COLD SPRING

Magazzino Italian Art Foundation
2700 Route 9, Cold Spring, NY 10516
Tel: 845 666 7202
Web: www.magazzino.art

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Carlo Scarpa: Timeless Masterpieces

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Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth
3200 Darnell St, Fort Worth, TX 76107
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Web: www.themodern.org

Until February 2
Diaries of Home
March 2 – September 7
Alex Da Corte: The Whale

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Contemporary Arts Museum Houston
5216 Montrose Blvd, Houston, TX 77006
Tel: 713 284 8250
Web: www.camh.org

Until March 23
Vincent Valdez: Just a Dream . . .

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Currier Museum of Art
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Until February 16
Olga de Amaral: Everything is Construction and Color
Until February 23
Jean-Michel Basquiat and Ouattara Watts: A Distant Conversation

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Until April 26
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Until April 26
Portraits from Here to There: Alec Soth and Jason Schmidt
Until April 26
Featured Installation: Do Ho Suh
Until April 26
Mimmo Paladino: Painting and Sculpture
Permanent Installation
Bladen, Fabro, Flavin, Eliasson, Heizer, LeWitt, Kiefer, Noguchi, Merz, Segal, Serra, Snelson, Tucker, West

MINNEAPOLIS

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Stanley Whitney: How High the Moon
Until May 25
Collection in Focus: Banu Cennetoğlu
Until July 6
Pan Daijing: Sudden Places
March 8 – September 7
Ways of Knowing

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Until May 4
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Until May 4
M. Florine Démosthène and Didier William: What the Body Carries
Until May 4
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March 29 – August 10
Tracey Emin: I Loved You Until The Morning

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Tel: 402 342 3300
Web: www.joslyn.org

Until January 20
Eva LeWitt
Until February 23
Ed Ruscha: Paper
Until February 23
Clément Cogitore: Les Indes Galantes

PHILADELPHIA

Institute of Contemporary Art (ICA), University of Pennsylvania
118 South 36th St, Philadelphia, PA 19104
Web: www.icaphila.org
Instagram: @ICAPhiladelphia

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Philadelphia Museum of Art
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What Times Are These?
Until April 20
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Until May 26
Firing the Imagination: Japanese Influence on French Ceramics, 1860–1910
Until June 1
Mythical Creatures: China and the World
Until June 10
Wanda Gág: Art for Life’s Sake
February 8 – June 1
Christina Ramberg: A Retrospective

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Deep Time: Sea Dragons of Nevada
Until January 11, 2026
Anthony McCall: Swell

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Until February 9
Ad Minoliti: Manifestación pluriversal
Until February 9
Shinichi Sawada: Agents of Clay
March 7 – August 10
Like Water: Jamal Cyrus, Simone Fattal, Dionne Lee, Candice Lin, Beatriz Santiago Muñoz, and Vivian Suter

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Instagram: @scadmoa

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Until June 8
Vera & Friends: Artist Scarves by Vera Neumann and Massif Central
Until June 9
Sarah Crowner: Platform as Platform
Until June 22
Jónsi: Vox
Until June 22
Ken Gun Miin: The vastness is bearable only through love
Until July 6
Raul De Lara: Raíces/Roots
Until July 6
Christina Quarles: Far from Near
Until July 6
Samuel Ross: HEAVE
February 24 – July 7
Diedrick Brackens: The Shape of Survival
February 24 – July 6
Zanele Muholi

WILMINGTON

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Until February 16
Thomas Sayre: Four Walls
Until March 23
Group Show: Close to Home
February 7 – April 27
Elisabeth Chant

THE CHECKLIST

CHARLES KANG

SINCE 2022, Charles Kang has been the curator of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century drawings at the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam. He previously held positions at the Clark Art Institute in Williamstown, Massachusetts, the Frick Collection in New York, the Max Planck Institute for Art History in Rome, and the Cleveland Museum of Art. His first exhibition at the Rijksmuseum, "Point of View," was on view from July to September of last year. Cocurated by Maria Holtrop and Marion Anker, the show explored the construction of gender in Western Europe from the sixteenth century to the present via 150 works from the museum's permanent holdings. —*the Editors*

HOW WOULD YOU DEFINE CURATING?

Thinking with and for objects. Stewardship of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century drawings is the primary component of my position at the Rijksmuseum. Being responsible for more than twenty thousand drawings means that every decision I make has to be in service of the collection. Whether in collection care, acquisitions, loans, or rotations and exhibitions, every move I make is also part of a long process of learning the collection—a process that might never be completed within one's lifetime.

WHAT WAS THE LAST SHOW YOU TRAVELED TO SEE?

I did not travel specifically for it, but I am very glad to have caught "Edges of Ailey" at the Whitney Museum of American Art while in New York over the winter holidays. It was truly impressive how the show, a tribute to a choreographer and performer, managed to avoid fetishizing bodies while resolutely keeping them central. The exhibition was dense in themes and in the number of objects, yet the presentation was light and delicate—I wish I could come up with some pithy dance metaphor here! Even the constant audiovisual backdrop was a delight, despite my expectations.

WHAT UPCOMING EXHIBITION (BESIDES YOURS) ARE YOU MOST EXCITED ABOUT?

"Art Is in the street" at the Musée d'Orsay [in Paris], which will focus on the rise of the illustrated poster in Paris during the second half of the nineteenth century. I have a fascination with fin de siècle posters. To me, they powerfully encapsulate urban life and the culture of production and consumption at the dawn of modernity. I also love that they constantly test my sense of a proper and "refined" taste—think of Jules Chéret and Alphonse Mucha. To put it in a more pompous way, these posters are where Walter Benjamin's ideas of reproduction and public spectacle intersect with Pierre Bourdieu's theory of class and taste.

WHAT IS ONE SHOW THAT HAD A BIG INFLUENCE ON YOU?

Nancy Spector's "theanyspacewhatever" at the Guggenheim Museum in New York in 2008. The exhibition opened while I was in my first semester of a master's program, during which I took a seminar on relational aesthetics. It left a deep impression on me to trace the arc of a discourse—from Nicolas Bourriaud to Claire Bishop and beyond—and then to see an exhibition that both responded to that discourse and introduced it to broader audiences. The show allowed visitors to critically reassess the idea of activated spectatorship, but they could also simply enjoy moments of audience participation. I still remember the shared excitement in the air, and this was long before "experience" became a catchall term in the arts! That sense of excitement has since become a benchmark for me. I would like to think that an exhibition of drawings, when well curated, could incite a similar sense of curiosity and discovery.

WHAT IS THE BEST PIECE OF CRITICISM YOU'VE READ RECENTLY?

I'm currently reading Judith Butler's *Who's Afraid of Gender?* (2024). It is mesmerizing to see how they surgically deconstruct the recent uses of gender as a smoke screen for conservative anxieties about challenges to social norms, and how they lay bare the rhetorical mechanisms and fallacies behind them. In these times of uncertainty, I find Butler's fiery call for a broader coalition especially inspiring.

IS THERE A PARTICULAR IDEA THAT IS INSPIRING YOUR WORK NOW?

I have been thinking a lot about the idea of youth—not only in terms of how youth has been celebrated, desired, mocked, and sometimes feared in visual culture, but also in the sense of "youthful work": What makes a work of art youthful? Without any other means of dating a drawing, for example, how do we determine it to be the work of a young artist? Perhaps I'm prematurely manifesting my midlife crisis here.

WHAT DO YOU THINK IS THE MOST IMPORTANT CONVERSATION HAPPENING NOW WITHIN THE CURATORIAL FIELD OR IN THE ARTS MORE BROADLY?

Some museums are beginning to re-strategize how they communicate to their audiences at a granular—that is, *textual*—level. It is one thing for museums to address complex histories and socially relevant themes, but it is another to make them understandable and relatable to a wide range of audiences while holding their attention. Prioritizing communication is a delicate business: One has to sacrifice certain nuances and complexities, but also trust that audiences are willing to be challenged and to grow. This might all sound corporate, but I do believe that rethinking how we generate texts—instead of the traditional draft-edit model—could help collection presentations and temporary exhibitions to have a bigger impact. It could also ease some of the prevalent tension—or harness it in a more generative manner—between curatorial and education departments at institutions where text is generated through the collaboration between the two.

WHAT DO YOU WISH PEOPLE BETTER UNDERSTOOD ABOUT CURATING?

For a collections curator, curating is about preserving objects for future generations, but one also has to acknowledge that nothing can be preserved in perpetuity—I think Alois Riegl touched upon this in his essay "The Modern Cult of Monuments: Its Character and Origin" (1903). This is apparent nowhere more than in the field of works on paper, where both the media and the supports are especially sensitive and prone to change. It humbles you to recognize the sublime nature of curatorial work: the beauty and terror of resisting time yet accepting its inevitability.

WHAT PIECE OF ADVICE WOULD YOU GIVE TO AN ASPIRING CURATOR?

It always helps to look outside one's field of specialization. If my answers to some of the questions above are any indication, I love visiting exhibitions that have little to do with eighteenth- and nineteenth-century drawings. It trains my eyes, and it helps me hone my language.

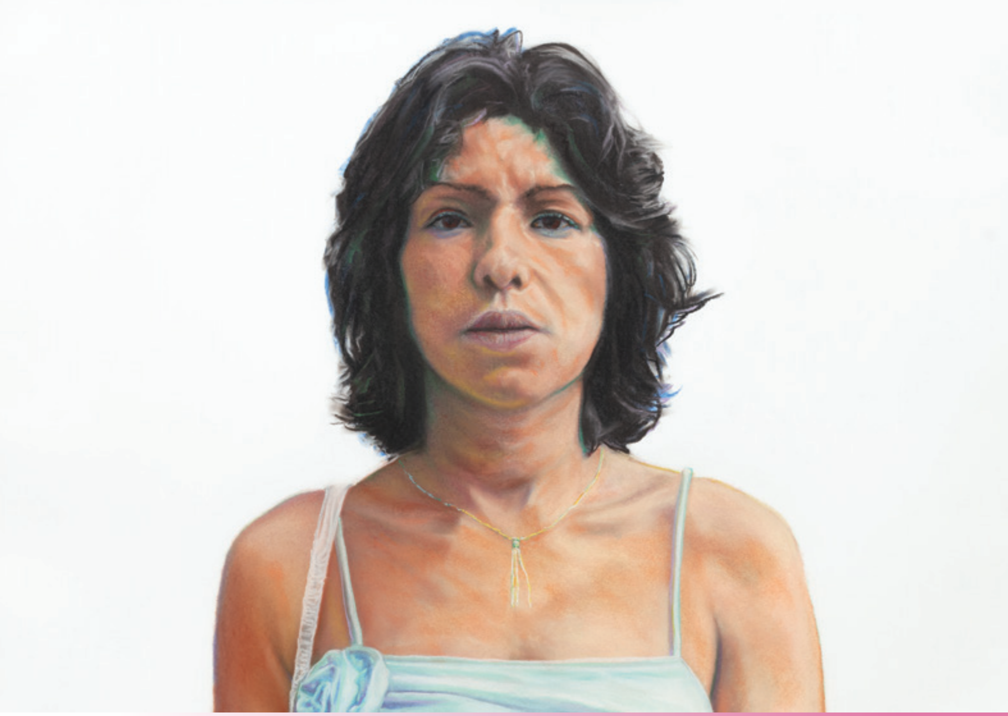
WHAT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT THING A CURATOR CAN DO FOR AN ARTIST?

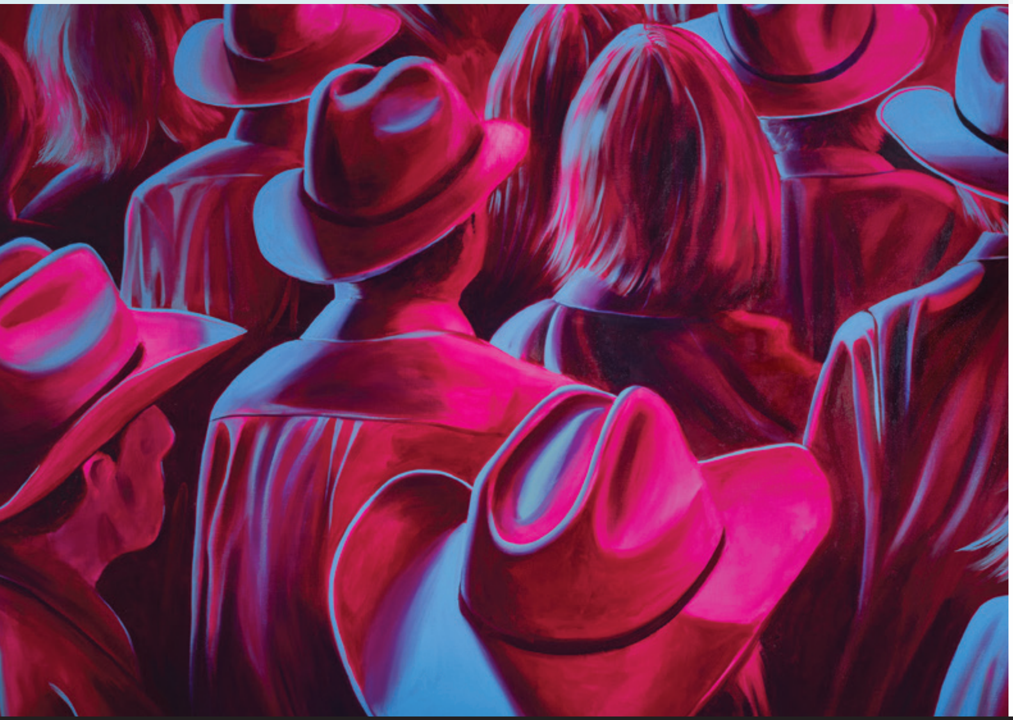
Creating and nurturing memory is the most important thing a curator can do for an artist of the past. This is slightly different from keeping memories of certain known artists alive. In the vast number of drawings stored in the Rijksmuseum's vaults, I regularly encounter works by artists I had never heard about, artists that even more established scholars do not know. Finding the right opportunities to introduce them in a meaningful way—rather than simply foregrounding the "discovery"—is a difficult, but worthwhile, challenge. □

Ordinary People

Photorealism and the Work of Art since 1968

Right: John Valadez, *White Rose*, 1983. Collection of The Bass, Miami Beach, Gift of Eileen and Peter Norton, 2002.011.017. Courtesy of The Bass, Miami Beach. Photo by Zaire Aranguren.





MOCA Focus

Ana Segovia

Left: Ana Segovia, *Through Mario's perspective* (detail), 2024. The Museum of Contemporary Art, Los Angeles; purchase with funds provided by the Emerging Art Fund; © Ana Segovia. Image courtesy of the artist and kurimanzutto, Mexico City / New York.

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A flash-back to an earlier time still present in our art-age of **DIGITAL HISTORICISM**: Winter 2021, Gonten, Appenzell Innerrhoden, Switzerland. Foto: Hans Zürcher.